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MISER FARREL'S BEQUEST.

I.

IT is barely possible that some citizens of the republic who are now voting — as well as their fairer contemporaries at present restrained from that manly exercise — may not have read the numbers of the Atlantic Monthly that were issued before they were born. Only persons of this defective education can be ignorant of Miser Farrel's bequest to one of our New England centres of the higher education. For in the good old times, when Plaucus was consul and Fields was editor, the writer who now guides the stylograph — then driving the less tractable pen of the period — was at pains to give the particulars of that posthumous donation which is to-day the source of a revenue so comfortable to the College. And now, standing in fear of that accusation of plagiarism preferred against the appropriators of unacknowledged material, he thinks it well to begin with a handsome confession of obligation to the ancient author some of whose researches he may find it convenient to adopt.

The well-known Mather Safe, which for three quarters of a century has been a conspicuous object in the Library of the College, was the bequest of one Isaac D. Farrel, more popularly known by the sobriquet which still clings to whatever may be left of him. As a collateral descendant of the author of the *Magnalia*, he had inherited the huge oaken cabinet that was once the property of that volu-

minous divine; and this it was that he bequeathed to the College in lieu of those titles to solid gold and silver with which its civilities to the wealthy bachelor ought to have been rewarded. Having caused the door of the Safe to be secured by two massive locks, the testator enjoined that their respective keys should be forever held by the President and Treasurer of the institution, to the end that neither should have access to its contents except in the presence of his brother officer. He further required that this bulky receptacle should be opened for the deposit of such packages as their owners desired to keep from the world for at least fifty years. It is needless to say that no sane corporation would have endured this posthumous fussiness, had it not been for certain mysterious papers which Farrel had caused to be let into the wood in one corner of the structure. These occult documents — which must remain untouched for one hundred years — were supposed to indicate the locality of buried treasure, or to point out some means whereby immense wealth would finally accrue to the College. Now, as it turned out that this eccentric benefactor, however penurious in most respects, had saved nothing in lawyers, there was really no way of disregarding his wishes except by relinquishing all claims under the will. So it came to pass that the Mather Safe was opened to the public under the conditions which its donor had prescribed.

The number of persons who appeared to claim the privilege of the Miser's singular bequest excited the amazement of the academic authorities who had it in charge. Carefully enveloped parcels, containing manuscript or other important matter, were constantly confided to the Mather Safe; these were usually addressed to the specified descendant of some living person, or to the future occupant of some professor's chair or metropolitan pulpit. There were wild rumors of secrets borne by this messenger between the generations. It was said that journals and letters had been deposited which would change the current gossip of history, and explode bubble reputations that had glittered before the world. There were hints of deadly sins committed by those high in Church and State, which the perpetrators lacked courage to confess to their contemporaries, but which, in the bitterness of remorse, they had recorded in the Mather Safe; thus taking a ghastly satisfaction in the thought that they should not always appear as whited sepulchres before men.

It is to be regretted that the advantages of the Safe were occasionally abused by those unbalanced persons who unhappily are to be found in all centres of culture and propriety. A poor crank of this description once insisted upon depositing certain strands of a rope which an outraged public sentiment had placed upon the neck of a foolish prater called Harrison; at least, if this was not his name, it was certainly something very like it. Now the talk of this fellow was highly offensive not only to the College officers of his day, but to their numerous friends among gentlemen of property and standing. In view of this fact, it was a violation of the decencies, no less than of the probabilities, of life when the follower of this fanatic decreed that his hempen trophy should be given to the president of an historical society (whom he absurdly supposed might be some person then living) on the day when a colossal

statue of this pestilent Harrison should be placed on the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city. Yet in spite of a few such melancholy perversions of the Farrel gift, it was considered — a quarter of a century ago, when the writer made his last report of it — an interesting and, on the whole, a useful bequest. Of its present condition and estimation, there is no need of citing the many accessible sources of information; the fact that the Mather Safe was connected with an occurrence about to be related must justify this brief notice of its former history.

It has been recently hinted in these pages that the publication of the *Life and Letters* of the Reverend Charles Greyson will give the future pew-holders of St. Philemon's considerable information, of which those at present listening to this stimulating rector are profoundly ignorant. The uncalculating openness of his correspondence with the chaplain of the British Embassy in a noted European capital will reveal the shady recesses of an epoch that had more in it than the glare and clamor now chiefly perceptible. It is certain that the singular connection which existed between the clergyman and Dr. Ernest Hargrave, Peckster Professor of Osteology, will be more intelligible to our successors than it can be made to the majority of existing readers. While it is easy to understand that a man may inherit a brain which he lacks the energy to put to full service, it is hard to see how this power can be supplied from the vehement vitality of another person. The experiments of Dr. Liebeault, proving the possibility of ameliorating character through hypnotic suggestion, may dimly enlighten certain passages in the following extract from one of Mr. Greyson's letters. We shall, nevertheless, do well to pass lightly over difficulties, confident that they will be satisfactorily removed by some theory of ganglionic

friction familiar to the future annotator of this correspondence.

"Of course it was a good idea to send you the photographs; how could I have done better when a sudden rush of work kept me from entering the epistolary confessional at the usual time? Never fear that I cannot spare them; they come to me in great numbers. The maidenly zeal for ecclesiastical personages, which used to work itself off in slippers, suspenders, and penwipers, now keeps me supplied with specimens of amateur photography. This is a great gain; they may be packed in a small compass, and are not attacked by moths. Some of the objects represented seem to have puzzled you. I did not write their names on the backs, because it would have subjected the parcel to letter-postage. I will now supply the information for which you ask.

"The iron-bound clothes-press, wide enough to accommodate a summer Sunday-school, is your irreverent designation of our famous Mather Safe. Extensive additions to the original cabinet have been contrived by the present authorities of the College, who have discovered that Miser Farrel made a more valuable bequest than their predecessors imagined. They perceived that a repository so well advertised, and exciting such general interest, had — figuratively speaking, at least — a good deal of money in it, and that this could be extracted by demanding a heavy payment for all packages consigned to its keeping. This sort of parlor-car arrangement has undoubtedly some disadvantages. Had it not been for the fortune of his wife, Professor Hargrave scarcely would have been able to place in the Safe the important contributions to history and philosophy which he has dispatched to an age that can make use of them. Still it must be admitted that the price of admission has brought old Farrel's strong-box into high fashion.

There are always persons who like to show their wealth by buying some privilege from which their less fortunate neighbors are debarred. The anticipated revenue has been fully realized; it comes from that natural selection of the richest whose law some moneyed Darwin should give us with proper explicitness.

"It is much to be regretted that the income from the Safe cannot be accumulated to create that Professorship of Heredity which President Cooley considers the most pressing need of the College, and which Dr. Hargrave places next in importance to the Professorship of the Higher Psychology, not to be hoped for at present. For the function of human brain-matter, according to the view of the latter gentleman, may be compared to that of a bank: it must be so managed as to preserve all valuable ancestral deposits, that they may be loaned upon good security for the needs of the passing generation. 'Although there are many points upon which the President and I do not agree,' he said to me the other day, 'I am sure he is right in thinking that a well-endowed professorship for the objective study of hereditary proclivities might solve many problems connected with education; it would show what sort of marriages are likely to transmit those motor-adjustments of the brain which the College is at such cost to cultivate. When I can establish my ideal Chair of Psychology to train the organist, Dr. Cooley's Chair of Heredity will see that the best instrument is provided for his touch.'

"To return to the photographs. 'The indefinite portrait of a lady' was taken from a painting by Stirniece, and represents an individuality no less definite than that of my friend Clara Hargrave. Yes, I am prepared for your comment: 'The face is handsome and intellectual, to be sure, but there is nothing to justify the ardent admiration you have so often expressed for this woman.' This is easily

explicable. The likeness was painted before her marriage, and shows no trace of the efflorescence of mind and soul which Professor Hargrave has called into being. The soft radiance of eyes that have pierced the supposed barriers of the knowable, the charm of feature moulded by impressions more delicate than those which reach us through the senses, you must cross the ocean to see. And why not do this? Why not come over to our College Centennial, which takes place in about six weeks? You shall preach your most stirring sermon at St. Philemon's, and look down upon better dressed women than can be found in any London church.

"Let us get through with the photographs. 'The anatomical picture,' as you call it, was taken from the bones of the Glyptodon discovered by Professor Hargrave during his recent visit to Brazil. The shaded portions, about one third of the bones represented, were exhumed; the skeleton is completed by plaster casts, modeled by the discoverer, — a wonderful example of scientific inference. It was this specimen which suggested the paper upon Ankylosed Vertebræ which keeps the Professor in the leadership of his department of science. It is acknowledged that his work in the limestones of the São Francisco basin is well abreast of the study of those bone-caverns by Lund, the Danish osteologist. I mention this to show that you were mistaken in supposing that the Professor's article in the *Columbian Review* — published just before his three months' absence — would have direful consequences. Why, he simply indorsed the position of Alfred R. Wallace that phenomena, explicable only by the existence of spiritual powers, were real and indisputable, and were proved as well as many other facts are proved in our mundane sciences. I can assure you that I was more struck by the reticence than by the freedom with which he wrote. You will find no hint of the mastery of transcendental forces

which he has achieved by methods utterly unknown to academic lectureships. No man more fully recognizes the folly of revealing the higher psychic laws to a society absorbed in the cynicism and push of the materialism in which we live. The work which Professor Hargrave believes to be especially assigned to him is to influence his generation by the implantation, through mystical processes, of some part of the knowledge it so deplorably lacks. He will not attempt to reveal the experimental proof by which this knowledge has been reached to an age that wavers in a maze of vacillation and doubt, — an age when those who devote themselves to psychical inquiries are unable to deal with phenomena above the level of thought-transference in its most material aspects. I have said enough to make it clear that the College authorities have no way of getting rid of this man, as it is very probable they would like to do. To put one of inferior scientific reputation in the Peckster Professorship is a responsibility they dare not assume. They must accept the situation. 'Another of his fathom they have not to lead their business.'

"It is pleasant to see the Professor once more in his pew at St. Philemon's, though of course I miss his admirable letters from the South. He agrees with the opinions of Agassiz, expressed more than twenty years ago, that there are elements of high progress in Brazil, and that the inhabitants are unusually susceptible to lofty impulses and emotions. Some of Hargrave's former pupils are now leading men of the empire, and are pushing inquiries into the supersensual world, as well as into that which lies beneath them. He finds them surrounded by climatic and other influences so favorable to success that, were he free from obligations which keep him here, I think he would make his home in that country. Fortunately for us, he is tethered by a sense of obligation to the Col-

lege, and this he is not the man to repudiate.

"Let me see: what were your other questions? Yes, I remember one of them: you asked why Mrs. Hargrave did not accompany her husband. Well, because she dreaded the sea voyage; and if that answer is not sufficient, because the fact of his absence necessitated no real separation even for a day. Indeed, there was probably no hour when some flag-signaling did not pass between them. How do I know this? By the word of a woman who is incapable of deceit. 'But not of delusion,' you remark in a whispered aside. Then I must tell you, sir, that I assert only what I have verified; nay, what in some measure I can give you the means of verifying. Mrs. Hargrave has repeatedly told me that the Professor was writing; and, after detailing the events that were passing about him, has assured me that I should find them recorded in the letter. I inclose you my notes of what she said, taken as the words fell from her lips, and with them I send copies of her husband's letters bearing the same date. Please to read the two accounts of the chaffering with the Indian for the bones of the Dasypus: you will find them identical, even to the absurd incident of supplementing two hundred milreis with four buttons and a tobacco-box.

"Shall I go on to still stranger things? Well, then, this sensitive lady is at times able to throw the focus of consciousness upon the future. No, I am telling no tale of Sindbad or the flying carpet. Quite the contrary. I simply claim, with Cicero and the Greek philosophers, to say nothing of the Christian seers, that the vision of what shall be is not above the powers of the human soul. I say that there are wide and deep sources of knowledge, that occasionally engulf the petty occurrences of life which are too ready to monopolize our consciousness. Goethe, who is held up as the sanest man of the century, tells us that

his grandfather had the power of prevision. Schopenhauer, emancipated from all ecclesiastical prejudices, is at pains to relate an instance of the possession of this faculty by his maid-servant, and asserts that our 'dreaming omniscience' is always striving to come to the aid of our waking ignorance. Look through the Memoirs of Baroness d'Oberkirch, and you will find sufficient evidence that the prophecy of Cazotte, detailing so minutely the horrors of the Reign of Terror, was known and commented upon before the occurrence of the events that it revealed. Take down your Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, and read of the prevision of the assassination of Chancellor Percival, of your British Exchequer. But I have no time to cite even a tithe of the evidence which goes to show that our branch of the Church has been too hasty in limiting the faculty of beholding the future to Scriptural times. We know that Elisha established a school of prophets near Jericho. What do you suppose he taught in that transcendental seminary? You may say that it was something analogous to the process by which science foretells an eclipse; and I must grant that—given an intelligence adequate to grasp the complexities of the problem—it would be possible to compute what shall be from what is. But I think it more probable that Elisha's curriculum, if we may reverently speculate concerning it, was so arranged as to bring his pupils into temporary relation with that mastering and pervasive Intelligence to which the future is as the present. For there is a second consciousness in man, of which dreams sometimes give us faint suggestions; and this may be so stimulated to coherence and intensity that we may share the Perception that sees 'within the green the mouldered tree, and towers fallen as soon as built.' All this is written to put into your prosaic British pate the fact that your friend is not necessarily a fool or a shadow-hunter because he believes that

under rare conditions the veil which conceals the future is as penetrable now as it was in the time of Daniel. It is certain that Clara Hargrave occasionally touches a state in which events are not arranged in succession as we see them, but appear in vivid coexistence. She penetrates some shy recess of time we have not yet reached, and describes the figures that await our coming. This she has done with an accuracy that no theory of coincidence can be stretched to explain.

"To bound off to matters sociological: I agree with what you say in criticism of the doctrines of Mr. Henry George. 'Monstrous' is indeed the word for his scheme of confiscating the deposits of the poor in the savings-banks, which, by legislative decree, are loaned chiefly upon land-values. As Lincoln said of slavery, if that is not wrong, then nothing is wrong. Yet I share the widespread dissatisfaction with our present type of social structure. Why should this plethora of material prosperity be confined to a handful of not very deserving people? Here in our democratic America, we have our growling crowd of lack-alls and our obsequious company of lackeys, — and I know not which is the sadder sight. I was startled, the other day, when a newspaper, which does not exclude such religious statistics as may be likely to interest its readers, announced that I preached every Sunday to fifty millions. (Please do not mistake this for a pathetic exaggeration of the numerical attendance at St. Philemon's!) Well, I go among these possessors of the earth's fatness to find too many of them deadened by worldliness and the selfish philosophies of the post-Darwinian epoch. At the Friday Club I meet those who are said to be the perfect flower of scholarly and scientific culture, only to be struck with the vacillation and inconsistency of their attitudes to the questions of the time; all agree in the destructiveness of contemporary criti-

cism, and apparently can agree in nothing else.

"And yet, disheartening as the situation is, I shudder when I think how much worse it might be made by ill-considered attempts to mend it. Our social perplexities must be approached with the leisurely deliberation of the thinker; not with the passion of those who are struggling for bread; not with the cynicism and envy of the unsuccessful wealth-worshipers, who bear upon their foreheads George Eliot's fearful inscription, *Sold, but not paid for!* I am troubled in spirit as I stand before a congregation dominated by conceptions radically opposed to those of which I profess to be the exponent, and find myself compelled to read the Scriptures by the golden light which the gorgeous Peckster Window throws upon the lectern. It is not until sermon-time that I fully escape the pressure of my surroundings. Then I meet the calm, intelligent eyes of Ernest Hargrave, and the fifty millions relax their throttling grasp upon my throat. My life is uplifted as I share this man's tender sympathy with the troubles of his age, his perception of the historical processes of human thought, his knowledge gained by rigid experimental inquiries into a supersensuous world. I feel a persistent *ego* in every nerve. I care not if Dr. Fairchild Bense regards me as a puppet, mouthing and gesticulating as the strings of inheritance and circumstance are twitched by some misty Unknowable whom I foolishly personify as master of the show. Bense is a good physician, a capable art-critic, or he would not be director of our metropolitan picture-gallery; but of the meta-organic consciousness, conversant with the secrets of time and space, he is as ignorant as was his supposed arboreal ancestor who struggled up from monkeydom.

"This leads to a confession which I think will interest you. When the Professor was absent in Brazil, I felt his presence in the church as if he were

bodily in the familiar seat. He told me that it would be so; he said that his thoughts would be fixed upon St. Philemon's during our weekly services, and that I should be conscious he was with me.

"Do you want an illustration? Well, he was at Rio, — it was the second Sunday he passed there. On the previous Saturday evening, I had been meditating upon Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It suggested my morning's text: 'Can these bones live?' I selected this question as representative of modern inquiries which religious men must recognize. Can this luxurious society accommodate itself to the claims of the coming democracy? Can these dry bones take upon themselves new life without breaches of law, *coups d'états*, violent subversions of existing relations? I assumed that the bones, dry as they had become, were the necessary props of the social order, the foundations upon which a better State must somehow be built. As I rose in the pulpit, a cool wind seemed to blow past me. Influence acting from a distance — we have no word to express it like the German *Fernwirkung* — took possession of me. Complemental material was drifted into my mind; I saw the capabilities of my subject from the standpoint of science. Those bones which I had assumed to be the basis upon which the social organism was reared were by analogy only a secondary formation, a deposit from the growing tissues, and were not to be mistaken for a framework about which the body politic must be built. Bones were virtually formed by the casting off of waste material; their excessive production resulted from a failure of vigorous vitality. To a practiced sermonizer like yourself, I need go no further. You see how shallow was the thought I had brought into the pulpit compared with the scientific truth upon which I founded my discourse. Can you believe that much of

what I said came from my friend in Rio, speaking with the immediate power of my living voice?

"I cannot see why you should have difficulty in believing this; for you tell me that you are following with interest the publications of your Anglican Research Society, and have grappled with the bulky volumes it has put forth under the title of *Phantasms of the Living*. They claim to prove by direct testimony — which is reiterated to the point of tediousness — that there is no mundane distance at which effects may not be produced by the action of mind upon mind; they show that messages may be flashed between zones, even when their senders are under the disturbing processes of death. And if this is so, how much more easily shall a man under the conditions of bodily and mental soundness make himself felt by those who require his service! It need not be said that a patient student of nature like Professor Hargrave has had no difficulty in mastering the processes by which the constructive force liberated from his mind becomes an impinging impact upon his friend under other skies.

"This reminds me that, if you make us a visit, I may be able to show you something better than the fine dresses which I jestingly mentioned. I would try to induce the Professor to let you see some of the earlier chapters of his great book on the Will. These have been put in type-writing, and constitute the introduction to a work which will scarcely be completed, and certainly not published, during the life of the author. You would admire the ease with which he brushes through the metaphysical brambles which make Will a mere self-deception, and which caught the skirts of so sturdy a traveler as our great Jonathan. The chapter on Conjoint Motives, followed by the Exercises for Will-Practice (designed to assist volition in exciting its proper potency of motor outcome), will give you some idea of the

regions of mentality, hitherto unexplored, which this man has discovered and developed. Did you ever think how the normal force of the Will is neutralized by conflicting motives before it issues from the mind? Beaten hither and thither by these multitudinous impulses, it finally escapes, torn and be-draggled, for a feeble flight. Now Professor Hargrave has formulated a process by which the discordant motives are made to work — if I may so express it — with the same push, and thus to effect a result precisely equivalent to their united energy. No, I am not getting beyond my depth, though I feel the constraint of our English terminology, which is inadequate to represent just what I would say; German might do better, but, unfortunately, I do not write it with any facility. As the treatise is systematic, there is necessarily a fundamental tone which no statements about it can make audible; you should come to it after comparing the achievements resulting from the trained volition of the Professor with the haphazard performances of those who are absurdly said to have a will of their own. A large and free conversation with this man — at least I could promise you this — would impart a sense of what he is and does, and show you that the Centres of Ossification, by which he is known in Europe, is a poor fragment from the sum of his accomplishment.

“Your account of Mr. Peckster’s son-in-law, the Duc de Fleuron, is not inspiring. I feared he was the meagre and frivolous personage that you represent him. The match was arranged by Mrs. Peckster, who has been in Paris nearly three years to see what could be done for the daughter. Since the son was killed on the railroad, she has been the presumable heiress to the family millions. It was rumored here that the Duke required a certified copy of Mr. Peckster’s will as the consideration-in-chief for his condescension. If this was

the case, the consequence to the College of its failure to give Hargrave his well-earned doctorate of laws may be more serious than its authorities apprehended.

“Although Mr. Ephraim Peckster rallied from his inflammatory disorder of two years ago, he is at present very feeble. He is the last representative of his name, and I am sorry to say — for there is much that I like about the man — that there will be no loss to the world when it dwindles to eight letters of mortuary sculpture. A hundred years ago the family flowered in Gideon Peckster, the benefactor of the College, and has since been gradually falling from the aristocracy that was to the plutocracy that has succeeded it. The Peckster Pasture made its proprietors so rich that they were compelled to devote their energies to schemes for becoming richer. I forget whether I have ever mentioned this bit of ancient meadow-land, which has retained its name since the son of the emigrant purchased it for the necessities of his cow. The huckleberry bushes were long ago replaced by stately dwellings, and these, again, by the lofty stores and warehouses which now pay their quarterly tribute to the poor sick gentleman on Brandon Avenue. A study of the influence of this territorial possession upon the character of the family would be a valuable contribution to social science.

“And this reminds me that you are wide of the mark in your surmises about our new novel. The character of Euripides Texter in Counterstrokes is emphatically *not* ‘Ephraim Peckster rouged for the footlights’! A similar jingle in the names is the only resemblance. Texter makes his millions by wrecking railroads and buying patents; Peckster’s rents admit him to the councils of railroad-builders, and his agents are sent out to buy land wherever stations are to be established. Texter’s connection with the Institute of Erudition is a gross car-

icature of Mr. Peckster's relations with the College. The novelist seems to have taken the remark of our second President, Adams, about the sycophancy of learned bodies without the ocean of salt water that should dilute its asperity. The learned pate does not nowadays duck to the golden fool, in the coarse fashion in which Shakespeare put it. There is only a state of exquisitely good manners on both sides. Our millionaire undoubtedly has a dim consciousness of the obligations, as well as of the satisfactions, of his descent from Gideon Peckster; while the College has a proper appreciation of the riches of the great-grandson of its benefactor, and a general sense of the desirableness of effecting a confluence between the streams of wealth and science. In the slang of the period, 'that is all there is to it.'

"As for Texter's purchase of the senatorship, I assure you that there can be nothing resembling it in the biography of Ephraim Peckster. The instinct of accumulation would have prevented such a scandal. Indeed, there is a club story that Mr. Peckster was once visited by a committee of political managers, who complimented him upon the soundness of his principles, and intimated that there was no office within their gift to which he might not aspire. 'Why, as for principles, gentlemen,' said the host, who seemed gratified at the prospect presented, 'I think you may be sure that a man who has twice married mill-property will sustain the party of high tariff from the bottom of his heart.' '*Et jusqu'au fond de la bourse?*' whispered the latest Mrs. Peckster, who found it expedient to cross the room at that critical moment. Whereupon her lord perceived what the committee wanted of him, and pronounced his *Nolo episcopari* with unwavering emphasis. The legend has undoubtedly some sort of foundation, but surely nothing that can support the absurd parallelism your fancy has invented.

"Enough of this. I am provoked that your mistaken notion has led me to mention some traits in Mr. Peckster's character that are as well forgotten. I am often at his house, and assure you there is more in him than the sordid money-craving that has so narrowed his life. He has come to feel the mockery of fate, which denies us any adequate view of the goal we are striving for until it is gained, and discovered to be a vaporous illusion, not having even the substance of paint and tinsel. He told me that he had several times drafted a letter to President Cooley which might inclose a check sufficient to establish the much-desired Professorship of Heredity; yet, when it came to the point, he could not bring himself to subtract from the accumulating millions the number of thousands necessary for the purpose. And then the poor man sighed; feeling, I am sure, how much worthier his life might have been had he heeded the teachings of his never-founded professorship instead of furnishing one more illustration for its use.

"For after speaking very tenderly of a certain 'Juno-like girl,' the daughter of the clergyman of a Berkshire village, he exclaimed, 'Suppose I had come forward in a manly way, and brought it to pass!' And there were sequent suppositions and interrogations, which I think I read correctly, though he did not utter them. Were those two feeble, frivolous Mrs. Pecksters worth taking, even with all the money they brought him? There was poor Henry Peckster, son of the first, and the Duchess of Fleuron, daughter of the second: both of them with more or less of that 'Nero-like physiognomy' which Professor Cope discovers in those spoiled children of luxury whose only study is to expend wealth in sensuous gratification. Suppose an old-fashioned family of children, whose numbers compelled unselfish action; suppose them brought up by the 'Juno-like' woman under conditions that would have given

the latent good in the Peckster blood a chance to assert itself! Ah, well, suppose and suppose; there is no end to it. Heaven grant that you and I may be spared the pain of discerning when it is too late to rectify!

"Do not understand me as implying that Mr. Peckster has not done all that the world expects from a gentleman in his position. His subscriptions to our church charities are quite up to the general standard. In the paper I sent you last June, you will find his name conspicuously among the donors to my seaside home for the diseased and stunted children of the tenement-houses. We have bought an island, you know, where we strive to keep these wretched little beings alive, until — well, I suppose I must write it — until they are of the age to provide a posterity to sustain the State. The irony is in the situation, not in the heart that feels it; not in the hand that must do the nearest right, even though some distant wrong should be the outcome.

"To go to a pleasanter subject, I can assure you that Mr. Peckster appreciates the high ends to which the studies of Professor Hargrave have been directed, no less than he enjoys the distinction that has come to the family Professorship. The order he has lately given to the young Brazilian artist, Affonso Varella, was both generous and sagacious. Thus it happened. You may remember that the Professor's friends have long wished him to sit for the portrait that should adorn the great banquet-hall of the College, and that any proposition to this effect was so distasteful to him that nothing could be accomplished. Hitherto I have acquiesced in letting the project drop. It was a case where the spiritual *ego* was so far above the organism that such dull record of racial or family traits as might be within the capacity of our living artists would show a feeble shadow of the man. It would be little more than the picture of

a tub, with an inscription beneath it signifying that Diogenes was inside. Well, there are artists and artists; and in Varella we have found one to whom the spiritual processes that make life are not masked by the body. Mr. Peckster has commissioned him to work into oil some sketches of Professor Hargrave which, unknown to the original, he has taken in his lecture-room. I am satisfied that this young Southerner has genius; he has seized just the movements which convey character, and will show the bold and elastic spirit of his subject upon a plane far above the level of any passive sitter.

"This completed portrait will be one more sight I can promise you when you come to America. Should pecuniary obstacles bar your visit, let me mention that we are absorbent of lectures to an extent which is quite incredible. I could arrange a course for you that would more than meet expenses."

It may be well to mention that the portion of the letter above given was not selected to illustrate the character of Charles Greyson, but for the light it throws upon events with which he was connected. Is it wrong for a minister to receive with exceeding joy testimony to beliefs he has accepted on the authority of records upon which an incredulous age has fixed an ugly interrogation mark? "I want more," asserted that good Churchman, Samuel Johnson, when the virtuous Boswell opined that Scriptural evidence concerning an immaterial world ought to be sufficient for him. The excellent logician, Archbishop Whately, — perhaps just because he *was* a logician, — also seems to have wanted more; and he did not scruple to look for it in the region of phenomena into which the rector of St. Philemon's had been led. What if Mr. Locke's experience-philosophy, Philistine as it has been thought, should provide new armor for religion, after all!

II.

Hamlet was right in maintaining that there are features connected with the decline of life which should not be pictured with minuteness. That Danish Zola, who brought his detestable realism to bear upon the venerable sage of the story-books, got off all too easily with the epithet "rogue" which the prince applied to him. While making a duty call upon some moneyed patriarch of the Avenue, let us be satisfied with contemplating the social importance that his millions will give him to the last; it will be well to crowd into the limbo below consciousness any rising sense of the plentiful lack of wit, the most weak hams, and other characteristics of the boozy and incapable life which awaits even Dives ere the curtain is rung down.

The above reflection will excuse us from considering too curiously the languid and shadowy remnant of existence which was being meted out to Mr. Ephraim Peckster. Any reader who may insist upon fuller satisfaction has only to ask his family doctor how much will be left of a man who has been bled for peritonitis in the sixty-seventh year of his pilgrimage, — remarking, by the way, that the subject was not distinguished for heroic qualities before the phlebotomy. "Such a person as you describe," the average practitioner will be likely to answer, "has probably outlived himself." If, however, the question is addressed to a physician in the front rank of his profession, — to one like Dr. Fairchild Bense, for example, — you may get a less conventional response: "It is probable that the person you speak of has come into what we have a right to call his true and essential self." And the doctor, if not pressed for time, will go on to tell you how different portions of the ancestral substratum are turned up to the light as the ploughshare of circumstance is driven through our lives, and how the

hard pan upon which they all rest is not among the loveliest products of nature.

Indeed, any sensitive person, accustomed to dine at the great house on Brandon Avenue while its proprietor was enjoying the "health and wealth" which the British Prayer-Book peremptorily demands for the sovereign, cannot be advised to visit it under present circumstances. The disposition of the property has been made, and the most assiduous attentions will profit nothing. And surely the spectacle of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, with shaking head and limbs shuffling their slippered feet over his costly carpets, has small attraction for the lovers of the good things of this present world. The evolutive changes are over with him; the degenerative changes have set in. Organic processes of digestion, circulation, and respiration are continuing a feeble attendance upon the retrograde metamorphosis of mind, which, like a spent tetotum, is wobbling discursively to its final rest.

Whatever may be thought of his fate in the next world, the man of millions has certain palpable advantages in taking leave of this. The most eminent doctor calls to comfort his body with medical sedatives, and the soft-speaking clergyman who happens to be in fashion will apply ghostly anodynes to his soul. It were hard indeed if the clerical assurance of admission to the Blessed City, which gives murderers their glowing dismissal, should be withheld from a gentleman of whom all audible voices speak praise. As for any chance of — Well, a minister is not worth much who cannot explain away these dead men's symbolismes. Even if there should turn out to be such a locality, it must be a sort of summer resort, just warm enough to supply the sanitary thermal springs adapted to relieve those maladies which overfeasting will unhappily produce.

But even if the future can be so pleasantly disposed of, the past is still troublesome; at least, it was troublesome to

Mr. Peckster, as he sat in listless expectancy in the magnificent solitude of his drawing-room. The exquisite specimens of art which he had collected gave him no pleasure. He could not remember that table of their values he had once been at pains to learn. Did two Ruysdaels make one Constable, or was it just the other way? He looked inquiringly at the curtains of Chinese silk, in shades of blue and gold, which covered the windows, and then at a structure of little shelves bearing vases of rare china and antique pottery. The medicine bottles and tin boxes of pepsin tablets, that were mingled with these latter curiosities, reminded him that Dr. Bense, who was momentarily expected, knew all about picture prices, and would solve his difficulty.

On the table before Mr. Peckster had been laid two newspapers; both were unopened. The large folio sheet was the Daily Adviser, the matutinal counselor of Mr. Peckster from his youth up; the counselor also of his father and of his grandfather. The proportions of objects change as we proceed on life's journey; even the Adviser was not quite what it had been. Yet among all the vicissitudes of its existence the journal had maintained its identity. If exigencies had compelled it to put off one set of respectable opinions and take up another, it had never changed suits with careless alacrity. It had retired, as it were, to its vestry, re-robed with due decorum, and appeared again as guide and philosopher to the prosperous portion of humanity, and friend to whatever had gotten itself established. The Adviser had always been the recognized organ and laureate of the College. Its leaders upon the claims of the higher education were written in subdued and weighty English: they gave one a sense as of huge beasts chewing the classical cud under the shade of the tree of knowledge; they imparted a confidence that the croaking *isms* — as radicalism,

socialism, and the rest of their shabby family — would never puff themselves into precedence of their tranquil solidities. Yet there was the colossal Harrison statue visible from the parlor window! The representatives of culture and property had given the fellow no quarter, yet there he sat firmly upon his granite base, while the fancied immobilities of forty years ago were upon their trial, or perchance already condemned. The latter view of their condition was taken by the Weekly Adventurer, a labor organ of very advanced views. A copy of this waspish journal lay by the side of the Adviser, and, strangely enough, enjoyed the right of entry to the sumptuous house.

"Why does Mr. Peckster take that miserable Adventurer, and worry himself to death over its absurd prophecies of things that can never happen?" inquired a collateral offshoot of the family, who had called on Dr. Bense during office-hours in order to obtain his professional view of the situation.

"It is just as natural," said the doctor in reply, "for a man with a debilitated heart to worry over something unreasonable as it is for a consumptive to comfort himself with the expectation of joyful activities in which he can never take part. Quantitative blood deficiencies establish melancholic conditions; that is all we can say about it. The feeling of anxious distress gathers about any object which presents itself. In Mr. Peckster's case it is Socialism; but it might just as well be the dread of collision with a comet, or of the coming unfashionableness of stove-pipe hats. To your other question, about an application for money, I can give no encouraging answer. Mr. Peckster has always been close, and senile dementia is notoriously characterized by penuriousness. Not that I attribute that condition to him at present; still there are indications of what may be which we cannot

quite overlook. The childish satisfaction he took in the legal opinion given by Ex-Judge Hensleigh, the other day, was certainly ominous. You heard of it? No? Well, the great lawyer had called to recommend the foreclosure of a mortgage, by which a valuable piece of land might be added to the family estate, and in the course of some trifling conversation advanced the opinion that the Courts, being bound to respect the maxim, *Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cælum*, must sustain Mr. Peckster's title to territorial possessions, not only in the sun and moon, but in whatever planetary or stellar bodies might be found to lie between the Pasture and the ever-retreating *cælum* of modern science."

"If Hensleigh gave that opinion, there can be no doubt that it is sound law," said the visitor, smiling.

"So sound," rejoined the doctor, "that I told Mr. Peckster it could be adequately paid for only by giving his counselor a deed of his entire domain above the altitude of a hundred feet. Well, there was something portentous in the excited manner with which he repudiated my suggestion. 'Doctors know nothing about the value of real property,' he said. 'Hensleigh will send his bill, and I shall pay the usual fifty dollars for his opinion, but not one cent more, sir, I can assure you!'" It was easy to catch the idea that was cloudily shaping itself. Why might not a syndicate of landholders exact payment for daylight, which can reach the community only by concession of right of way through their ethereal possessions? That is a floating straw, to be sure, yet it shows the direction in which the stream is running. You might visit him for a week, and not notice anything to indicate that the dissolution of what we call mind had begun. Nevertheless, an occasional incident, like that I have mentioned, testifies to irregular action in one of those little nerve-tracts which, taken

together, make up the complex unity of the brain. There is a broken string in the harp, though of course simple tunes may still be played without touching it."

The unconscious subject of these medical opinions, which were being delivered a few blocks off, was absorbed in listening to voices that had uttered their last sentences more than half a century ago. There was Joseph Russell's description of the Terror as he had seen it in Paris. Ephraim was a college boy when the ghastly story was told at his father's dinner-table, yet he could remember every inflection and emphasis of the narrator; the continuous fall of the guillotine, severing the necks of aristocrats, then seemed a horror of yesterday. Certainly it was but yesterday when, open-mouthed, he had received Mr. Russell's recital. Two yesterdays had passed, and the centennial of that dire holocaust was close upon us. Where were the intervening hundred years? Mr. Peckster had assisted his friends on the Avenue in commemorating the various Church and State centennials with which recent decades have been so plentifully besprinkled. Perhaps his health would permit him to occupy his reserved seat upon the platform during the College celebration, now two weeks off. Then would come the centennial of the great Revolution. The Adventurer announced that a committee had been already appointed to attend to its suitable observance. Chairman Lazarus would come from the slums, and set himself down before the rich man's door; not in supplication, as of old, but in menace. A grimy and sordid procession, marshaled by leaders whose hot enthusiasm might make up for their lack of wisdom, would demand an account of the stewardship of the product of their toil. Those Celtic faces, pale, immitigable, as Russell had described them, — were they not represented by a progeny in this new America? Here too they professed

to discover *droits de seigneur* that were usurping might, and not rights at all. Had they not already abolished that most ancient and comfortable *droit de silence des grenouilles*, which a generation ago had been measurably enforced? The clamor from the unwholesome marshes of democracy was now permitted to disturb slumberers upon the well-drained Avenue, and the remonstrances of the Daily Adviser were powerless to put things back to their old position. As Mr. Peckster contemplated his copy of that venerable journal, there arose a doleful foreboding that the anarchists would some day supply it with an editor, without going through the formality of purchasing the stock. How would the familiar heading look printed in letters of red ink? What hope was left for the awful and lawful respectabilities of Church and College, if this Samson of the decorums were compelled to grind in the mills of the Philistines?

Here Mr. Peckster, remembering that he had not taken his morning glance at the news, adjusted his spectacles and unfolded the paper. Had his late tremors solidified into the letters that met his sight? They were printed in ink of the usual sable, yet no anarchical printer could have arranged his type in an order more startling. Could it be that his glasses were dim? They were removed and carefully wiped, but the capitals which headed the fifth inside column would combine no other reading. There it stood in black and white: ABOLITION OF THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP.

The heading preceded a report of a meeting of the Council of Regents, the governing board of the College, which had been held on the previous evening. It had there been solemnly voted that the money of Gideon Peckster, which had so long supported the Chair of Osteology, should do so no more. There followed a preamble and resolutions, which had complimentary reference to the work

done by the present Professor, and declared that his Centres of Ossification was a book highly creditable to American science. After these resolutions had been unanimously passed, the Council adjourned.

This was not all: there was a significant editorial paragraph, given, as it were, in collusion with the report of the meeting. It was probably inspired by the collective Council, and put in writing by some discreet unit of that body. As it seems worth the wear of scissors and cost of paste to any one making an historical scrap-book, there is no harm in preserving it here:—

“The announcement that after the approaching Centennial celebration of the College the most famous of its professorships will cease to exist will be a surprise to many of our readers. It has generally been supposed that the terms of the benefaction made the maintenance of the Chair of Osteology a perpetual obligation. This, however, is by no means the case. At the request of the Council of Regents, Judge Hensleigh, Bulder Professor in the Law Department, and *ex officio* counsel of the College, has made an exhaustive examination of the original deed of gift. This he finds to be so loosely drawn that the donor, whatever may have been his intentions, did not succeed in limiting the College to any one method of advancing his favorite study. To inquire what Gideon Peckster may have wished during his lifetime is no longer pertinent; we have to consider what he would wish to-day, were he conscious of the minute subdivisions in every branch of science which have become necessary for its successful prosecution. This question the Regents have answered in a manner which will commend itself to the intelligence of this community. The funds which have so long sustained the great Professorship will now be devoted to minute tutorships of the ribs, the spine, the fibula, and other fragments of animal anatomy.

It is by diligently searching the microscopic corners of nature that we can successfully add to the multitudinous facts, or factlets, with which Science must now equip itself. The distinguished scholar whose last moments were embittered by the regret that his life had not been devoted to the exclusive contemplation of the dative case, showed a true sense of the contraction of outlook which is imperatively demanded of the modern investigator. While, therefore, we do not claim that the young gentlemen who will hereafter divide Professor Hargrave's department are likely to produce a work of the mental grasp of the Centres of Ossification, we are confident that for the reasons which have been given, as well as for others which it may be inexpedient to mention, the action taken by the Regents at their meeting last evening will be heartily welcomed by the wisest friends of the College."

For a time Mr. Peckster could only gaze at his paper in speechless astonishment. A shudder ran through his frame, as he grasped the fact that the gentle Adviser, whose coos were as those of a sucking dove, had suddenly turned into a bird of prey, swooped down, and caught him in its talons. The tinglings of impotent indignation ran up and down his veins; then these were deadened by the crushing consciousness of defeat, from which there was no rallying. Finally the old man relieved his feelings in a bitter cry: "What does it mean? What does it mean? What is the Daily Adviser doing?"

"Doing!" echoed the Rev. Charles Greyson, as he entered the room. "Why, it is setting springes to catch woodcock, traps into which the devoted friends of Professor Hargrave are politely invited to walk. I tell you that one man — I need not name him — is at the bottom of this miserable business. The stupid fowl of the Council, roosting in their sleepy innocence, can be driven into any snare he sets for them. Those resolu-

tions — bah! As if nobody were bright enough to read what is written between their lines!"

"Perhaps I am not bright enough," said Mr. Peckster sadly. "I am not the man I have been. Please read them for me."

"Let me begin with the preamble, then," assented the rector, with somewhat more heat than is prudentially advisable for a gentleman of his calling. "We will burrow through these pretty phrases, and get at the central fact, — unmask these formal *whereases*, and show what is behind them! Listen while I give them to you in the revised version: Whereas, Dr. Ernest Hargrave has brought scandal upon the College by departing from that exclusive basis of physical research upon which the Peckster Professorship should rest; and whereas, he has presumed to declare that the spiritual nature of man is scientifically proved, notwithstanding the most eminent scientific authorities have decreed otherwise; and whereas, we recognize that there are difficulties in the way of asking Dr. Hargrave to resign a professorship to which his investigations have added new lustre; and whereas, Ephraim Peckster — Perhaps I had better not go on."

"Yes, do go on; I am not afraid of what you were going to say. Besides, I do not seem to be properly myself this morning, so it cannot trouble me."

"Well, then, Whereas, Ephraim Peckster, the last bearer of a name once influential in New England, is in feeble health and not likely to give anything to the College, now therefore, Resolved, that instead of asking Dr. Hargrave to resign the Professorship, we will slip the Professorship from under Dr. Hargrave."

"I see it, I see it," murmured Mr. Peckster; "your way of putting it makes everything clear to me."

"The matter might be made plainer still by adding one more to the world's stock of aphorisms," continued Mr. Grey-

son. "When a man climbs too high upon the tree of knowledge, avoid the scandal of pulling him down by quietly sawing off the branch upon which his feet rest."

"But how if he refuses to drop?" exclaimed an invigorating voice, as the door was suddenly opened. "How if some good angel bends a higher branch within his reach before the familiar foothold falls away?"

The presence of Ernest Hargrave filled the room with the rich outglow of an October morning; it seemed to collect the scattered rays of energy, and focus them into one cheerful point of light and heat. Only a man whose aims are as noble as they are clearly defined can attain the passionless serenity which of necessity is radiated upon those about him.

"Ministers of grace indeed there are," assented the rector; "and they will help us do our work among the world-wide changes which are threatening. I was going on to assure our friend that only some poor sham sphinx need fear burial from the drift of these scientific sands. One who knows the answer to the riddle may charm their arid surface to bear corn and wine for the sustenance of man."

"I accept the encouragement of your words," replied the Professor. "The task appointed me remains; but my presence in this northern latitude is no longer necessary for its prosecution. We have talked together of the forces which threaten that splendid material fabric of civilization of which the College is a conspicuous ornament. No one has a more painful consciousness of their existence than our friend in whose parlor we meet. Change, great change, there must be. Shall it come by revolution or evolution? I answer, By both; yet it is possible to mitigate the one by bending the higher energies to help forward the other. My work for the College is not over. I shall command new means

of widening the narrow nest that has cast me out. I shall extend it upon lines which are not those of the Regents, for I have mastered powers of which they know nothing. My effort shall be to broaden its science, till it can again take that spiritual leadership of the community which Gideon Peckster prayed it might always hold. Here is a letter I received this morning from Brazil: read it, both of you, and give me your sympathy in accepting the golden opportunity I am offered."

"Come nearer to me," said Mr. Peckster; "just now there was a heavy weight upon my chest, but you are removing it. Somehow, you brush away my confusions. Let Mr. Greyson read the letter aloud; very slowly, if you please, sir, or I shall not be able to take it in."

The letter was dated at one of the provincial capitals of the Brazilian empire, and signed by certain persons of the highest enlightenment. These gentlemen, some of whom Professor Hargrave had met during his recent visit to the South, had perfected an organization for the noblest educational object; namely, the awakening and perfecting of those mysterious inner senses, for whose existence in a small number of persons there is a daily-increasing mass of affirmative evidence. These students of Nature in her higher aspects had been joined by a few well-equipped scholars from Germany, France, and India. The association had come into possession of an ancient monastery of the Benedictines, and proposed to succeed the worthy ecclesiastics who had there taught such lore as they could master. Of this distinguished body Professor Hargrave was invited to assume the direction. The opportunity was indeed exceptional. The brotherhood would push investigation in all directions; emphatically in *all* directions, above as well as below. There were limestones packed with the bones of animals of high antiquity; this extinct fauna might be reconstructed,

almost revived, by the genius of the Peckster Professor. It was believed that the subjective activity, which sought insight into the nature of the Absolute and wiser appreciation of the needs of the human race, would be most successful when balanced by studies in the objective world. The members were all married; but their marriages were those rare and exceptional unions which must be recognized as spiritual matings for time and eternity. They held that a combination of the male and female mind is essential for the highest work of which man is capable; it was a neglect of this great truth that too often had filled convents with hysteria, and made monasteries the retreat of pulpy idleness. Briefly, the objects of the brotherhood were these: first, to give the well-born children of the community the all-round education that should fit them for the intellectual and moral leadership of their generation; secondly, by the exercise of occult influence, as subtle as it would be effective, to save society from the effusion of blood which has hitherto accompanied great political and social changes.

"Although the Peckster Professorship is lost, you see that the battle of life may still be won," said Hargrave, when the reading was finished.

"I shudder to think of your acceptance of this exile," said Mr. Greyson. "Surely every man is born into a bondage of local obligations which he may not lightly repudiate."

"But their fulfillment has no necessary connection with locality," replied the Professor. "Distance has no effect upon those actions and reactions which take place between the inner states of men. Your better judgment will tell you that I can do more for the life which centres about the College than if I remained to be disturbed by its dissonances and hampered by its prejudices. Have you forgotten how easily you were set right in your sermon based upon the

phenomena in the Valley of Jehoshaphat? If so much can be done to prevent a harmless misstatement of a fact of science, what may not be accomplished when nobler objects stimulate to supreme mental effort! Society is propelled by agencies that the superficial overlook. The great results are not obtained by those who employ direct methods, and blow the trumpets which lead the march. The work of this Southern society as a generator of social momentum will be felt among you; we can send modifying contributions to the rush of energies now making for revolution. New historical characters, now lingering in the green-room, await the signal to appear upon the stage. They are from the class that feels most acutely the evils of the present, and knows nothing whatever of the history of the past. Hence there will be no comprehension of the inexorable law of social progress among those who are thrown to the front. Now do you think it will be impossible for us to radiate intelligence that shall tend to give direction to their crude thought?"

"I have reason to know that this is not impossible," replied the rector. "But you have not thought of the enervation of a tropical climate; you forget that man makes his noblest efforts in the colder latitudes."

"And you seem to forget where the great religions came from," rejoined Hargrave, with a smile. "The surrender of the coat to him that would take the cloak, the prohibition of thought for the morrow, — were these precepts generated over a stove, with the outside thermometer below zero? Man is by nature a tropical animal, and if he is to find more than temporary and one-sided elucidation for his difficulties, it must come from lands where the sun is nearer the zenith."

"And yet it is there that the errors of Romanism flourish with peculiar exuberance," said the minister doubtfully.

"Are not some of the errors you are thinking of false only from the point of view of the Scotch Presbyterian, or from that of the money-getting Agnostic who has been evolved out of him? You Broad-Church rectors might widen in other directions besides that of rationalism; you might inquire whether some of the errors you have officially repudiated were errors, after all. The Roman Church has rightly recognized the life of being as well as that of doing, and has understood that the former may be active in the more efficient way. Her monastic institutions may sometimes have been centres of laziness and spiritual pride; yet the theory of the cloisters was correct. It posited the infinite value of right thought; it asserted that great law of human sympathy, by which holy aspiration and self-denying study may do more for the world than all the plasters for its sores that your fullest contribution-box can purchase."

"I must provide such alleviations for those wounded in the competitive struggle as our collections will permit," said the rector sadly. "Yet I well know that the most we can do at St. Philemon's is to send out a few poor skirmishers against the forces of evil. You who have received the ten talents may be permitted to sit apart as commander, — not out of danger, however, — and direct the battle."

"Please to compare my work with healing, rather than with fighting," suggested the Professor. "When did a sick man's introspection cure his disease? It is the diagnosis from the outside that finds the remedy."

Mr. Peckster had been moving uneasily, as if desiring to take part in the conversation, although the paths by which it could be entered seemed closed to his present capacities. He felt conscious that any remark he could make would have a quality of second-rateness, when interpolated in the talk that was going forward. Still there was a tradition

that a man should be something more than an auditor in his own house.

"I think your society should establish itself in India," he said at last. "Yes, Professor, you should go East. I am told that there are remarkable persons who live upon mountains somewhere in Asia, and that they know enough to teach all the colleges in the land."

"Not East, my dear sir," answered Hargrave, with the kindly humor of one who adapts himself to a child. "Why, the East is where the wise men come from; to find where they go, we must consult the authorities. 'Westward the course of empire takes its way,' declares our great bishop. 'Go West, young man,' responds the practical philosopher. If we are to lift up our eyes unto the hills, according to the Psalmist's admonition, let us look to the Andes. Let us maintain that there are beings living upon their slopes to whose society no adept from the Himalayas would be admitted without a competitive examination, which it is scarcely possible he could survive. Ah, Mr. Peckster, in these days a man must do something more than boast of his country; he must stand up for his hemisphere!"

An impressive step upon the staircase prevented any rejoinder. It marked the gradual ascent of a person of some dignity, and the interest of the invalid's day reached its climax as Dr. Fairchild Bense was ushered into his presence. There comes an end to banter and controversy when the practiced eye of the physician ranges over the possibilities of life and death, and is selecting one of them which he will adopt as a probability. The gentlemen representing science and theology held their peace, and scrutinized the doctor's movements as, tenderly bending over his patient, he applied his ear to different points of the chest. Was he detecting some valvular lesion, or listening to the doleful *bruissement*, as the medical vocabulary design-

nates a certain vibratory fremitus perceptible in the arterial trunks?

Whatever may have been the result of the examination, nothing could be gathered from the doctor's face as he recovered his erect position. He was familiar with the resources of mind-cure, and indeed had used them with good effect long before the exaggerated claims of that practice were mouthed by ignorant adventurers. No man was more conscious of the dispiriting flatness of things than was Dr. Bense; but he recognized the professional necessity of appearing to stand on a pedestal of health and cheerfulness, and he had drilled himself to do this with remarkable success.

"Well, Mr. Peckster," said this wise practitioner, "everything seems to be going on finely. I can prescribe nothing more suitable than a drive in your carriage, and that I need n't write in Latin. Go in the sunny part of the day, and avoid the pavements as much as possible. As to diet,—I have really no change to suggest. Pigeons to-day, I think your man told me as I came upstairs: yes, they are unobjectionable, if plainly cooked. If you really want the claret, I suppose I must n't object; but I would n't take over half a pint. I see you've been reading the papers; you had better not do it,—they are too exciting."

"I—I think I shall not want to go to the College Centennial, doctor," said the sick man, slowly forcing out a remark which he felt had better be made.

"A very wise decision," replied the doctor approvingly. "These centennial exercises are apt to be tedious; there's too much advertising about them. I just met Tom Stapleton, who told me he should n't go. He said that, after what the Regents did last night, it would be like celebrating one's mother's birthday when she was in the penitentiary."

It was the pleasant custom of Dr. Bense, when visiting well-paying pa-

tients for whom nothing could be prescribed, to retail for their entertainment any brisk saying that he had picked up on his rounds; or, if visitors happened to be present, he would set in motion a conversation that might lighten the pressure of the silent seclusion which oppresses ailing humanity.

"There are some good pictures here, Mr. Greyson," observed the doctor, after looking about for some topic that was free from any medical savor; "still, I must criticise Mr. Peckster's last acquisition. A fine Scriptural subject,—Balaam's adventure on his journey with the princes of Moab,—but I have seen it better treated in the foreign galleries. Do you know that to me the angel has a bleached, anæmic appearance, and the foreshortening of his left wing is not quite correct? On the other hand, the rage in Balaam's face is perfect, and the invincible obstinacy of the ass is well suggested. Look at the terror in the position of the hind-legs; I have seen just that petrified immobility in cataleptic patients. Yes, the picture might be called a good one, if we could only get rid of the angel; but I don't see how that could be done."

"Nothing is easier," said the rector quietly. "The artist has only to paint out the celestial presence, and then to paint plenty of 'expectant attention' into the eyes of the animal. You must agree that this would be a truer representation of what really occurred."

"Or, better still, let it be painted as a trick-donkey, such as they show at the circus," added Professor Hargrave. "Then our sympathies would be with the prophet, who is plying the cudgel with the zeal of a Seybert commissioner."

Dr. Bense was an honest man. Honest, that is to say, with the smouldering, quiescent variety of the quality which does not consume a surplusage of tissue, or materially injure one's prospects of getting a living. He had met these

gentlemen before in that very house. He had then used certain expressions about the studies of Professor Hargrave which it would be impossible for him to employ again. He perceived that these slurring words had been remembered by his companions, and that they were a barrier to those cordial relations which it was pleasant to maintain with contemporary organisms. The eminent neurologist was now constrained to acknowledge that he had caught a glimpse of an unknown sea, the existence of which he had once stoutly denied, insisting that it was a mere mirage of hysteria and epilepsy. Yes, there it was; though whether the Professor had found any plummet-line to reach its bottom was of course questionable. Yet as the turbid waters could no longer be denied, the attempt at scientific sounding was not the folly he had once supposed it to be. As much as this it would be the generous thing to acknowledge.

"There is a tone in your remarks, gentlemen," said Dr. Bense, "which indicates that you recall my manner of speaking of a certain attempted investigation into things outside this visible scene of earth and sky that was undertaken two years ago in this very house. I then believed that you mistook the common phenomena of hysteria and human mendacity for an impossible manifestation of an extra-mundane force. I then thought — as the most sensible men now think — that Professor Hargrave's transcendental pursuits were all froth and fancy-work. I have had reason to change my opinion."

"Is Saul also among the prophets?" asked the rector.

"Not a bit of it," replied the doctor decidedly. "He particularly wishes to keep out of their company. Like the later Saul, he is busy at his trade of tent-making, — or rather of tent-repairing, as I suppose his physicking might more properly be called. He is simply willing to confess that he no longer con-

siders the prophets as necessarily knaves or fools. His vertebræ — not being ankylosed, like those of the Glyptodon, which formed the subject of the Professor's paper — are willing to assume the proper curve for apology."

"May I ask how far your testimony goes?" inquired Mr. Greyson. "I can scarcely suppose you are prepared to admit anything which contradicts the automatic theory of man."

"Not as at present advised," responded the doctor, after slight hesitation; "and as to my testimony, it goes nowhere, — I shall keep it to myself. But I am willing to make the honorable amends to you two gentlemen by telling you experiences which I should have to admit, were it wise for a man in my position to admit anything, as it certainly is not. Stay: perhaps I can show you another's statement, that with insignificant modifications I can adopt."

Hereupon Dr. Bense produced a large pocket-book, and selected a newspaper cutting from its miscellaneous contents.

"Yes, I thought I had it," he continued. "Now here is something written by a minister, the Rev. Minot J. Savage. I do not know the gentleman. I suppose he is a believer in miracles, like the rest of his cloth, and this of course diminishes the value of his evidence. Yet I must do him the justice to say that the substance of what he says here my personal experience compels me unwillingly to confirm."

"Unwillingly?" repeated Professor Hargrave, in order to give opportunity for correction.

"Most unwillingly," reiterated Dr. Bense, with firmness. "What am I to do with facts which seem to negative positions which modern researches have made impregnable? I am not one of those parlor lecturers who cater for the pious vote with their unscientific mud-dlement of soul and body. Man's nature is either wholly natural or wholly spiritual; no thinker entitled to the

slightest respect has discovered a compromise. The truth lies with Berkeley or with Büchner, — and it does n't lie with Berkeley."

"I see that Mr. Savage knows why the circulars of your Psychical Society are likely to find repose in the waste-paper basket," remarked the rector, looking up from his reading. "He says it is because the recipients of such experiences prefer not to be pitied as lunatics, or even treated with the blunt brutality which says, 'You may mean all right, but you're a fool!'"

"Well put," acquiesced Dr. Bense; "and in view of this objection you cannot wonder that I have withdrawn from the Research Society, and propose to keep what I know to myself. The position of a medical man in the great bread-struggle is always critical; it may be lost by the slightest indiscretion. There are those pressing behind me who would like nothing better than to circulate the report that I had gone crazy over 'Spiritualism,' and was consequently unworthy the patronage of my patients on the Avenue."

"You are mistaken in supposing that the conditions upon which a successful doctor holds his place are in any way peculiar," remarked Hargrave. "Everywhere competition is so intense that some microscopic advantage is sufficient to keep the victor in his place, or to assign it to a rival. Since my article in the *Columbian Review*, men whose names are familiar to you — actuaries, bank presidents, treasurers of corporations, and the like — have opened their minds to me, and related facts which the common sense of the street, as well as the common science of the College, would regard as evidence of mental weakness which must relieve the narrators from all moneyed responsibility."

"It is not the bread-question alone," replied Dr. Bense. "The fact is, I am too old to reëxamine the fundamental principle upon which my studies have

been based. I have concerned myself with man as a vertebrate animal. I have dissected him, experimented with him, and arrived at certain conclusions regarding his mechanism. These conclusions are the capital with which I work, the axioms from which I start; it is impossible for me to change them."

"Yet you confess that certain facts have been thrust upon your attention which go to show that your axioms are unverified hypotheses, and that the supposed certainty of your inferences may be delusive."

"You are too hasty," resumed the doctor. "It is true that I have encountered facts for which I have no place in my catalogue. If I believe them, it is with the *Credo-quia-impossibile* swallow of theology. I don't digest them; I only gulp them. I cannot interpret them otherwise than in harmony with my ideas and my temperament; that is, I have no interpretation to offer. They are true; and yet the probabilities against their truth are as a hundred to one."

"Perhaps if you will tell me one of these facts which are crushed into nothing by the weight of the hundred which oppose it, I may be able to supply ninety-nine similar facts which I have verified, and even go on to reverse the probabilities."

"I don't want them reversed," said Dr. Bense decidedly. "My book on the Body demonstrates that there is no possibility of showing an *ego* outside the organism, and that every new observation renders the existence of any such thing more and more unlikely. 'My siege is made,' as the Abbé Vertot said. I want to get rid of facts with which I can do nothing. I will bestow them upon you; but you must promise not to return them."

It is not necessary to give the doctor's narrative in detail. The scene was a parlor on the Avenue, just two streets nearer the country. A casual meeting

of five acquaintances. No instability of cerebral equilibrium; all was health and merriment. Dr. Bense was entertaining the company with the exhibition of a little heart-shaped table, supported upon two wheeled legs and a lead-pencil; it had been captured somewhere by a brother researcher. Placing the instrument upon a sheet of paper, he proceeded to show the facility with which it could be operated. He could push it about and make it write anything; and with considerable effort he certainly did succeed in writing several sprawling words. Then a young-lady teacher in Mr. Greyson's Sunday-school, saying that she had never seen the thing before, and would like to try it, placed the tips of her fingers upon the narrow shelf. The little apparatus now ran about the paper as if it were alive. Muscular direction, of course! After a time the pencil began to write in a clear, round hand. "I am not forming these letters; I do not know what it is writing," said the lady, in a tone of which the truthfulness was apparent. Very likely not; there are certain nervous states in which the muscles act without consciousness. "Dr. Bense may ask a mental question," wrote the pencil. The physician smilingly complied. An answer, unexpected, but singularly pertinent, was promptly written. Extraordinary coincidence! Out came the professional note-book, almost automatically, and the incident was confided to its pages. "Let the doctor write some questions in his book; we have unusual power to-night," wrote the pencil. Again there was compliance; but not until Dr. Bense so arranged a screen that no alien eye could see the motion of his hand. "In what month of the year does Christmas come?" The mind-reading theory came into the doctor's head, and he thought he would test it by making a vivid mental picture of the word *December*. "A trifling question; look in the almanac for your answer!" wrote the pencil.

Why, this was no thought-reflection; the banter was like that of a person. The pencil was suddenly agitated, and wrote a name unknown to any one present. It was written that a man bearing this name had certain specified transactions with an ancestor of Dr. Bense who had lived in the last century. After a moment it was added that a record could be found in a certain public building that would prove the truth of the assertion. (The next day, after much searching, the document was discovered, and the truth of the statement established.) The perambulatory power of the pencil was withdrawn for some moments. Then, with a series of jerks, it scrawled a sentence containing vulgarities of expression and gross blunders of grammar for which it seemed impossible that the conscious mind of any one present could be responsible. Puzzling enough. Another name, — this was written with a rolling progression of the pencil, of a character not before observed, — *Gustave Bernville*. No; Dr. Bense had never known such a person. Stay: had he not met a medical student of that name, forty years before, in Paris? "Yes, it must have been at Madame Eugénie D'Uvert's pension," thought the doctor, as he wrote a question that might elicit that answer, and fixed Madame D'Uvert's name before his mental vision, as if it were chalked upon a huge black-board. "I met you at the *crémérie* on the Quai des Augustins, where we breakfasted together for a week." The black-board business evidently did not work. When, later in the evening, the perplexed researcher consulted a bundle of old letters, he found that "Gustave" was right about the place of their meeting, and that he was wrong.

There is no need of relating other phenomena, even more unassimilable with the previous experience of Dr. Bense, which took place that evening. Cognition so strange, so conclusive of something unrecognized by presidents of col-

leges and superintendents of hospitals, may be rare ; may be as rare, if you like, as the fall of a hundred-pound meteor. Nevertheless, — unless the testimony of men of high intelligence is to be rejected, — it occurs. We may not like it, nor see the use of it ; but there it is. Chemist Lavoisier, of the French Academy, once told the world that, as it was certain there are no stones in the sky, it must be equally certain that none can fall to the earth. The logic is so perfect that one may well feel provoked with foolish Brown or Smith, who sees a mass of iron descend in his back yard, and dares to find it red-hot in the six feet of earth into which it has burrowed.

Dr. Fairchild Bense was in a maze. Frogs with their brains taken out were sensitive to sensory stimulation. The case of St. Catherine of Siena was simply one of hystero-epilepsy. Brown-Séquard had shown that cell-matter may draw unusual powers from contiguous nerve-cells, — all, of course, being inclosed by the same skull. Jugglers could beat Slade at his own tricks. All these were undeniable propositions, and had done good service in their time ; but turn them over as he might, the doctor could not torture them into shedding the faintest glimmer of light upon the facts set down in his note-book.

"There," said the excellent gentleman, giving a sigh of relief as he finished his story of occurrences which have been only hinted at in this narrative, "if all that had not been written down at the time to stare me out of countenance in black and white, I should deny my own experience as confidently as I now assert it. You have had the facts to which, were it worth while to say anything about them, I should be willing to make oath ; and yet — and yet — as the Irish bishop said about Gulliver's travels — I don't believe half of them."

Professor Hargrave evinced no surprise at the doctor's paradoxical conclu-

sion, but quietly remarked that he had now a request to make which seemed to him reasonable.

"To admit the world to the confidence I have reposed in you !" exclaimed Dr. Bense. "Impossible ! I tell you that I do not admit to myself what clashes with all my antecedent knowledge. To do so would be to paralyze effort upon lines of research which I understand, and to which I owe all that I am. Would the Philadelphia neurologists send their summer patients to a man who had paltered with doctrines of which charlatans should enjoy the monopoly ? No, sir, my position is peculiar ; you do not know what you ask."

"I think it is you who do not know what I ask, seeing that as yet I have asked nothing," said Hargrave, with a smile. "My proposition is only that you shall do what other men of your delicate social relations have done at my request. I want to prove that the testimony you have just given is not that of a weak, untrained mind, led into inaccuracy through love of the marvelous."

"I think I have not that sort of mind," said Dr. Bense decidedly.

"I think so, too ; and I want others, whom neither of us will ever see, to come to the same conclusion. One of the causes of our slow spiritual development has been the fact that successive generations do not succeed to the knowledge acquired by their predecessors. Results do not reach us in a form in which they can be unreservedly accepted. Thus we are compelled to spend useless years in verifying what has been already established before we can push on to new work. At certain periods of the world's history, the spiritual forces, which are always behind matter, are manifested with unusual power. It is so in our own time ; it was so in New England two hundred years ago. Many of the manifestations were then, as now, mixed with the grossest fraud. Some

of them were stupid, coarse, and wicked; others seem to have been dignified and valuable. Clergymen, scholars, and magistrates have left us their records of these unusual phenomena. Now, supposing their testimony, instead of coming to us in the loose and traditional form in which it exists, had been taken under rigorous conditions; in that case, can there be any doubt that the beliefs which determine conduct at the present time would be other than they are?"

"It was impossible, at that day, to make a thorough sifting of the evidence," remarked the doctor.

"Impossible then, perhaps, but not now. I believe you know Judge Hensleigh, of our law department?"

"I meet him occasionally at the Friday Club. A very bright man, but what I call a *bigoted* Agnostic. Why, he does n't even go to church?"

"Perhaps not; but he is the best cross-examiner in America, which is more to our present purpose," responded Professor Hargrave. "Now I ask you to submit what you have just told us to his probing methods of inquiry. He will handle you as a lawyer retained by the other side; one, moreover, with a persistent sense of the *a priori* objections to your story. His examination, as taken down by a short-hand reporter, who is sworn to secrecy, will fix the precise evidential value of what you assert."

"But to what end does this strange scheme tend? What is to follow my compliance?"

"The reporter's document will be copied out, and consigned with others of the same character to the trusty keeping of the Mather Safe. When at length it returns to the light, you will be out of the way of injury; but you will have left that contribution to the knowledge of posterity which every generous nature must wish to make. I have already an engagement with Dr. Cooley and the Treasurer of the college. They are to

open the Mather Safe immediately after the President's reception on the evening of the Centennial. There is my plan; you will not refuse the necessary coöperation?"

Dr. Bense was much relieved upon learning the moderate nature of the proposal. He had been imprudent in departing from his rule of silence; but having broken it, he had been let off easily. The Professor's will had of late come to have something of the character of an inexorable fate which it was impossible to resist. Here was an acceptable compromise. A man's knowledge may be said to belong to the world, but surely he may select the time for communicating it; he may prudently minimize his personal concernment in its reception.

"I shall comply with your request," said the doctor graciously. "When can Judge Hensleigh do his part of the business?"

"Have you any engagement for next Thursday evening at ten o'clock?"

After consulting some ivory tablets, it was signified that the hour was unappropriated.

"Then come to my house," said the Professor. "Hensleigh is to be there all the evening. Do not fear keeping him up; he is a late sitter, and will be well paid for his work. I am sorry that the earlier hours are engaged. He begins at half past seven with the actuary of a great trust company; at quarter before nine he takes a popular trustee, who holds a million or two, and hopes to get as much more. Perhaps you had better make your hour half past ten; by that time we shall be sure to have finished with the trustee, who has exacted a pledge that he shall meet no one coming in or going out."

"Ah, I see," said the doctor, with a significant sniff of comprehension. "Some of my office patients have the same feeling, and I humor them, if I can. Well, then, at half past ten you

may look for me. . . . And now, Mr. Peckster, I must bid you good-morning. I wonder if you have followed our talk? Nonsense, — or something like it, — from beginning to end; but then, for a person a little under the weather, it may have been none the worse for being so. Take a nap after your drive, if you can, and look for me early to-morrow."

So saying, the medical gentleman departed, to carry his good manners and cheerful presence into neighboring sick-rooms. He was conscious that a certain self-defensive energy upon which he prided himself had been notably lessened while in Professor Hargrave's company. But the October air would be sure to set him to rights again, and revive the breezy confidence with which it was desirable to meet the fever-mists he daily encountered.

"There is something responsive in the man, after all," said Mr. Greyson. "I hope that he may yet recognize another domain than that of physical forces and chemical substances."

"The first step towards an enlargement of our conceptions," said Hargrave, "is to come to some appreciation of the fact that others have gone beyond us. So far Dr. Bense seems to me to have traveled. That a man laden with his social and professional fetters should penetrate to the truths underlying the mere surface phenomena he has encountered is scarcely to be expected. It is much that his active opposition to us will cease. Yes, he is under conviction, — the conviction that the automatism of man, which logically kills him as a moral being, is open to question. Perhaps he has also reached the suspicion that others may do better work for the world than he can, simply because they have reached a higher stage of development."

The tall footman suddenly filled the

doorway. He bore a telegram, which summoned the Professor to meet a gentleman just arrived from Brazil, who had important business with him. No excuse for departure was necessary. Both millionaire and minister comprehended the crisis in their friend's life, which compelled a prompt obedience to the summons.

As the door closed upon Hargrave, an intensity of expression came into Mr. Peckster's face, and lifted for a moment the brooding vapors of his invalidism. An impetuous ancestral quality, long overlaid by the languid features, now asserted itself. An idea which called for action waved aside the dream-shadows which had held the stage of consciousness with such persistence. The voice was shot into the room with the force of a projectile.

"The picture! Varella's picture, that I was to give the College upon its Centennial!"

"I had not thought of that," said the rector. "It is to be finished next week. You must make some other disposition of it. It cannot be placed next Copley's Gideon Peckster, as you proposed. Indeed, it is now clear to me that the authorities will not hang it at all."

"It is clearer to me," asserted Mr. Peckster, "that the College will hang the portrait next that of my ancestor, and value it as a priceless possession. I shall want but one assistant to compel this recognition of my gift."

"And who is that?"

"Time!" exclaimed the sick man, rising from his chair, and speaking as if giving a word of command. "Did you not hear that the Mather Safe is to be opened on the evening of the festival? The portrait of Professor Hargrave shall be consigned to its keeping for a hundred years!"

J. P. Quincy.

TO CAWDOR CASTLE AND CULLODEN MOOR.

WE were in Inverness, — we meaning Saint Katharine and I. For three weeks Scotland had given us of her best. We had had the glory of the heather, the glory of the lakes, the glory of mountain and cloud and sky, to say nothing of that other glory of storied castles, ruins magnificent in their decay, and palaces whose every stone could speak. And we had not seen so much as a hint of a Scotch mist, or a drop of rain!

But on the 22d of August we found the skies overcast and a storm impending. We compared notes, and consulted the most genial and painstaking host in the United Kingdom. Certainly we had not come up there to be daunted by a little rain; and most certainly, too, if we were to see Cawdor Castle and Culloiden Moor at all, we must see them that day. It was not one of the coach days, either. The porter came to the fore to give his advice. The leddies could perhaps get a machine, and go by themselves. "A machine?" We opened wide eyes, and then and there added something to our store of knowledge; namely, the fact that in Highland dialect a "machine" is any sort of a "trap" in which human beings can ride. Would we have a machine for the round trip, twenty-eight miles? Indeed we would.

The machine, in this instance, proved to be a light open wagonette for one horse; the driver in front, and seats for two, facing each other, behind. Unrolling our mackintoshes for the first time since we landed at Liverpool, in June, we took our umbrellas, and climbed into the small vehicle. Our host put in wraps and rugs enough for the supply of a regiment, and off we started just as the rain began to fall, declaring to each other that it was great fun, — as it was, if fun is ever synonymous with pure, unadulterated enjoyment.

For anything more delightful can hardly be conceived than that drive in the soft, warm rain, — that was in itself a luxury after the long drought, — along the curving shores of the Moray Firth, through lovely wooded recesses where the dripping branches met above our heads, between hedge-rows where all sweet wild things were growing together in riotous confusion, — holly, and wild rose, and ivy, and bramble twining their arms about each other and dancing as if for very joy, — and beside banks all matted with heather, so deliciously pink when seen near at hand, so royally purple when it stretches afar over moorland and mountain. All along the way bluebells swaying in the wind and rain swung their perfect chalices, and tiny pink and yellow flowers, unknown to us, poised like butterflies on slender stalks to keep them company. Here and there stately rowan-trees flamed beside the road, their great trusses of scarlet berries burning like torches in the dark emerald of their leaves.

The roads were perfect, as level as a floor; not a rut, nor a stone, nor a hillock big enough to make a "cradle-hole," and no mud even in the rain. Well, Great Britain has been building her roads for eighteen hundred years, and she had the Romans to teach her how and set her a good example. Perhaps ours will be as fine when we have worked at them as long.

We drove up at length, after much circumambulation and many devious windings, before Ye Cawdor Arms, a little quaint old inn at the junction of the highway with the lane that leads to the castle. It was a most primitive establishment in which to look for entertainment for man and beast. The low stone walls had lost, if they had ever possessed, the garniture of ivy that so

often makes the hovel more picturesque than the palace, and stood forth in all their unveiled nakedness. A few scarlet runners on poles made a bit of intense brightness in one corner. On the opposite corner of the house, just under the low eaves, a weather-beaten sign displayed the latest attempt at emblazoning the arms of the House of Cawdor. Apparently it had been painted over and over again by a hundred successive generations. The inn itself looked old enough to have given food and shelter to King Duncan's retainers, when he made his unfortunate visit to the Thane of Cawdor.

It had stopped raining by this time, and, leaving our waterproofs and dripping umbrellas at the inn, we walked down the lane to the ivy-covered arch of the gateway leading to the castle. Near it was a small cottage, too unpretentious to be called a lodge, in the door of which stood an old woman, curtsy-ing. Did we wish to call on the leddies o' the family? No, we were strangers. We only wished permission to see the castle, we answered. "But ye maun ha' tickets for *that*," she said. Here was a dilemma. But it proved a very simple matter. They could be had at the post-office for a "saxpenny" each; and our driver, who, having looked after the well-being of his horse, now stood at a little distance, peering over the lichen-covered stone wall into the dark flowing rivulet beyond it, could readily obtain them. The "saxpennies" were for the poor. Meanwhile, what wonder that we were seized with a sudden conviction that our feet were cold?

"May we come in and warm our feet by your fire?" I asked.

"Ay, ay, coom in, coom in, and sit ye doon," she said heartily, as she ushered us in, and wiped two spotlessly clean chairs before offering them to us. Such a queer little place as it was! The outside door was of some rich, dark, polished wood, studded with brass knobs,

but in it lay all the splendor of the establishment. The walls were so low I could have touched the ceiling with my hand. The stone floor, the table, and the two or three chairs, one of which was adorned with a cushion covered with worsted patchwork, had been scoured till they were white. In one corner stood a narrow bed, entirely covered by a pointed canopy of some faded pink stuff. Over the blackened, smoke-stained fireplace were a couple of shelves, not for bricabrac, but filled with dishes and household utensils. A kettle hummed over the fire, which was certainly built on an economical scale, considering the dampness of the day. On the one broad window-seat lay a book, brown leather and well thumbed, which was evidently a Bible. In the chimney-corner, a cat purred softly. It was like a chapter out of some story of humble, pious poverty, — little fire, little cat, well-worn Bible, and all.

The old woman was interested in her visitors. We had come a long ways, — from Lunnon, or from furren parts, mebbe, to see the old castle?

Yes; we had come from over the sea, all the way from America.

As usual, we had found the "open sesame." Everywhere, in England and Scotland alike, America had been the magic key that unlocked all doors.

"Ye can't get in till three o'clock," she said, excitedly. "But if ye only tell the housekeeper *that*, she'll let ye in noo!"

We preferred, however, notwithstanding this encouragement, to wait till the regular hour of admittance. As we started to go back to the inn for our luncheon, I slipped a bit of silver into the old woman's wrinkled hand. She would have refused it, had I not insisted, crying, "Ye need n't to do it; ye need n't to do it! But God bless ye, and mak ye rich, and bring ye safe hame to yer ain people."

This was so remarkable that I at once

"made a note on 't." And I wish here to solemnly record the fact that there were two persons in the United Kingdom who actually objected to receiving a proffered shilling. In both cases they were not able-bodied men, but poor, lonely old women.

Ye Cawdor Arms does not provide very luxuriously for its guests. But we had our luncheon, such as it was, at the same table with a young man who looked like a student on his vacation tramp. As he slowly ate his cold meat and bread and cheese, and sipped his single glass of wine, he read from a book lying open beside his plate, with one hand resting half the time on the head of a beautiful Scotch collie. The master kept his distance, but the dog, after making a deliberate survey, drew nearer and nearer, and finally laid his great head on my knee, while his eloquent brown eyes begged for a share of our portion of the feast. He got it.

We started for the castle at last, entering in under the ivied archway, and going up the broad graveled road, with smooth green lawns, dotted with stately forest trees, stretching far to the left.

"'This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses,'" quoted Saint Katharine, as we crossed the rusty drawbridge over the moat, and entered through what had once been a portcullis into a small, square court, from which steps descended on either side unto other courts. Right in front of us, facing the drawbridge, was a mounted cannon, with the conical heap of balls beside it. We knew that in spite of all these warlike preparations there must be a hospitable bell somewhere; and failing to discover it above, we went down into the lower right-hand court, where we found it and the door of entrance.

An exquisite young Adonis in livery appeared, — Jeemes being generally a more elegant man than his master. Cer-

tainly we could see the castle, from three to five. But — looking at his watch — it still wanted five minutes to three.

We begged pardon. Our watches must be at fault. But, meanwhile, might we be permitted to walk in the grounds?

We might; and he would himself notify the housekeeper of our desires.

We crossed the drawbridge again, nothing loath to wander about the place, so still and peaceful now, and to look down the long vistas leading into the adjoining forest. Presently a schoolboy, with slate and books, came out of the castle, and hurried down a shaded lane to a building near by. Soon two young women in walking costume, with tartans picturesquely draped over their shoulders, and carrying small baskets, passed by us, on the traditional errand of mercy, no doubt.

"Port wine and beef-tea in one basket," we whispered, "and a flannel petticoat in the other."

Then, as we turned towards the house again, we met two gentlemen, one of whom, it was evident, from his air of proprietorship and at-homeness, was Lord Campbell.

"'The Thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman' still, if one may judge from appearances," I remarked to Saint Katharine, as he lifted his cap, and we went our separate ways.

The housekeeper, a handsome, middle-aged woman, in cashmere gown and pretty cap, received us at the door with such an air of smiling hospitality that we felt at home at once. Cawdor Castle is almost the only one of the really old castles — that is, those that have not been thoroughly made over and modernized — that is still used as a family residence. We were first taken into the dining-room, where the table, not yet fully cleared, showed that luncheon was just over. It was a pleasant, low-ceiled room, completely hung with old needlework tapestry. The only modern thing

in or about it was the carved wooden mantelpiece, which was put in by the present earl, and bears his crest and those of his four sisters, with the date of the room, 1510.

From thence we went to the kitchen, whose walls, many feet thick, were redolent with the odors of roasting mutton and venison as far back as the fourteenth century. The enormous fireplace that nearly fills one end is unaltered, and before it, or in it, the family cooking is done to this day. For the help of the cook there is some odd machinery, still in good working order and in daily use, though as old as the chimney itself, by which the heat of the fire turns and regulates the spit. The upper end of the great room is hewn out of the solid rock, floor, walls, and ceiling being of the same mass of stone. Long tables extended down the middle throughout the whole length, and half a dozen maids, busy with pans, pots, and scrubbing-brushes, glanced at us curiously as we passed by. Familiarity breeds contempt, and there is small doubt that they marveled under their caps at the interest or curiosity that brought so many questioning eyes into their old kitchen.

A short winding passage and a flight of steps led us to the dungeon. It is not a bad place, as dungeons go, having more light, air, and space than most of them. Still, the sound of the heavy iron door swinging to, with a clang, upon its rusty hinges, must have been anything but agreeable to the poor captives upon whom it has so often closed. It was a hard thing to realize, with that kindly, smiling face beside us, instead of a warder in coat-of-mail. In the middle of the dungeon, like the central column of a chapter-house, rose the trunk of a large hawthorn-tree. "There is a curious story about this old tree, which is older than the castle itself," said the housekeeper, laying her hand upon it. "The founder of the house was looking for a place to build upon, when a saint, or an angel (it

does n't matter which), appeared to him, and told him he must build upon whatever spot an ass laden with gold should stop three times successively. Shortly afterward, an ass weighed down with treasures persisted in stopping three times in the shade of this hawthorn-tree. And so, you see, we have our castle, which was built around it."

To establish at once the principle of believing whatever is told you wonderfully enhances the interest of travel. We had done this at the very outset of our pilgrimage, and of course believed this bit of mediæval history implicitly. But we may perhaps be forgiven if we ventured to wonder whether the ass and his gold belonged to the founder or to his dearest enemy.

"Now you must see King Duncan's room," said our pleasant guide, leading the way to the tower stairs. The climbing of steep, narrow, winding ways, worn into such great hollows that one can hardly feel sure of a foothold, is, to put it mildly, not as easy as going up in an elevator. But reflecting it was but once in a lifetime, I plucked up my courage, and gallantly followed in the wake of the small procession. After ascending two or three flights, we entered a large square room, with two windows commanding a wide and pleasant outlook. It was plainly furnished, containing a canopied bed, with chintz drapery drawn up and carefully spread over the pillows, after the inevitable Scotch-English fashion, a table, a chest of drawers, and a few chairs.

"Now tell me truly," said I, — for, sad as it is to say it, there is sometimes a limit to the credulity of the most conscientious traveler, — "*was* King Duncan ever in this room? The castle figures in the play, but was the king murdered here?"

"No," she said, "as you ask me frankly, I must say he was not. This castle is not as old as the date of Macbeth. But Shakespeare chose it as the

scene of the murder, and out of deference to that fact the family has always kept up the tradition, and called this the Duncan room."

The decorations of the apartment, if so they could be called, were truly unique. The space above the fireplace, in which was a pair of huge iron fire-dogs, was completely covered by a charcoal sketch done upon the white wall. The three weird sisters were brewing their unholy witch-broth in a great caldron, while the flames struggled with the clouds of smoke, out of which the uncanny faces peered. On one side of the fire, a black cat humped her back, and hissed at a serpent coiled and just ready to dart, on the other side. On the left of the fireplace was a life-sized figure of Macbeth, with hair on end and dagger drawn, staring with horror in his eyes at the real and truly bed, in which Duncan, no doubt, was supposed to be lying. On the wall at the foot of the bed was Lady Macbeth, tragical to the last degree, urging him on to the commission of the bloody deed. Rough as they were, there was spirit in the drawings. Evidently a party of merry young people had amused themselves with this attempt to make the Duncan room truly Shakespearean.

The rest of the party went up several flights farther, while I stayed below with Duncan and the witches. They saw the window from which Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was let down in a basket during the Jacobite wars, — escaping then only to be beheaded afterwards; and the loop-holes through which, in the good old times, melted lead was poured like coals of fire upon the heads of besieging foes. Pleasanter far than this was it to look down from their airy perch into the forest, where they could see the lovely woodland paths stretching on and on. The great estate runs thirty miles in one direction.

We were agreeably surprised by being taken into the family rooms, the private

apartments, to say much of which here would be a breach of trust and hospitality. But some jewel-lovers amongst us envied my lord the magnificent gems that sparkled on his dressing-table. One daintily furnished chamber, with the open Prayer-Book on its own small table, the text for the day on the wall, the basket of needlework, the well-worn companionable books lying within convenient reach of the low, deep-cushioned chair that awaited the coming of its mistress in front of the smouldering fire, left on some of our minds a most pleasant impression of gentle, refined, studious, thoughtful girlhood.

The great drawing-room was as homelike a place as one need wish to see, — a long, low-ceiled, tapestry-hung apartment, with the fire of logs on the broad hearth burning low, the sunshine streaming in, and flowers in profusion everywhere; a room for use, not show, for on a little table, where some one had been mounting photographs, the sponge, bowl of water, and mucilage bottle were all ready for further operations. From the walls the ancient lords and ladies of Cawdor looked down on the pretty, peaceful scene. I wondered if they did not think they had had a hard time of it themselves in the far-away centuries, full of turmoil and bloodshed.

"Have the lords of Cawdor always been Campbells?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "But long ago the sole heiress of the house of Cawdor married a Campbell, — one of the Argyles, you know," she added confidentially, — "and so the family name was changed."

Soon after this we passed out under the portcullis and over the drawbridge, down the broad, smooth walk and through the green archway into the country lane again, and our visit to Cawdor Castle was over.

It was not actually raining again, but it was still dark and lowering. The young Highlander who had charge of

our "machine" looked dubiously at the clouds, as we resumed our seats. By a short cut across country, we could be home in an hour. If we went round by way of Culloden, we would surely be caught in the rain.

"And there's nothing to see there, anyhow," he said. "Just an empty field."

But the nothingness of Culloden Moor was exactly what we wanted to see, and we went on.

Nature had harmonized charmingly with all our doings through the whole summer. Sunshine would have been out of place that afternoon. As we approached Culloden, the clouds grew darker and deeper. The dull gray mists lay damp and heavy on the barren moor. The silent hills were blotting out. The sky hung so low it seemed as if we could touch it; and it and the mists shut us in. There was nothing left of the whole wide world but the moor of Culloden, and we were the only living creatures in it. Not a bird sang; not a grouse nor a rabbit resented our intrusion upon its solitudes.

First we passed, lying in a field to our left, but very near the road, an immense gray boulder, lettered "Cumberland, 1746." From this stone the "Butcher Duke" commanded the field, on that April day when the last hope of the Stuarts was crushed. An eighth of a mile farther on, the horse stopped.

"This is the 'Field of the Dead,'" said our young cavalier, half under his breath. He had not wanted to come, but now that he was here the scene and the hour took hold upon him as upon us. The poet has set his sign manual upon all things here in this Old World. It is quite probable that this young fellow did not know he was quoting; but half the schoolboys in America have "spoken" —

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day

When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,

For the *Field of the Dead* rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

We got out of the wagonette silently, and walked reverently across the field, still sown with ridges, perceptibly greener than the rest, where the dead were buried in trenches, to a rough gray stone near the outer wall on the left. It was on the very outskirts of the field, and on the other side of the crumbling, moss-grown barricade a few stunted trees and shrubs kept watch and ward.

The stone bore this inscription, rudely cut: —

WELL
OF THE DEAD. HERE THE CHIEF
OF THE CLAN MACGILLIVRAYS
FELL.

Farther down the field was another stone, marked thus: —

CLANS.
MACINTOSH.
MACLEAN.
MACLAUCHLAN.
MACGILLIVRAY.
HIGHLANDERS.

Others, still farther down, were inscribed, severally, "Cameron," "Stewart of Appin," "Fraser."

The stones were all of the roughest description. They looked as if they had been hewn out with the head of a battle-axe, and lettered as rudely. But they were so in keeping with the place, and with the strong, rough natures of the fiercely loyal clansmen who fell at Culloden, that they were more impressive than the most imposing of monuments. On the top of many of the stones kindly hands had laid sprays of their own pink heather. Two only had been overlooked, "Cameron" and "Stewart of Appin." We placed our offering of heather on these also, and then crossed the road to the cairn on the opposite side.

I cannot give the dimensions of this great heap of stones, very slightly con-

cal, if indeed it is conical at all, and flat on top. It is entirely devoid of ornament, this immense sombre cairn, built of the common rounded pebbles lying broadcast on the moor. On one side is an inscription, guarded by an iron grating. The vandal, like death, has all times and places for his own. It runs thus : —

“Battle of Culloden was fought on this moor 16th April, 1746. The graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans.”

“By the names of their clans.” No separate glory, no distinctive honor, not even a record on a memorial stone, for the warriors who fell at Culloden.

The English are buried near the Cumberland stone. One mile farther on, a slab inscribed “King’s Stables” shows where the English army was quartered after the battle.

Right or wrong, good or bad, weak or wicked, by some strong fascination the unfortunate Stuarts hold the hearts of

mankind. Bonny, sunny-haired Prince Charlie is too picturesque a figure to be speedily blotted from the page of history. Peace to his ashes, and long may the purple bells of the heather ring their soft chimes above the dust of his forgotten braves.

We lingered as long as we dared, and then drove on to Inverness. Just as we entered the town a burst of sunshine greeted us. The beautiful river Ness shone, and danced, and sparkled; rejuvenated birds, thinking spring had come again, poured floods of music from hedge and thicket; and by the time we reached the hotel not a cloud was to be seen.

Smiling, deft-handed Scotch lassies took our wet wraps to the kitchen to be dried. In a trice a fire blazed brightly on our hearth; dinner was served, the dear home letters were brought us, and two happy women settled themselves for an evening of quiet content.

“Saint Katharine,” said I, “this has been a day to remember.”

Julia C. R. Dorr.

FINALITIES.

GOLD can be but gold alone,
Midas' touch it cannot own;
For the lightning there's no scath,
For the fire no flaming bath.
Canst thou clarify the light,
Or in the darkness merge the night?
Add perfection to the sphere,
Fullness to the rounded year?
Chiefdom to the sea declare,
Freedom to the ranging air?

There is beauty past the power
Of the earth or skies to dower;
There is joy no ministrants
Can by fondest skill enhance;
There is pain too keen to feel
Wounding point of driven steel.

Who can seize the souls that dwell
 In Sleep's meshy citadel?
 Who to Love's estate can add
 More than Love hath ever had,
 Or from one Great Vast withhold
 What drew thither from of old, —
 Stint the hunger-bitten rage
 That devours from age to age?

Edith M. Thomas.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XXII.

YONE AT PLAY.

AMONG the numerous villages which glisten and sparkle upon the breasts of the Hakone hills, Miyanoshita claims distinction as the most popular of holiday resorts. Accident, rather than superiority of natural charms, has given it this preëminence; for, although the entire region is so bounteously endowed that no single spot is without its share of loveliness, the attractions of the prosperous watering-place are by many degrees less rare and exquisite than those of its more modest neighbors. Fashion, however, has favored it with constant and steady approval, and the preference awarded it by dignitaries of the court has conferred a social lustre to which none of its rivals has attained. The season was early when we arrived at this centre of activity and gayety, yet we found the place thronged with visitors of all grades and nationalities. In the spacious and showy European hotel, divers phases of Western idleness were plentifully represented. The state apartments of the *honjin*, or leading Japanese inn, were occupied by a lady whose rank and exceptional position in the imperial household were regarded by the foreign circle as inviting and authorizing the most intrusive scrutiny. The retinue

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of this lofty patroness was distributed among the first-class lodging-houses, and the humbler grade of taverns, of which the hamlet is chiefly composed, were so overcrowded that we were glad to take refuge in a quiet Buddhist temple, from the privacy of which we were enabled, for a while, to gaze with the interest of unconcerned spectators upon the human kaleidoscope that briskly revolved before us.

But only for a while. First through our hosts, the charitable priests, and presently by other agencies, the youngest of our party was drawn into participation with the living interests around her, and was soon engaged in the pursuits which best accorded with her inclinations, and which, remembering her characterization of them at Dogashima, we began to describe as "Yone's play." At the outset she gave no heed to this pleasantry, but its frequent repetition gradually attracted her attention, and appeared to touch her in some sensitive spot. Being asked by Miss Gibson, with a peculiar intonation, at the close of one of her busy days, if she had found plenty of partners to play with, during the afternoon, she regarded us earnestly, and said, in a manner implying a shade of anxiety, —

"Am I absent too often, Marian?"

"What an idea! How can you imagine such a thing?" was the reply;

whereupon Yone addressed herself to me : —

"Have I been neglecting you, doctor?"

"Not that I know of, my child. Perhaps Miss Gibson is afraid you will tire yourself."

"It is impossible to be tired with nothing but" — She checked herself at the familiar word, which seemed to be assuming a new significance, and again looked at us inquiringly.

"You need not be so solemn," observed Miss Gibson; "you shall entertain yourself as you like, if you will not try to do too much. But I am not sure that you can be allowed to have any more acquaintances to look after. Who was the young man that spoke to you, on the bridge?"

"Did you see him? I wanted to tell you. But he is not an acquaintance; he is a stranger. He gave me a compliment."

"Gave you what?" I exclaimed, astonished.

"A compliment, doctor, — a delightful one."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I suppose he was puzzled by my dress. He said he had seen me walking with many sick people, and thought I was a nurse."

"Do you call that a compliment? Then you probably told him how wonderfully kind the sick people are, to permit you to go about taking care of them."

"Now the doctor is pretending to be severe," she retaliated, lightly. "No, the strange gentleman wished to know if I would go and see a young girl, who is ill at Fuji-ya inn."

"Dear me!" cried Miss Gibson. "I hope you did not promise."

"I did not quite promise, for I thought you might not like that, but I said I would ask Dr. Charwell to go to her; and if she really is ill" — She looked wistfully at us, leaving the phrase unfinished.

"Who is she?" I inquired, — "a foreigner?"

"The gentleman is a foreigner," she answered, with a little hesitation. "I believe the young girl is Japanese."

"Oh, pray be cautious!" said Miss Gibson. "Think what it means: a foreigner, you do not know who, asking you to visit one of your countrywomen. There is that spiteful Miss Jackman watching every movement you make, from the balcony of Nara-ya, like a" —

"Like a guardian angel," I hinted, as she seemed at a loss for a comparison. "But I did not know Miss Jackman was here."

"She came over from Hakone, three days ago," explained Yone. "This is her vacation time. Yes, she is very watchful; but can you indeed care, Marian, for what that lady does or says?"

"I ought not, perhaps; yet it harasses me to have her near us. I wish she had stayed away."

"She might annoy us by one device or another," I remarked; "but we certainly are not bound to consider her, and she must not stand in the way of anything that Yone seriously wishes to do."

"It is only in case I am really needed," said Yone. "If there is no illness, I do not wish — I prefer not. You will see the young girl, doctor?"

"I will see her. What is her name?"

"I have not heard. The gentleman's name is Roberts."

"Does he know who you are?" asked Miss Gibson.

"Not at all. He spoke to me, and I answered, in Japanese. But I will not think of it any more, since there may be an objection. I was inclined to consent, because I had refused, a few minutes before, to call upon another person, and I did not like to say 'no' twice."

This surprised us. It was a novelty to hear that Yone was able to reject any demand upon her attention, and we at

once prepared ourselves for an interesting disclosure. But she appeared reluctant to pursue the subject, and for the moment our expectation remained unsatisfied. At a later period of the evening, she seemed on the point of enlightening us, and had gone so far as to say that she wanted our counsel in a difficult matter, when we were startled by a voice from without, loudly calling :—

"Is Dr. Charwell anywhere about here?"

"It is he, — Mr. Roberts," Yone whispered hurriedly.

"He chooses his time oddly," I said, not too well pleased; "and he has an original way of announcing himself."

"The young girl may be worse," our peacemaker suggested.

"He shall come in, but I will see him alone, if you please;" and I went forth, while my companions retired to an inner chamber.

I found the visitor engaged in a noisy colloquy with the simple priests, and led him to the apartment which served as our drawing-room.

"Beg pardon, Dr. Charwell, for shouting so," he commenced volubly, "but they told me you were in one of the temples, and gave me no other clue. If I had n't sung out, I should never have got at you. Allow me, my name is Roberts; 'Fitch, Burgess and Roberts, Number Four Hundred and Seven.'"

He was easily recognizable as belonging to the middle shopkeeping class of Yokohama, — a forward, unpolished, self-satisfied man, about thirty years of age, with signs of a somewhat quicker intelligence than is commonly found among his order, and with an alertness of speech and bearing which showed at least that he had thus far kept himself out of the torpid stagnation into which the majority of aliens sink, after a brief experience of Oriental inertia, and through which their existence in Japan

becomes a prolonged and sluggish hibernation. His accent betrayed Scottish birth, and the squareness of his jaw indicated that he possessed no small share of the national stubbornness; but there was a pleasant gleam in his eye, and the harshness of his features was tempered by a smile in which a kindly humor seemed to contend with an assumption of shrewd conceit. In rapidly forming these impressions, I was doubtless influenced by the circumstance that his countenance, otherwise an ordinary one in his sphere, was notably free from signs of the hard brutality which the average British trader acquires by contact with what it is his habit to call the inferior Asiatic races. Still, his appearance was not on the whole attractive, and I waited to learn his errand without much predisposition in his favor.

"I'm sorry to intrude at this hour," he said, as he stood, hat in hand, "but I could n't help it, — I really could n't. My little girl is in great trouble. I suppose you have heard about her?"

"I have heard of a case of sickness at Fuji-ya," I answered, "and that you spoke of it to Mrs. Santo, this afternoon."

"Yes, Mrs. Santo, — that's it; Yone Santo is the name. I came to see her, if I can."

"You had better speak with me, if a physician is needed."

"But I want her," he persisted.

"Indeed!" I replied, with growing disapproval. "The ladies of my party are not accustomed to this sort of summons, Mr. Roberts, nor ordinarily subject to the call of strangers."

"Precisely, yes, — no, I suppose not," he responded, slightly abashed. "Naturally you think you should be asked first, but it's a peculiar case, Dr. Charwell. It is n't illness alone, but low spirits, miserably low. I don't mind telling you the whole story. There's a parcel of missionary women in this town, and they've got hold of my poor girl and set her just topsy-turvy, unbe-

known to me. I brought her here because she was pining, and, instead of mending, she has been drooping all the time. They have been tackling her every day, when my back was turned, and I tell you, sir, they have worried her so that she is nearly off her head. An excitable little thing she is. As for her position, she — it does n't matter about her position. I won't have her sat on and torn to pieces by a pack of hyenas, — heartless hyenas, I call them. You agree with me, I am sure."

"Not in the least, sir," I rejoined, more and more dissatisfied; "and I do not see how this concerns me or anybody in my charge."

"Why, Dr. Charwell, I thought you and I were passengers in the same boat. I was told that you had your own good reasons for wishing the missionaries exterminated, root and branch; that you knew, better than most of us, what a low-lived, useless crew they are."

"I don't care to discuss my opinions, or the reasons for them," I retorted curtly, "and I am very far, at this particular moment, from regarding the body you speak of as low-lived or useless. If you have no other business" —

He stared at me as if I had propounded the most startling of paradoxes. "I — I did n't reckon upon this," he stammered; "I don't take it in, at all. This is the last thing. In the name of Dai Butsu, will you tell me what use they are, on the face of the earth?"

"Since you ask me, I will. They are useful, extremely useful, in setting a pattern of social cleanliness and decorum, which foreigners generally would do well to copy. They are useful in showing the natives of this land that domestic life is possible without looseness and irregularity. You know well enough what the conspicuous vice of the country is, and you ought to know that the Japanese people are singularly susceptible to good examples. They cannot help remarking that the missionary

element is disfigured by none of the licentiousness which is their own bane, and against which they take too little pains to guard themselves. The lesson is a sound and wholesome one, and I am not aware that it is taught by any other section of the foreign community. To that extent the missionaries are in a high degree useful. They preach the virtues of morality, and in their practice they offer a model to be respected, if it cannot be followed, by the laity."

The color mounted to the young man's face, and he twisted his hat nervously in his fingers. "That is one for me, I presume; red-hot, with dynamite attachment. I see I have given offense, though I did n't mean it. That was not in my calculations, I can assure you. Out I go, sir, as quietly as I can." His speech was fantastic, but there was no trace of boisterousness or bravado as he turned away. "No use, now, to ask you to see my poor baby; put my foot in it too deep for that. Good-evening, sir." He paused at the threshold. "Do you know — can you tell me if there is another doctor in Miyanoshita? I may ask that much, I hope."

A rustling noise in the adjoining room apprised me that the dialogue had been overheard, and a jarring of the loose partition led me to apprehend a sudden incursion.

"Why do you say that?" I demanded quickly. "I will go to her; if she is ill I will go at once."

"I thought, from the way you turned the missionary hydrant on me, that I had no chance. There was something else, but you knocked me out of time before I could get to it; drove everything I had to say clean out of my head."

"Say it now, if you like."

"Yes, it is n't much. I did n't know who the Japanese lady was, but she mentioned your name, and when I repeated it to my little girl she almost went wild. 'It must be Yone who is with him!' she cried out. 'Do beg her to come and help

me ;' and she told me all about Mrs. Santo. Then I had to give her a warning. I hated to do it, for you know how thin-skinned these poor creatures are ; but I was obliged to tell her that the young lady, or her friends, might object, under the circumstances. Well, sir, she would n't listen to me. 'I know she will come,' she kept saying ; 'she will surely come to Shizu Miura' " —

In the flash of an instant the door was thrown aside, and Yone was with us.

"Shizu ! my playfellow, my school-mate ! Why did you not tell me at the bridge ? Doctor — Marian — she was my dear friend when I was a child, in Nagoya."

Mr. Roberts surveyed her, and Miss Gibson, who had also entered, with astonishment. He had never before heard a Japanese girl speak English with such fluency, nor seen one upon such terms of equal intimacy with an alien of her own sex.

"Perhaps, then," he ventured, "you will go, after all."

"Indeed, yes," said Yone. "I am ready now."

"It is getting to be very late," observed Miss Gibson, with an anxiety which Yone would have been unable to fathom. "Is it not better that Dr. Charwell should make the first visit ? If he finds — if he consents, you can go to-morrow."

"But she is in trouble. Oh, Marian, did you not hear ? It is hard to stay, if she needs me."

"Miss Gibson is right," I felt bound to declare. "If there is nothing in the way, you can go early in the morning, Yone. And for you, Mr. Roberts, that ought to be sufficient."

"It ought, sir ; certainly it ought. It is n't the fair thing for me to insist, but to tell you the truth, although Shizu is really ill, the young lady can do more for her than the doctor. She has been in a wretched state all this day, grieving

and fretting to the depths, until she took the notion that her friend was here ; and then — you never saw such a change. She brightened up as if a sunbeam had struck her ; actually thought of leaving her bed and coming out herself, to hunt for — for a little womanly kindness. It was nothing but 'Yone,' — 'I must go to her,' — 'Yone will help me,' — 'Yone knows,' — and the like, until I undertook to get a message for her, even if I had to go back alone."

He gazed eagerly at each of us in turn. Yone said nothing, but laid her hand beseechingly on Miss Gibson's arm.

"I do hope you will give permission, miss," resumed the Yokohama merchant. "She sha'n't get an atom of harm. There's nothing — I pledge you my word, there's nothing very bad about Shizu ; she's just a child. I beg your pardon," he went on, almost breathlessly, noticing that Miss Gibson averted her head with a movement of repulsion ; "I've made another mess of it. I'm not fit to plead the case, — that's the truth. But it is my fault ; don't let my stupidity set you against the poor girl."

"I will go with you, Yone," said Miss Gibson, in a low tone and with evident effort. "You must have me by your side. Whoever sees you shall see that we are together."

"It's amazing kind of you, miss," broke in the irrepressible stranger ; "not like those — Excuse me, doctor ; I'm so confused, I believe I have lost my wits. I'll tell you what I will do : walk ahead to show you the road, and leave you to go in by yourselves. Then I'll keep myself out of the way entirely ; you sha'n't be bothered by another sight of me."

His uncouth awkwardness was more to his credit than he was aware of, and altogether preferable to the bold assurance with which he had set out, and which one of his grade might have been expected to maintain to the end. But the situation was disagreeable, however

viewed, and I was fully conscious that Miss Gibson had taken upon herself a difficult and distasteful task, out of regard to Yone, whose thoughts were exclusively bent upon giving relief to a fellow-being in distress, and to whom the embarrassment under which her companion labored was not, for the moment, perceptible.

"We will do this," I announced. "The hotel is close at hand. Mr. Roberts shall take me to the invalid, and I will see what is needed in my way. If everything is as I anticipate, I will return by myself for both of you."

"I may be with her alone?" entreated Yone. "I have known her all my life, until a few months ago. We were infants together."

"That is what I meant," I replied. "Miss Gibson and I will wait for you in the hotel dining-room. We will give you half an hour to-night, and to-morrow — well, to-morrow shall take care of itself."

XXIII.

A PITIFUL DISCLOSURE.

So it was carried out. Within five minutes I was at the bedside of a sweet-faced, slenderly framed girl, whose physical ailment, due apparently to over-exertion, was increased by a mental strain she had recently undergone, the nature of which I was able to conjecture from Roberts's vindictive allusions, although the sufferer showed no disposition to enlarge upon it. Her yearning for Yone's comforting presence was uncontrollable, and it was plain that little could be done to relieve her while she was kept apart from the friend of her early days. I saw no reason for opposing her wish. The considerations which would naturally weigh heavily with Miss Gibson, and possibly compel her, as an obligation of duty, to resist the exposure of our *protégée* to what she conceived to be a con-

taminating association, had no force with me; for I knew that the evil of this young creature's life was undoubtedly a burden imposed upon her by a cruel fate, and that her soul was free from the guilt, if her body was not free from the shame, to which others had condemned her.

After instructing Roberts as to the course of treatment which I deemed expedient, I sent him into banishment, and brought Miss Gibson and Yone from the temple. To the hapless victim of an odious Japanese usage our gentle ministrant carried the consoling sympathy and charity which instinct enabled her to impart with ineffable delicacy, and which was more urgently needed, as it was infinitely more welcome, than the service it had been my province to render. While waiting in the dining-hall, I endeavored to engage the unsophisticated Bostonian in conversation upon matters concerning which she was imperfectly informed, and which required to be presented to her judgment in a new light. It was essential to her peace of mind that she should divest herself of some prejudices inseparable from her Western training, before confronting the painful social problems which cannot be long concealed in Japan, and the solution of which, even in individual cases, demands a courage, a luminous impartiality, and a rigorous renunciation of commonly accepted traditions, of which many of her sex are incapable. But she was too profoundly absorbed in her own reflections to respond to my advances. At the end of the stipulated half hour Yone rejoined us, also grave and thoughtful, and we quietly returned to our temporary quarters. Roberts was standing at the hotel gate as we passed, but he made no attempt to accost us, and offered no sign of recognition beyond a formal salutation; which exercise of self-restraint was noted to his advantage by at least one of our party. It was about ten o'clock when we were again seated in

our little brevet parlor. Without direct declaration of her desire, Yone made it obvious that she had intelligence of some importance to communicate, and we allowed the customary hour of retirement to go by unobserved.

"This has been a strange meeting," she said, when she saw that we were ready to attend, — "very strange, very unexpected, very sad. You know who she is, doctor?"

I shook my head in denial.

"You have heard me speak of her : my schoolfellow, Shizu Miura, whose uncle adopted her, and saved her from a marriage which she wished to avoid."

"I remember now. I thought all was well with her."

"All has been ill, since that time. The marriage would have been easier to bear than what followed. Her uncle had made himself an *akindo* [merchant], and his business seemed to prosper for a short while ; but the *samurai* of my country have no cleverness in buying and selling. All they ever learned of trade was to despise it. The unskilled gentleman could not stand against the men of ingenious craft. He became poorer than his brother, and Shizu went back to her old home, knowing that her selfishness had brought difficulty to two households. By accepting the husband provided for her, she would have lightened the cares of her family, and perhaps given them a new hope of support ; but now she felt herself to be a heavier load than before. No one reproached her ; only her conscience told her she had added to the misfortunes of those whom she could have helped, and ought to have helped. I cannot describe to you how poor they were. Marian, you would not understand it, but the doctor does, for he has seen the calamities of our feudal gentry, — those who were thrown upon the world when the great change came, who were ignorant of every kind of industry, who could earn no livelihood, who knew nothing, not

even how to beg. In one day they saw their incomes taken away, and themselves, with their kindred, cast down to ruin. There was no warning for them, no gradual loss. They fell, millions of them, I have been told, from comfort, ease, perfect content, to the lowest depth of despair. Yet they endured their lot patiently, and without much complaining, for they knew that their rulers were not to blame. They hid their griefs, so far as they could, even from the strangers whose coming had brought the disasters upon them, and who, we have always believed, have kept our people in poverty for their own gain."

"Yone, it cannot be," cried Miss Gibson ; "it is incredible. Tell her, doctor, that she is — that they are deceived."

"It is God's truth," I answered ; "the governments of Europe and America are indeed responsible for the direst woes of this country. But you have promised me, Yone, not to agitate yourself by brooding upon these things."

"Forgive me ; it is Shizu's sorrowful story that has brought them to my mind. I will speak of them no more. You have made me comprehend that they are too awful for a child like me to dwell upon." She shuddered, as she sat silent for a moment, and seemed to struggle against the perturbing and oppressive recollections which had suddenly overwhelmed her. When she resumed, her thoughts were once more centred upon the immediate object of her compassion.

"For a long time Shizu watched the frightful contest of her family with the penury which was wasting their flesh and blood, and prayed for the relief which would not come. Everything they owned was sold ; of all that had once been theirs, only one article of value remained in their possession. Even this was pawned, though they would rather have given up their lives than part with it forever. Oh, the torture of those days of hunger, and sick-

ness, and death!—for death came to more than one of them. The first to leave them was a little sister. I knew that I had no cause to lament her; the pain of her existence was ended. Then the aged brother of her grandfather fell ill; his voice grew weak, his eyes were dim, all his strength forsook him, for want of food,—nothing but want of food. I could send them only a small portion” —

“You speak as if you had witnessed these scenes,” I interrupted. “Did you know, at the time, how they were situated?”

“I knew, but we also were poor, doctor, and my hands were not free, as you can remember.”

“For Heaven’s sake, why did you keep it from me, my child?”

“Ah, doctor, do you think that they alone, among my friends, were in that terrible condition? There were hundreds whose suffering was as great, perhaps greater. I never doubted your goodness, but I could not tell you of all who were afflicted. It was not in your power to save them, much as you would have wished it.”

“You should have told me of this case, if, as I fear, the girl was driven by desperation to sacrifice herself.”

“Not then; that happened later. I tried to do what was best, but I lost sight of them before the darkest days came. There were other deaths; not slow, like those which I knew of, but hasty and violent enough to distract a helpless girl’s mind. The fading lives of all who were left depended upon her; they were famishing, and she could rescue them. Knowing what the people of my country are, I dare not judge her, but I may ask Marian if I have not the right to love her still.”

“Don’t ask me!” Miss Gibson cried, recoiling from her appeal. “I am horrified at everything I have heard. I don’t know what to say or think. I never dreamed that such enormities

could be. You tell me, Dr. Charwell, that the Christian nations have combined to desolate this feeble and burdened race, and that is bad enough; but the picture which Yone is drawing has a background so hideous that I cannot bear to look at it. Are these things true? If they are, don’t ask me to pronounce upon them. The worst I have dreaded was trivial in comparison. I never have believed — I only guessed — faintly — a little part” — Her utterance was choked by a hysterical flood of tears, as she turned aside and covered her face with her hands.

Yone sat motionless, stricken with consternation, uncertain how to meet this unlooked-for outburst, which had been evoked by her possibly abrupt disclosure of one of the shocking realities in the domestic system of Japan. To me it appeared that the abruptness of the disclosure was of little moment. It could scarcely be called premature, inasmuch as a person coming to the country with Miss Gibson’s definite purpose might reasonably be accounted familiar with the notorious fact that the women are often expected and required to degrade themselves for the material benefit of those to whose authority they are subject. In any case it was inevitable, without much delay, and was not especially to be regretted. I was convinced that a few decisive words would be effectual in allaying the present disquietude, and providing against future misconceptions.

“You will be calm, Miss Gibson,” I said, “and will not prolong Yone’s distress, which is greater than you ought to inflict upon her. I did not know you were so ill prepared, but since you have been unwisely left in ignorance, I have some satisfaction in assuring you that you have no further revelations to apprehend. There is nothing, in all Japan, beyond what you have now caught sight of. You know the worst that you will have to contend with as long as you remain here. Of course there is no palli-

ation for it, but I shall try, to-morrow, to show you how to place your condemnation where it is merited, and not to apply it where commiseration alone is due. To-morrow, if you please; to-night we will all rest, as tranquilly as we can."

XXIV.

THE HELPING HAND.

Before leaving the temple, on the following day, Yone took me aside, and questioned me with respect to the possibility of finding a means of livelihood for a young person who had precisely the qualifications which she herself possessed, and was equally capable of serving as interpreter or copyist.

"I have no secrets from you," she said; "I am thinking of Shizu. She was a good scholar at Jo-gakko, and understands English well, though she has had but little chance to speak it—until lately. If I have been of use, in my poor way, I am sure she could gain enough for her needs. A very little would support her."

The difficulty of extricating this friend from her present mode of existence was greater than Yone could divine; but if the experiment could be tried, I was willing to coöperate, and to provide occupations, in case of need, which should be sufficiently genuine for the purpose in view. In addition to my habitual desire to encourage and participate in her benefactions, this particular scheme was in direct accordance with a project I had long entertained, and promised to supply an instrument essential to my operations. I therefore assured her that the employment should not be lacking, if the girl were disposed to devote herself to it.

"There is no doubt of that," she answered; "I know her well. If I had told you all, you would have no fear."

Miss Gibson declared herself again ready to proceed to Fuji-ya, but I ex-

plained that an escort had been desirable in the first place only because we had no knowledge of the invalid's surroundings, and it seemed possible that Yone might be drawn into a false position. As there was now nothing to be apprehended on that score, it was better, all points considered, that she should go alone. She was absent several hours, and on her return informed us that she hoped we would be pleased with what she had done, although she foresaw that Mr. Roberts would soon be with us, and that his visit would perhaps not be an agreeable one. She would not ask Miss Gibson to be present at the impending interview, as he would certainly bring up unpleasant topics, and Marian had already been made too uncomfortable and unhappy. The doctor knew what was likely to occur, and he would give all the assistance that was absolutely needed, in arranging matters with the gentleman from Yokohama.

"I will do whatever you wish," said the Boston girl, not without signs of contrition. "Do not think so meanly of me as to suppose I would desert you at a difficult moment. I am ashamed of my behavior last night. I should at least have had more consideration for you, my dear. I see things more clearly now, and if you want me with you, my place is by your side, no matter what is to happen."

"Indeed I want you," replied Yone, glowing with satisfaction. "To have you near me will give me strength, if I grow timid, and your presence will produce a great effect upon Mr. Roberts. Simply to see you with me, and to know that you are supporting me, will make him listen carefully to what I say. If he understands that you trust me, he will believe that he also may trust me. Am I not right, doctor?"

I told her she was entirely right, and that we both would assist her to the limit of our power; for I thought it injudicious then to acquaint her with my con-

viction that she alone could exert an appreciable force in the enterprise to which she had addressed herself, and that her influence would be far more effectual than ours in carrying it to a successful issue.

We had not long to wait. About the middle of the afternoon Mr. Roberts presented himself, flushed and agitated, and proclaiming defiance in demeanor, tone, and gesture.

"I have called to settle accounts, Dr. Charwell, and close the connection. I don't propose to be rude, but I can't allow any interference in my private affairs. I did n't look for it, sir, from you. However, that is neither here nor there. I'll pay your bill, and thank you to keep away from me and mine, hereafter. You understand me, and that is enough."

"Not altogether; it may be that Mrs. Santo does," I answered, feeling instinctively that I could not do better than entrust all the proceedings to Yone's tact and discretion.

"Mr. Roberts means that I have endeavored to induce Shizu to leave him."

"That's what I mean, and I take it extremely ill, I can assure you. Her relations with me are nobody's business but mine."

"Hers, surely," said Yone, with perfect gentleness; "and perhaps mine, since I am her oldest friend. May I not call it my business to think of her welfare?"

"That's what those—the others—always say. No, I thank you, I can take first-class care of her welfare; and if Dr. Charwell will be good enough to hand me his bill, I'll not detain you any longer."

"Dr. Charwell will ask you—we will all ask you—to wait a little, while I speak about Shizu. She is like a sister to me, my only sister. You will not be so unkind as to refuse. I beg you to be seated, and listen to me."

His eyes had been wandering restless-

ly around the room, but as they met Yone's clear and earnest glance he composed himself, and replied, with a perceptible abatement of surliness:—

"Oh, yes, I'll listen. I don't want to be rough, and I'll listen, but my mind is made up. I won't let her go."

"Not if she wishes it?"

"I don't wish it, and that's sufficient. I can't get on without her. Think of my children; it was mostly on their account that I took her. I never could manage them, never; and she,—I don't mind saying it,—young as she is, she's the same as a mother to them. They have no mother of their own, poor things."

"Ah, how old are they, Mr. Roberts?"

"Three, and four. I could n't send them back to my people at home, you see, at their age."

"And when they grow up?" continued Yone, inquiringly.

"What then?"

"When they begin to be young ladies, what will become of Shizu?"

"Right you are! I must have her out of the way before that time. But you need n't fear. If she runs a straight course, she shall never come to grief; I will look out for that."

"You mean that you will give her money, and send her away from you. What will her feelings be, then? You are thinking only of yourself and of your children, Mr. Roberts."

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Santo, what are *you* thinking of? If I provide for her, I am not bound to trouble myself about her feelings, half a dozen years from now. What claim has she upon me? I don't mean to give offense, not the least in the world, but do you know the position she was in before she came to me,—where she would have been in less than a week, if I had n't taken command and towed her into a safe port? You'll excuse me, but I can't put much stock in the feelings of a girl of that kind."

Miss Gibson uttered an indignant exclamation, and would have given her rebuke a more intelligible form, if I had not hastily taken upon myself the duty of replying to this last observation.

"I have no doubt, Mr. Roberts, that you are doing yourself an injustice, and assuming a callousness which is not at all in your nature, in order to make a conventional point of argument. You could not pass a single week in close association with any Japanese girl of gentle birth, and fail to discover that her sensibilities are exceptionally acute and tender. So we may let the question of 'feelings' go by without discussion. But if you expect to produce an adverse impression, or any impression but one of profound pity, upon Mrs. Santo by speaking of the position to which her unhappy friend was reduced, you will be disappointed. She cannot enter into your view of the matter. Women do not, in this part of the world, necessarily descend through successive stages of vice to the lowest level of abasement. The transition is often instantaneous from innocence and purity to a condition which in your estimation implies the abandonment of every virtue, and familiarity with every form of depravity. Here it implies nothing of the kind. You must bear in mind the distinction between guilt and misfortune, or you will be hopelessly at cross-purposes with this lady. Shizu's position, whatever it may have been, cannot be turned to her disadvantage in this conversation."

"I know what her position was," said Yone sadly; "but no one would be so cruel as to believe it was her own choice, or that she looked upon it otherwise than as a heavy disaster. I am thinking less of that than of Mr. Roberts's opinion that she has no claim upon him. Perhaps she has not. I would not myself say there is anything that can be called a claim, directly, and she would be the last to remind him of one, if it existed.

But I can show him, unless I am mistaken, that her great afflictions entitle her to more of his consideration than he has given, if not to his respect, and that when he coldly speaks of her as 'a girl of that kind,' his judgment is wrong in every way."

"To be sure, I might have put it more mildly," Roberts rejoined; "but I have to go by what I have seen and heard. I know this much: that her father was the commonest sort of a servant in the house of the Tokio head of our firm; and she — there's no getting over it; I would n't be so blunt if I could help it — she was on the verge of selling herself outright when I stepped in to the rescue."

"And that is all you know? Have you not learned the truth about her father's death?"

"I always fancied that some part of that affair had been kept back; but Shizu was shy of referring to it, and I could n't very well press her. It was a mystery how he came to be so desperately wounded, and no one else seriously damaged. Some of us would have been badly enough damaged, if he had n't been on hand, — I, for example. I never was so scared in all my life. May be that is what you mean by a claim. I have n't overlooked that, I can assure you. If there is anything behind, I should be glad to hear it, — indeed I should."

"I must tell you, then, that my knowledge of all that touches Shizu is as certain as if she were a member of my own family. Her father, as my friends here will remember, was a faithful retainer of ours, and it used to be said in Nagoya, my native city, that the fortunes of Yamada depended upon the constant adherence of Miura."

"Miura?" repeated Miss Gibson. "Why, yes, Miura was the ancient hero whose adventures you related. Is it possible that this is one of his descendants?"

"You don't mean that the rugged soldier of Sekigahara was the ancestor of this poor child?" I exclaimed. "This is a rare surprise."

"She is the daughter of Miura, our vassal," answered Yone. "I thought you would have recognized the name."

"And so I ought; I heard it plainly enough. But I could not associate that fragile, delicate creature with the marvelous tale you told. I can't quite realize it even now."

"Nor I," said Miss Gibson. "It brings the Middle Ages close within our reach again. It is wonderful."

"Not to me," Yone responded. "In my youth, Japan had not stirred from the Middle Ages. Many of our people still belong to that time which seems to you so far away. Miura was one who might have lived in the very days of Iyeyasu."

Mr. Roberts rose, and advanced toward us, with bewilderment and curiosity in his eyes. "If you could let me into the secret, I should take it kindly. I have n't an idea what this is about."

"Nor had any of us until this moment, except Mrs. Santo," I answered. "Shizu Miura is the lineal descendant of one of the stalwart old heroes of Japanese history. But I dare say you are not particularly interested in that. Go on, Yone, with what concerns Mr. Roberts."

"You should n't say that, sir. I am interested, extremely interested, in all that relates to her. It is strange she never spoke to me of her parentage."

Yone looked intently at him, as he drew his chair nearer and resumed his seat. "She is not of the vulgar rabble; she belongs to a family of singular pride and reserve. Though their rank was not lofty, they were held in high repute, and had commanded the respect of the gentry in our province for many generations, — I can almost say centuries. Shizu is only a woman, but the blood of her forefathers runs in her veins. She

has fallen very low, and in her degradation she has not the heart to recall the scenes of the past, or speak of the time when the name she bears was honored by all. I do not wonder that she has told you nothing of her people. In Owari they were prosperous; they had six villages assigned to them by the daimio, from which their income came. Until the great revolution, when Shizu was seven years old, they were almost rich, as wealth is reckoned in Japan; then they lost all. They came to Tokio, thoughtlessly and blindly, and the change was fatal to the simple country gentleman. It was as if he had stepped from a forgotten age into an unknown land. He was as helpless as the children he brought with him. Two of his family died of hardship and privation while I was dwelling near them, and before my marriage took me to a distant part of the city. What happened afterward I learned last night. Crushed by calamities, Miura bent down his haughty head, and begged for employment among the foreigners whom he disliked and feared. He offered himself as a servant, — 'the commonest sort of a servant,' Mr. Roberts; it was all he was fit for, — and in the house of your friend in Tsukiji he found a chance to earn a little money by the roughest kind of toil."

"It is n't my fault," Roberts remonstrated, "if your Japanese samurai, as you call them, never learned to make themselves useful. I spoke of him as I found him, when I passed a fortnight at our place in Tsukiji. How could I know? After all, he made a living, and he was n't badly treated — as a rule. Have you heard that Mr. Burgess gave him an advance of wages, to get him out of some scrape?"

"I have; and also what it cost Miura to ask and accept that boon. He was deeply in debt; his mother was dying, and he could not purchase the necessities for her comfort, nor call a physician to restore her. More than this, to his

mind, he was threatened with the loss of an article most sacred to him. It was to redeem this precious relic, — an heirloom, or perhaps a talisman, you would term it, — that he placed himself under obligation to his master."

"It was the sword!" cried Miss Gibson, in unwonted excitement.

"It was the sword with which his ancestor slew himself on the battle-field. The weapon was dearer than life to its humble possessor. It cost him his life, indeed, to regain it."

"How is that possible?" inquired Roberts. "I don't see any connection."

"You do not forget the letter promising repayment, which he brought to Mr. Burgess?"

"Certainly not. Burgess had it translated, and thought the man was making game of him. He gave him a terrific cuff. Rather hasty it was, I will say, though Burgess is my senior partner, and a good fellow at most times, in spite of his hot temper. But it was a cranky document, you must admit. I got it by heart, and many a laugh I have raised with it, since. What do you say to this, Dr. Charwell? 'I, the inferior Miura Senzo, have borrowed twenty yen from you, the honorable Burgess lord, and if I do not repay, you have my full permission to call me a fool.'"

There was no laugh now over the eccentric acknowledgment. Yone's gravity was a check upon the mirth it might ordinarily have provoked.

"It was the only method of binding himself that he knew," she explained. "He was completely ignorant of business, and the best he could do was to make use of a declaration which was formerly in common use, and which he thought, in his simplicity, would be as satisfactory to a foreigner as to any Japanese who knew the ancient practices."

"But just conceive of it," said Roberts. "'If I do not repay, you may call

me a fool.' Burgess took it for granted that he was chaffed, and he never could stand that, even from one of us. What do you make of it, Dr. Charwell?"

"I have seen hundreds of these old-fashioned bonds," I replied, "and they all seem to be based upon the peculiar Japanese sense of honor. A samurai would suffer anything rather than submit to insult. Nothing worse could happen to him than to receive an opprobrious epithet without the power to resent it, and in these quaint pledges the signer put himself more absolutely at the mercy of the creditor than would be possible by any proffer of material security. It is a survival of the feudal customs; quite incomprehensible, I take it, to the practical experience of Messrs. Fitch, Burgess, and Roberts."

"You may say that, and a good deal more. I never expect to get inside the heads of these people. But I was sorry Burgess hit him, and I did n't hesitate to say so when I picked him up, — for he was knocked quite flat. I took him to my room, and gave him a drink. He seemed to need it; his face was ghastly, — not white, but a sort of sickly green. His hand shook so that he could hardly hold the glass. I really imagined he was badly injured, until the next night, when he showed what sound stuff he was made of. He could n't have felt it much."

"It was his death-blow," said Yone, in a tone that chilled us who knew her, and the solemnity of which quelled the rattling vivacity of the Yokohama tradesman. "The bruises, the hurts to his body, were nothing, but his manhood was destroyed. He could not avenge himself, for a samurai must not attack the master with whom he has taken service. If that were possible, there would be many tragedies in the homes of foreigners. Moreover, he had accepted and used the twenty yen, and with that obligation hanging over him his hands were doubly tied. But his spirit was ut-

terly broken. He went to his little residence in Asabu, where his mother lay dying, and told her and his daughter what had befallen him; and then it was that Shizu resolved upon the sacrifice which the women of my country are expected to make, in the extremest need, on behalf of those to whom they owe obedience. She would have taken this course before, if her education, by American teachers, had not given her new views of duty. Now there was no influence to restrain her, and she determined to avail herself of the last resource."

"In the name of reason," Roberts exclaimed, "how am I to take this? You would n't mislead me, but are you sure you have n't been misled yourself? What do you say, doctor? This sounds like a horrid passage from the *Tales of Old Japan*."

"Naturally it does," I answered; "the *Tales of Old Japan* are literally true. I should rejoice to believe there was anything extraordinary in what she tells us. You are amazed only because it is the first time that such facts are brought home to you."

"And to me," sighed Miss Gibson; "it is all as strange as it is terrible."

"I have little more to say," Yone resumed; "but to you who are unfamiliar with the habits and the sentiments of my people, the end will be an additional surprise. You remember, Mr. Roberts, how the midnight robbery of the house in Tsukiji was prevented?"

"Every particular: it was Miura who gave the warning. Burgess did n't half believe in it, though the burglars had raided every third compound in the settlement, he told me. It had an odd appearance that a servant should know exactly what they were projecting."

"They looked to Miura for assistance. News flies with magical swiftness among the poor classes in Tokio, and the abuse he had undergone was talked of throughout the foreign quarter. The thieves,

who had made themselves a terror to the neighborhood, were confident that he would welcome the opportunity. They knew the stock of which he came, and offered to make him their leader, but they understood only a part of his character. He had one rule of life, and he never abandoned it. Before bidding his mother and daughter farewell, on that last day, he said, 'I shall leave no debt to be charged against me. That will be wiped away by the service I shall perform this night. If there is danger for my master and his friends, I will defend them. There is one among them whom I shall be glad to keep from harm, for he has a true heart, and he soothed me with kind words when I was beaten like a dog.'"

"Do you think he meant me?"

"It was of you he spoke. Shizu has never forgotten it."

"Poor fellow, — poor fellow! And she would not tell me."

"I have said that she has the pride of her race; and besides, we are always doubtful how foreigners will receive the things which affect us most deeply. But I do not hesitate to tell you. I wish you to know all: how Miura, with fierce hatred in his heart toward the master who had put deadly shame upon him, was steadfast to his honor; how by the courageous performance of a duty he freed himself, as he believed, from a burden of obligation which he had no other means of removing."

"Why do you say 'no other means'? It was only a few months' wages, at the outside. But there would have been no question of that paltry sum, if he had lived. He could have had anything he wanted from Burgess or from me, after his gallant fight, that night. He settled the beggarly gang, and drove them away almost single-handed; the other servants did nothing but run about and howl."

"They were not samurai," said Yone.

"We had no idea he was so much hurt; he was steady enough, to look at,

after it was over, though he said he must go home. He even talked of walking, and declared the slashes in his side amounted to nothing, but I would n't hear of that. I put him into a *norimono*, and he thanked me with a smile. I don't think I ever saw him smile but that once; he was a gloomy sort, — well he might be, considering what he had gone through. When we went to look after him, the next day, it was all over. Burgess was very much cut up; he offered to do anything for the old woman and Shizu, but they would n't have it, — actually turned their backs upon him. The girl said she had plenty of money coming to her; but when I learned where it was coming from, and what it was for, I had to interfere. It was too monstrous."

"They did not refuse *you*, Mr. Roberts."

"No, no; I am thankful they did n't, — more thankful to-day than I ever was before. Still, they would n't let me do the half of what I wished to. I undertook to spend any reasonable amount in hunting down the murderers, but they went on their knees and begged me not to say another word upon the subject. That was one thing I never could make out."

"Murderers! There were none. The wounds which the robbers gave were trifles. Miura Senzo killed himself with the same sword that had ended Kitasaburo's life, nearly three hundred years before."

There was no response, and for a minute the dead silence in our little parlor was unbroken. The revelation was not unexpected by me, and I think Miss Gibson had partly foreshadowed what was to come; but Roberts was astounded. He stared straight before him like one bound by a spell, until Yone rose and approached him, apparently to study his countenance; for the sun had set behind the high Hakone hills, and the light was dim. Then he rose likewise,

not without an effort, and leaned heavily upon the back of his chair, as if a sudden dizziness had overmastered him.

"Now, Mr. Roberts, you have heard the truth, all the truth, about my friend. You know what her father was, what she is, and by what fearful necessity she was driven to the position for which you despise her" —

"I don't despise her," he interrupted; "I never despised her. I was a brute to hint at it."

Yone lifted her hand to stem the torrent of protestation he was ready to pour forth.

"Will you now refuse to release her?" she inquired.

"I will do anything in the world; only let me be sure it is for her good. If you say so — if she says so" —

"We do say it."

"Then you have no need of my consent; there is nothing to chain her."

"She cannot leave you without it; she is your servant. She owes you what she lives upon, from day to day. She is in your debt for the comforts you gave her mother, while that poor woman lingered, and for the graves in which her parents rest. She is bound to you for your kindness to her father, and for your benevolence in saving her from the lowest misery. She cannot break away, unless you consent."

"Don't — don't talk to me in that way," said Roberts, in a quavering voice; "I can't stand it. Don't you see there's another side to the bargain? Do I owe her nothing? I must get out of this. Dr. Charwell, is it too much to ask you to walk to Fuji-ya with me? I am still in the dark, here and there, and you can enlighten me."

"I have your promise?" Yone urged.

"You have; anything that is for her good. I will not keep her a day, if she wishes to go. Give me till tomorrow to think about it. I'll not disappoint you, Mrs. Santo; you are a good woman."

XXV.

YONE'S TRIUMPH.

I went with Roberts to the hotel, but this did not content him, and in the evening he came again to the temple, eager to be made acquainted with the antecedent history of Shizu's family, of which he had caught only glimpses during the afternoon interview. Although he had dwelt several years upon the soil of Japan, his associations, like those of his class in general, had been almost exclusively alien, and this was his first introduction to the realities of Japanese life and character. He was much impressed by finding himself enveloped in an atmosphere of antiquity which he had always considered to be far beyond his range, and which he had regarded as belonging, if not to the region of fable, at least to an ideal and insubstantial sphere, with which he could never be brought into relationship. Being a Scotchman, however, his imagination did not utterly revolt at the contemplation of extravagances which would probably have thrown the average mercantile mind of Yokohama off its balance. Familiarity with the legends of his own country assisted him to comprehend the clannish devotion, the exaggerated sense of personal honor, and the stern fatalism of the samurai, even though his faith in the solid proprieties of the nineteenth century forbade him to approve these qualities. His final judgment of Miura Senzo was summed up in a series of observations, to the effect that of course he was crazy, and it seemed impossible for a man imbued with the ideas of Japanese chivalry to be anything else; that his notion of rushing to suicide as the suitable solace for a bodily indignity was reconcilable only with a madness exceeding the proper allotment of an army of batters and a wilderness of March hares; but his pluck was mag-

nificent, even if wofully misapplied, and his respectability was guaranteed by a pedigree of the length of which a Highland chief need not be ashamed. Roberts made no attempt to conceal his altered estimate of the daughter, regarding her as the last representative of an ancient family, and the legitimate bearer of a hereditary crest, the significance of which he had never suspected, but which he now chose to consider a badge of aristocratic distinction, conferring upon its owner attributes not dissimilar to those of a titular nobility.

He announced, on the following day, that he was willing to accede to Yone's solicitations, being convinced that they were earnestly seconded by Shizu, but it was evident that the concession had cost him a severe struggle. "I could n't have believed that any one would have brought me to this," he averred; "but I see she has the right to dispose of her future, and I'll not stand in her way. It will be hard on the children; they are mightily fond of her, as well they may be. And so am I. What a fraud it is for me to talk about the children! I shall be the biggest baby of the lot, when she goes." He at first insisted upon making her an allowance, — settling a pension on her, he termed it, — affirming that it was done every day, and that it would be shabby for him to permit her to go out into the world unprovided for; but this was resolutely resisted by Yone, to whose influence he submitted with remarkable pliancy. Upon another point, however, he was less tractable. He assumed that he and his offspring were to maintain friendly communications with the young girl so long as his affairs should keep him in Japan, and warmly resented the proposition that every tie should be definitely and permanently sundered. His perverse obstinacy would have worn out the patience of most people, but Yone had good reasons, as we presently discovered, for dealing gently with him, and allowing

his irritability no opportunity to assert itself. After hours of ineffectual persuasion, at the end of which it seemed inevitable that she should either succumb or risk a rupture of the negotiations, she asked to speak with him privately, and led him to a far-off corner of the building, beyond sight or hearing of Miss Gibson and myself. Here, imposing secrecy upon him, and appealing to his humanity to keep her friend, especially, in ignorance of what she was about to impart, she put forward her last and most pathetic plea.

It was very simple and ingenuous. Ardent gratitude had been the first sentiment awakened in Shizu's heart by the young man's generous intercession at the most critical moment of her destiny, but the unexpected sympathy which she received in her subsequent bereavement and loneliness had drawn her more tenderly to him, and the attachment she already felt promised to become intense and absorbing, if the separation were not made complete and absolute. It was for him to decide whether she should be subjected, in her new career, to a more painful trial than any she had yet endured, with the certainty of a perpetual and ever-increasing sorrow hanging over her, or be left free for time to efface all disturbing recollections. What forms of argument or exhortation Yone employed I never knew, but it was not long before their effect was made manifest in an unlooked-for way. The young merchant presented himself before us, with a bearing and aspect so diametrically opposite to those with which he had made us familiar as to suggest that he had undergone some radical process of moral transformation. Miss Gibson was later heard to declare that his attitude, at this crisis, was "most interesting;" but my more critical scrutiny detected nothing that could identify the pert, underbred, colonial tradesman, even in appearance, with a typical hero of romance. He was surprisingly subdued, however, and seemed

for the moment to have forgotten that aggressive arrogance was one of the features of his rôle as a commercial civilizer of the far East. In fact, he seemed to have forgotten everything but his determination to show that there was a manly side to his character, and that he was capable of acting up to it.

"Do you know what she wants me to do?" he asked. "She has n't proposed it, but I have seen it working in her mind for the last half hour. It is n't to jump down into the crater of Fujiyama: oh, no; that would be easy, in comparison. She wants me to make myself the laughing-stock of Yokohama,—don't contradict me, Mrs. Santo; that's just what it is: to walk into the British consul's office, and tell him to draw up a matrimonial contract between Archibald Roberts, of Scotland, and Shizu Miura, of Japan. That's the upshot of it, Miss Gibson; that's what I must do to please her, Dr. Charwell."

He had commenced in a querulous and plaintive strain, but raised his voice as he proceeded, until the last words were almost shouted. Miss Gibson had nothing to say; she was too astonished. I was not less so, but the impulse seized me to conceal the fact, and to accept his announcement as a simple matter of course.

"If that is what you must do," I said quietly, "you had better set about it at once."

"I intend to," he replied, moderating his tone. "I won't disappoint Mrs. Santo; she is too good a woman for that. And she is one who will not laugh at me, no matter what everybody else does."

"Laugh at you!" exclaimed Yone, "I do not understand what you mean. I respect and honor you, and it makes me happy to know you will be rewarded for your goodness and your courage. Ah, yes, you will be rewarded, Mr. Roberts; have no doubt of that."

"I have no doubt of anything, when you tell it to me. Don't I say you are

a good woman? You look like the others, but there's a difference, is there not, Miss Gibson? I'm not so sure that she's a woman at all. You have put a European frock upon her shoulders, but I don't believe it fits them, any more than her *kimono*. You won't find the garment to suit her in your fashion-plates; no room for wings in any of them. I suppose they have wings, the Japanese kind, just the same as ours. Never mind, Mrs. Santo; you can't take in my poor jests, and you don't need wings to convince me how good you are."

After he had left us, to break the great news to Shizu, and to make ready for his own immediate return to Yokohama, Miss Gibson thought it expedient to dilate upon this farewell burst of rhetoric.

"He may not be the cleverest of men," she remarked, "but he has learned how to turn a compliment more gracefully than when he mistook our Yone for a nurse. Let me explain it to you, dear."

"It is not necessary," said Yone, lifting her hand to her face, and looking at us through her parted fingers with what was, for her, quite a creditable attempt at roguishness.

"Then you did understand him! How do you dare to know what such things mean? I thought that they were far beyond—that you were far beyond their comprehension."

"Why should you?" I demanded, with austerity. "The meaning of flattery is the first thing a vain girl learns in any language, and this is the vainest girl in all Japan. You will find it out in good time, Miss Gibson. But I beg you to believe that I never taught her such absurdities."

"They are very pretty, those absurdities," replied Yone. "We seldom hear them in this country, but it is pleasant to be praised,—in earnest,—even if not true."

"It is true enough," I rejoined. "I have been telling you, for years, what you really are. Witches have wings, you know, as well as other flighty supernatural creatures. No genuine, authentic witch would be admitted to practice without them."

"For shame!" cried Miss Gibson. "Yone, do not listen to him."

"Would you have me believe that anything short of witchcraft could take the conceit out of a Yokohama shopkeeper, a British shopkeeper in Japan, and convert him into the semblance of a human being? Come here, my little girl, and let me look straight at you. Hold up your head, like the best of small children. There, that will do. Now! Miss Gibson may give you what name she likes, and so may Mr. Roberts, but nobody can be more contented with you than I, or happier in your charming success. Shall I call it a miracle? Shall I say you are a magician? Do you want me to tell you what I truly think of you, at this moment,—the whole of it?"

"No, dear doctor; I am afraid you would say something to make my eyes dim, and that is not the way to end this joyful day."

"I should think not. Tears at a jubilee? Never; we will hold high festival,—nothing less. You, Miss Gibson, shall hang out banners and lanterns, and ring the temple bells, if the priests permit, while I wend forth, and summon two guests to banquet in state this eve. Since Shizu is to join our party, we may wisely expedite her coming. Of course she will remain in our care until Mrs. Roberts's mansion is ready for her reception, in the foreign cosmopolis which she and her husband will inhabit. Let us go for them, Yone, at once. Miss Gibson will welcome our reappearance with salutes of grape and canister,—grape in fermented and other forms, and canisters replete with succulent viands. We will respond with detonat-

ing engines from the cellars of Fuji-ya, admirable for their explosive properties, if not entirely trustworthy with respect to the beverages they contain. We will celebrate with pomp and circumstance,

to the uttermost extent of Miyanoshta's resources, and the ides of May shall be recorded in our private annals, and commemorated forever as the anniversary of Yone's triumph."

E. H. House.

THE LITERARY CAREER IN FRANCE.

IN the preface of his recent novel, *Pierre et Jean*, that vigorous and exquisite artist, Guy de Maupassant, has noted some of the results of his seven years' apprenticeship under Louis Bouilhet and Gustave Flaubert. Bouilhet, by dint of repeating that a hundred verses, and even less, suffice to make an artist's reputation, if only they are irreproachable, and if they contain the essence of the talent and originality of a man even of the second order, convinced his pupil that continual work and profound technical knowledge may, in a day of lucidity and vigor, by the happy encounter of a subject in thorough harmony with all the tendencies of our mind, occasion the production of a work as perfect as we can achieve. Flaubert used to repeat Châteaubriand's definition of talent as indefinite patience. If a man has any originality, he must first of all discover it; if he has none, he must acquire an originality. The least thing contains something unknown, which it is our business to discover. In order to describe a flaming fire and a tree on a plain, let us remain face to face with the fire and the tree, until, to our eyes, they no longer resemble any other fire or any other tree. Such was Flaubert's recipe for becoming original. In the whole world, he would argue, there are no two things exactly alike, and, whatever the thing we wish to describe, there is only one word to express it, one verb to animate it, and one adjective to qualify it. This noun, this verb, and this ad-

jective we must seek until we find them, and never be satisfied with approximations, nor fall back upon trickery, however felicitous, or upon linguistic clowneries, in order to avoid the difficulty.

These principles are precious and noble indeed; but how many writers carry them into practice? On the other hand, how many readers are sensitive to the movement, the construction, the expressive sonority, and significant rhythm of a phrase, to the zest of a precise epithet, to the vivacity and color of a qualifying adjective, to the magic of style? How many appreciate the extreme difficulty of art? "A man," exclaims Maupassant, in the preface referred to above, — "a man must be very mad, very bold, very presumptuous, or very silly, to write at the present day. After so many masters, of such varied temperament and such manifold genius, what remains to be done that has not been done already; what remains to be said that has not been said? Who amongst us can boast that he has written a page — nay, a single phrase — which may not be found somewhere almost identical? When we read, we who are so saturated with French writing that our whole body gives us the impression of being a composition made with words, do we ever find a line, a single thought, which is not familiar, or of which we have not had at least a confused presentiment? The man who seeks only to amuse his public by hackneyed means writes confidently, in the candor of his mediocrity,

works which are destined for the ignorant and leisured crowd. But those upon whom weighs the burden of all the centuries of past literature ; those whom nothing satisfies and everything disgusts, because they dream of something better ; those to whom everything seems already deflowered, and whose work always gives them the impression of a useless and common labor, come to judge the literary art to be a baffling and mysterious thing, which is scarcely revealed to us by a few pages of the greatest masters."

Maupassant is not the first who has given utterance to this cry of despair. Flaubert's correspondence is full of bitter wailing over the difficulties of the literary art. The journal of the Goncourt brothers abounds in notes of painful wrestling with language. Théophile Gautier used to devour dictionaries in search of words, and yet he remained immeasurably inferior to Fromentin in intensity of vision and penetrating descriptive power. Alphonse Daudet's whole existence is wrapped up in the pursuit of the vivid literary expression of direct and personal observation of men and things. Balzac vainly pursued the magic charm of style by dint of innumerable corrections, erasures, and rewritings, but the terrible Sphinx destroyed the weary victim before he had succeeded in ravishing her secret.

In presence of these facts, and of a hundred others that might be cited, one is tempted to ask if the literary profession in France is one of inevitable misery, if it has no joys, if its profits at all compensate the pains which its pursuit seems to involve. The celebration, last year, of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the French Society of Authors called forth many documents and reflections concerning the literary man's condition, one of which, *Nos Gens de Lettres*, by M. Frédéric Loliée, suggested to me the idea of reviewing the matter briefly, in the hope of drawing some

conclusions which may be of interest to Anglo-Saxon writers and readers. In making this review, I shall use M. Loliée's facts so far only as my own experience and research confirm them ; for this writer is evidently a young man, and, like most of the Frenchmen of his generation, he is of a sombre and pessimistic turn of mind. Let us, then, endeavor to ascertain what is the present condition of the literary profession in France ; what are its joys, its miseries, its conditions, and its profits.

An argument must necessarily begin with an incontestable proposition. I will, therefore, beg acceptance for the statement that, of all the revolutions which have been accomplished in France, the most complete is that which has transformed the condition of the man of letters. In the seventeenth century, the writer lived on the favors of the nobles and of the court. In the eighteenth century, the literary man began to advance towards independence ; the patronage of the great existed side by side with the commercial patronage of the booksellers, and Voltaire became the first millionaire of the pen. The emancipation of the writers progressed henceforward step for step with the emancipation of the people. Beaumarchais established the great principle of literary property ; and at the end of the century literary mercantilism was, to a certain extent, a reality. The Empire found literature exhausted by the troubles of the revolutionary epoch. In vain Napoleon tried, by means of pensions and sinecures, to revive letters. The only prose of that period bearing the stamp of genius is the prose of the Emperor's proclamations, a branch of eloquence which the Titan created ; for, as Victor Hugo has said, Napoleon was complete. "He had in his brain the cube of human faculties ; he drew up codes like Justinian ; he dictated like Cæsar ; he made history, and he wrote it ; his bulletins are Iliads."

The return of the Bourbons, of a lit-

erary aristocracy, and of hopes of peace provoked an irresistible movement of literary regeneration. In his play of Chatterton, Alfred de Vigny proclaimed the superiority of reverie over action, and of indigent thought over proud luxury. Chatterton sounded the hour of resurrection and glory for the horde of Bohemian poets, and so the Romantic epoch began with a burst of enthusiasm which has been described in glowing and poetic terms by Théophile Gautier, Arsène Houssaye, and other members of the penniless *cénacle* of the Rue du Doyenné. The fire and frenzy of pure art had, it is true, sublime joys and ideal recompenses, but the booksellers would not buy its products, nor the newspapers its articles. Nevertheless, the situation became more clearly determined than it had ever been before by the division of humanity into two great classes, "artists" and "bourgeois;" by the crystallization of the artistic spirit; by the declared pretensions of the artists to a supreme place in society; and by the opening of hostilities between the revolutionaries of letters and the self-constituted censors of the Institute, who for the first time discovered that they were the guardians of literary and artistic orthodoxy. Hence the battles which preceded the conquest of the stage by Hernani, and the ten years' war which finally carried Victor Hugo triumphant into the French Academy. Under the July monarchy, the literary renaissance, begun by the romanticists, continued with leaders whose names were Lamartine, Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, Michelet, Stendhal, Méry, Gozlan. But politics being all the rage at this time, and material success being the ideal of the epoch of Louis Philippe, as Balzac has persistently demonstrated in his *Comédie Humaine*, the literary men also demanded their share of honors, and places, and riches. Therefore, in an official report dated 1836, Villemain wrote these typical words, which have

almost become proverbial: "Literature is a career which leads to everything, but often on the condition that a man abandons it; it is a pathway rather than a goal." Thiers and Guizot offered striking proofs of the truth of this remark, and set examples which many Frenchmen have since followed with remarkable, although less brilliant, success; for literature, or at any rate journalism, is still the favorite prelude of the political profession in modern France.

The generous disinterestedness of the heyday of Romanticism disappeared with the golden age of proud and impetuous Bohemianism. During the July monarchy, an apprenticeship of Bohemianism was still the dark vestibule of renown, but it was no longer considered meritorious to dwell long in this vestibule. The means of achieving golden success remained, however, difficult. An author of repute could publish only one or two novels a year; the sale, being restricted to the circulating libraries, could not exceed 600 copies; and the profits for the author were only a few hundred francs. George Sand and Balzac were delighted when their first editions were sold out before the end of the year; while Jules Sandeau did not make more than 500 francs out of his charming novel *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*.

In the year 1835, that great financier and journalist, Emile de Girardin, drew up the following table of the situation from statistics that were undoubtedly authentic. Excluding the poets, who do not count commercially, Girardin divided the authors into five categories:—

(1.) Those whose works were paid by the publishers at the rate of 3000 to 4000 francs a volume, and whose sales reached 2500 copies. These princes of letters were only two, Victor Hugo and Paul de Kock.

(2.) Those whose works were paid 1000 to 1200 francs a volume, and whose sales reached a maximum of 1200 copies.

These authors were Alphonse Karr, the Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), the Duchesse d'Abrantès, and La Contemporaine (Ida Saint-Edme), whose memoirs had great success.

(3.) Authors whose sales amounted to 600 or 900 copies, and whose prose was paid 500 to 800 francs a volume. These authors were twelve in number, and included Alfred de Musset.

(4.) Authors of whose works less than 500 copies were sold, and who were paid 10 to 300 francs a volume.

(5.) The mass of obscure authors.

The conclusion which Girardin drew from his examination of the case was that the tariff of 7½ francs a volume, then in vogue, was too dear, and that both authors and publishers would gain by a reduction. The suggestion was adopted, and the price was reduced until it reached the present figure of 3½ francs a volume, which continues to give satisfactory results.

The reign of Louis Philippe is all-important in the history of literary mercantilism, inasmuch as it saw the complete transformation of the literary man into a regular tradesman. Scribe, Bayard, Legouvé, Mélesville, and a score of other ingenious purveyors introduced the system of division of labor and collaboration into dramatic literature; Alexandre Dumas applied the same system to the composition of romances; and Girardin by founding cheap newspapers, Véron by demonstrating the attractive power of the *feuilleton* novel, and Ville-messant by creating the light press and the society *chronique*, provided at last for the literary men the means of finding a lucrative market for their wares.

The commercial success of many of the literary men of the reign of Louis Philippe, and the immense publicity given to their personalities and to the amount of their earnings, particularly in the case of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue, had the effect of attracting into the career multitudes of incompe-

tent men and women; and as M. Loliée has remarked, this was the origin of the bands of Bohemians who struggled miserably under the Second Empire, and whose history found an epilogue in the bloody orgies of the Commune. In our own days, a similar phenomenon may be observed: the pecuniary successes of certain eminent novelists and journalists have lured scores of young men into an arena where many of them fall after a first attempt, and remain for the rest of their lives maimed, embittered, and *déclassés*.

To return to our rapid review: during the Second Empire, the political press was of course gagged, but the frivolous journals and light literature in general flourished exceedingly, while the sensual novel made its appearance, and proved to be just the thing for the materialist tastes of the epoch. Feydeau's Fanny, published in 1858, met with immense success, whereas at the same time Balzac's novels circulated very slowly, being too profound and not amusing enough for the mass of readers, who preferred Arsène Houssaye's *Grandes Dames*, his *Parisiennes*, and his *Courtisanes du Monde*, which three works produced for their gay author the sum of 300,000 francs clear profit. The tastes of the Second Empire, it may be observed, were much the same as those of the present republic; the chief difference between the two periods is that the number of authors ready to flatter sensual tastes is greater than ever it was under the Empire. Paul Bourget and Emile Zola alike may protest as much as they please in the name of liberty of art. Of the two, Zola's protestation is the more sincere; but the simple fact remains that extreme notes, erotic details, and crudity of scenes and words attract attention and make a book sell.

The preliminary inclination of every young man or woman who has the misfortune to catch the scribbling mania is to write verse. A volume of verse forms

an indispensable item in the training programme of a would-be man of letters; he may not even have hopes of proving himself to be a poet, but he will still produce his volume of verse, if only for the sake of the literary gymnastics which such an effort implies. Now, for reasons which it is not necessary to discuss here, modern France appears to have only in a small degree the sense necessary for understanding poetry. A man exercising the profession of lyric poet, and living by his profession, is unknown; the poet who wishes to avoid starvation must write prose, obtain a sinecure, or inherit wealth. See, for instance, the cases of Théodore de Banville, Leconte de Lisle, and Sully-Prudhomme. Prose has utterly dethroned verse; the stage is rarely hospitable towards rhyme; and, with very few exceptions, all the volumes of verse published by Lemerre are printed at the expense of the authors. The superhuman lyric effort which characterized the beginning of this century, and produced the genius of Hugo, Lamartine, and Musset, has not been renewed. Indeed, the triumph of these men gave birth to swarms of imitators, who put so much verse into the market at one time that the commodity became a drug, and poetry has never since been able to recover from the discredit into which it then fell. Even the poorest second-hand booksellers, who exhibit their merchandise along the parapets of the quays of the Seine, will not encumber their dusty boxes with volumes of verse. There are obscure periodicals kept up by private subscription for the benefit of poets; there are literary cliques where verse reigns supreme; there are poets who recite their verses in literary and even in fashionable salons; the Parnassians still have their select public; and the aspirations and essays of the Decadents and of the Symbolistes are watched with interest by those whose duty or pleasure it is to keep a lookout along the artistic

horizon; but for all practical purposes we may say that French newspapers and magazines look askance at verse, and that, commercially and pecuniarily, poetry does not count at the present day.

And in prose, what is the real state of affairs, and what is the condition of the literary man in modern Paris? — which is equivalent to modern France, for the capital attracts irresistibly all eminent talent. There are three categories of successful writers, namely, dramatists, novelists, and *polygraphes*, or, as one might say, writers-of-all-work. The princes of the first two divisions, men like Dumas, Sardou, Augier, Dennery, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Ohnet, Richebourg, and Montépin, are at the very top of the ladder, so far as commercial success is concerned. Their lot is enviable materially, and in some cases artistically: the reader will make the distinction for himself. Next after these men come the first-class writers-of-all-work, who are novelists, dramatists, literary and dramatic critics, *chroniqueurs*, political writers even, historians, essayists, — in short, brilliant and facile polygraphes, to use an accepted French term, — whose names you see at the foot of newspaper articles, in the index of reviews, on the covers of ephemeral books, on the playbills of theatres; men who are always on the lookout which way the wind is blowing, what the public wants to read, what is the topic of the day. Such a writer is the personification of the intellectual appetites of his epoch: his manifold interests, his wide appreciation, his varied powers of assimilation, and his command of the instruments of his craft put him in communication with so many different sections of the public that his pen and his name are always welcome. He simply has to utilize his talent with indefatigable industry and relentless discipline in order to gain regularly an income which will enable him to live in refined comfort, if not in luxury. A man like Henri Fouquier, for instance,

or Jules Claretie, realizes the French type of the writer-of-all-work; and while the former receives a salary of 30,000 francs a year for writing two articles a week in a Parisian newspaper, the latter has won the prize of the post of administrator of the *Comédie Française*, and the crowning honor of a seat in the French Academy, where Fouquier is destined to follow him. It is the number and the talent of the essayists, chroniqueurs, critics, and general writers which render the Parisian press so interesting and so different from any other. I remember once meeting a distinguished and accomplished Frenchman in the reading-room of one of the London clubs, where he had been looking over the mountains of daily papers and weekly literary reviews. He was full of astonishment, as well he might be. "How admirably informed they are!" he exclaimed, "and how terribly wanting in talent!" he added, in an altered tone. The French papers, on the contrary, are very deficient in information, but they are brimful of talent; nor is this state of affairs other than what we might naturally expect. An average intelligent Frenchman cares very little about news; he demands, rather, ideas, wit, suggestive presentation, talent.

But outside these lighter categories of literature, what do we find? M. Loliée tells us that moralists have not much chance nowadays, and he examines the case of La Rochefoucauld, supposing that he were living in our times. The whole of the *Maxims*, he calculates, would furnish about enough copy for two feuillets of a modern newspaper; the author, being a titled nobleman, might obtain the ordinary price per line, which would give him about two hundred francs for the whole book. Thus a work which makes an author immortal would not produce enough to keep him a fortnight. This is a fallacious argument; similar paradoxes may be sustained concerning all the classics, and

with the same conclusion, for literary mercantilism is of recent origin. M. de la Rochefoucauld, if he were living nowadays, and if he were still afflicted with the mania of emitting maxims, apothegms, and moral generalizations, would doubtless give a gay turn to them, develop certain maxims by means of short stories, and write for *La Vie Parisienne*, on whose staff he would find several people of his own rank. In her way Gyp is a great moralist. Of course it is quite true that periodical publications cannot offer very warm hospitality to philosophers who write grave treatises on the model of those of Aristotle, nor can the philologist or he who deciphers Hittite inscriptions hope for more than a passing but respectful salute from the general public. For the benefit of such are there not professorships, learned foundations, government pensions, and academic prizes or endowments? The same, too, is the case with historians. The critic Scherer recently remarked that France had never had "a more remarkable historical school than she now has, and never was the public less capable of appreciating its labors. History was formerly read by all respectable people; now it seems to be a mere erudite specialty." Certainly there have been in this century commercially successful historians. The author of the *Consulate* and the *Empire* sold his nineteen volumes for nearly a million of francs to a joint-stock company; but his name was Adolph Thiers, and his subject the campaigns of Napoleon. Lamartine sold his *Histoire des Girondins* for 240,000 francs. Louis Blanc, that honey-mouthed deceiver, who wrote in his *Organization of Labor* this phrase: "Not only is it absurd to declare the writer proprietor of his work, but it is absurd to offer him a material retribution by way of recompense,"—Louis Blanc made a contract in 1846 for a general history of the Revolution for the sum of 500,000 francs. In our own days, Henri Martin's *History of France*

has had an immense success as padding for patriotic bookcases. But these instances are accidents, and such a success as, for example, Green's History of the English People is unknown in France. The historian must win roof and table as a professor before he can begin to make researches and to write profound books.

The great demand is for light literature, and particularly fiction, and, thanks to the admirable organization of the Authors' Society and of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers, dramatists, novelists, and writers-of-all-work obtain the maximum revenue from their prose. The dramatic career is the most fascinating and the most rapidly remunerative. The profits of the stage are great, and the financial interests of the writers are carefully protected by their society, which has its agents in every theatre and in every town, charged with collecting the author's percentage on the receipts. How tempting is the prospect of a hundred performances, and even of a thousand; and how your Sardou pities a poor author like Lesage, whose Turcaret, a masterpiece, had a run of only seven nights! But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Paris boasted only about 7000 or 8000 people who went regularly to the theatre; and an immense success could draw only some 20,000 additional spectators from the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*. Even in 1847, a grand success on the stage meant only about forty performances and receipts of 2000 francs a night. M. Loliée quotes from the accounts of the Comédie Française the total amount of authors' fees paid during the year 1848, namely, 27,000 francs, or about one third of the amount paid lately to Emile Augier for one piece, *Les Fourchambault*. For eleven performances of *Marion Delorme* and *Hernani*, Victor Hugo received 817 francs by way of author's fees, and Alfred de Musset headed the list with 4773 francs for 145 performances of va-

rious *comédies*, which gives an average of 32 francs for each piece played.

To-day, a new piece by Dumas or Pailleron represented at the Comédie Française will produce 100,000 francs of author's fees in less than a year, although the piece is never played more than three times a week. At any of the Parisian theatres, a piece, if it runs well, will easily reach one hundred or one hundred and fifty performances, on the gross receipts of which the author takes a fee of twelve to fifteen per cent., according to tariffs regulated by the Dramatic Authors' Society; and, besides this fee, an author may have a retaining premium; then he has a certain number of author's tickets to dispose of every day, the right of selling his piece for foreign countries and the provinces, and finally the sale of his manuscript to a publisher, all of which helps to make a handsome total.

Often you will hear people say that the great thing is not to write a piece, but to get a piece played. There is some truth in half of this statement. Theatrical managers are traders and speculators; they want a piece which will hold the bill for six or eight months, if not for a whole year. The competition of other theatres, circuses, and concert halls is so sharp, and the expenses of a theatre are so heavy, that a manager must have his house continually full in order to make any profit. Nevertheless, it is a misrepresentation to say that the theatre is closed irrevocably to young talent, and that managers will not risk a new piece unless it is signed by a name that covers largely their responsibility. The fact is that long runs have discouraged production; men have grown tired of waiting years for a chance to get a piece played; the prizes of the dramatic lottery are great, it is true, but the smaller and more frequent prizes of the lottery of forty years ago, when a theatre brought out a new piece every fortnight, were far more conducive to production.

Lately the cry was raised, "Place aux jeunes!" and the theatrical managers were hauled over the coals, and accused of refusing to play the works of unknown authors. On the strength of this cry and of this accusation, and with the aid of a number of subscribers, a Théâtre Libre was founded, with a view to producing the works of the young and middle-aged victims of managerial tyranny. But behold, now that the desired theatre exists, there are no victims to be found, and the Théâtre Libre has the greatest difficulty in finding pieces to play. We could not ask a clearer proof that the managers are not tyrants, and that the stage is not closed to young talent or to new talent, even in its most audacious manifestations: witness the Vaudeville playing Zola's *Renée*. The fact is that for various reasons young dramatic talent has become rare.

For the writer of fiction the great and most immediate source of income is the feuilleton, which is so important a feature in French newspapers and magazines. Every year the demand for fiction increases, and every year the space devoted by the newspapers to politics diminishes, except at rare intervals when some grave crisis occurs; but even then the feuilleton can never be sacrificed to political matter. During the last presidential excitement, for instance, the circulation of the *Petit Journal* ran up beyond the round million; but its political articles were neither longer nor more numerous than usual, and its two feuilleton novels occupied their allotted space, without rebate of a single line. These phenomena are perhaps to be attributed to the fact that the Frenchman will not take the trouble to attend to his civic duties; he will not be continuously a citizen; he is sick of politics, and will consent to pay serious attention to the affairs of the country only when persistent neglect has resulted in a crisis. During the past ten years, I have remarked this growing indifference of the

French in political matters, and sometimes it seems as if the day were coming when politics will be considered a mere affair of routine, a simple matter of bureaucracy, requiring the services of superior employees, but not of the intellectual *élite* of the nation. However that may be, there exists an insatiable demand for fiction, by which the writers profit in the following manner: first of all, a novel is published in a daily newspaper or in a periodical, which pays for the "copy" at rates varying from two francs down to fifteen centimes a line; the novel is then published in the form of a book, and meanwhile a greater or less number of second and third rate journals republish it in feuilletons, paying at the rate of not less than five centimes, or say one cent, a line; finally, some firm will republish the book in a popular illustrated edition. For the collection of dues in Paris and in the provinces, and for the prevention of infringement of copyright in foreign countries, the Authors' Society has its agents always on the watch; and so, thanks to tariffs and combinations which have now become traditions of the trade, Daudet and Zola can make sure of earning 100,000 francs by a novel, and that too within the year. But the literary artists are not those whose earnings are most considerable. The profits of a writer like Montépín are far greater. For instance, last year the *Petit Parisien* agreed to pay for a feuilleton by this author at the rate of thirty cents a line, plus a percentage according to the increase of circulation which the publication of the work might give to the newspaper. The tariff was doubled by this arrangement, and Montépín received payment at the rate of sixty cents a line, the highest price on record. After the novel had been published in the *Petit Parisien*, a publisher paid the author 60,000 francs for the right of republication in two-cent weekly illustrated installments, while another publisher

bought the right of issue in book-form. Such success and such profits as these are unknown to the literary novelists; but Montépin will never enter the Académie, and his prose gives no employment to the critics.

Thus far we have been talking about the princes of the literary profession; but when we come to writers of the second and third rank the tale is different, although, thanks to the Authors' Society, they enjoy a certain protection, and their lot is rendered more endurable than it might otherwise be. A writer of moderate talent may hope to receive at least thirty centimes a line for a novel which is accepted by a good Parisian journal, and the publication of a feuilleton will bring him in say from 1500 to perhaps 5000 francs. But suppose that the author cannot obtain a turn in the newspapers, and that he has to dispense with the feuilleton, and publish immediately in the form of a volume. In this case, he may get from 200 to 400 francs for an edition; for the best talents, after the masters, do not all obtain thirty centimes royalty per volume. The best possible conditions are sixty centimes royalty, one franc a volume being reserved for a master like Daudet. Remember, also, that a sale of 1500 copies is a considerable success for a second-rate author, and a sale of 5000 copies entitles a novelist to begin to assume the airs of a master. From these facts and figures it will be seen that the newspapers, the feuilletons, and the cheap popular publications are the great sources of revenue for the French novelists.

Thus once more we find that the newspaper is the great nursing mother of all kinds of literary talent in France, the stepping-stone to reputation and to the realization of all artistic ambitions. The newspaper develops, and employs, and often devours almost all the literary intelligence of France, except such as is devoted to pedagogy, to erudition, and to research. Naturally, the young men

rush somewhat blindly into journalism, only to find that, although there are hundreds of newspapers, there are, nevertheless, more writers than can be employed. There is always room up at the top, but there is never any room down at the bottom, in the closely packed ranks of the army of miserable literary hacks, who toil at index-making, sermon-writing, articles for biographical dictionaries, compilations for fifth-rate publishers, and other nameless occupations, which produce only the wages of starvation in rusty broadcloth.

Voltaire said one day, "If there is a man of letters who maintains that his trade is not the most ridiculous of trades, the most dangerous, and the most miserable, I want to see him." In more modern times, Théodore Barrière used to say, "Literature is a fine branch to hang one's self from." These seem to be the conclusions of M. Loliée's interesting social study, already referred to. The struggle for life in the overcrowded literary world of Paris is bitter enough, it is true, but the prize of success is something better than mere hollow triumph and barren laurels; it is a prize whose commercial value will bear comparison with the gains of the so-called liberal professions, while its moral value is equivalent to that of all careers which give a man fame and the satisfaction of helping to form the tastes and opinions of his fellows. This nineteenth century in France has seen the complete and undisputed emancipation of the writer, and the creation of an aristocracy of letters which in its turn has, so to speak, legislated for the whole profession, and imposed upon the publishers and upon the public conditions of equity and respect. Thus it is not, properly speaking, the individuality of talent which has advanced in consideration and prestige; it is rather the function of writing itself which has gained in independence and security. The distinguished author is an eminent social fac-

tor in France; he is a man whom the state and the nation delight to honor in all possible ways, it being the French idea that letters and art are a state thing, — a thing which the nation in a body produces, and which it is the duty of the fatherland to call forth, to encourage, and to reward. Such is the idea upon which the foundation of the Institute of France and its various academies is based, the object being the progress of knowledge and the general utility and glory of the republic. Modern individualism doubtless often rebels against being enrolled in the regiment of the Institute, but, nevertheless, literary men, as a class, profit by the prestige with which the existence of the French Academy has endowed their profession. We have, then, this capital fact: that an author's pen gains him livelihood, liberty, and honors of the most rare description. The French literary man is free to develop his artistic personality at his own risks and perils; his fortunes depend upon the opinion, the esteem, and the gratitude of his contemporaries; his rights, without exception, are recognized, consecrated by universal assent, and protected by the laws. He is master of his thought, uncontested proprietor of his work, and free disposer of the fruits of his industry.

For these benefits of a practical and commercial nature, the French writers are largely indebted to their two societies, the *Société des Gens de Lettres* and the *Société des Auteurs Dramatiques et Compositeurs*, which have singularly simplified the business part of an author's life, the fructification of his work, the collection of his dues, the fixing of the equitable reward of his labor, and, in short, all his relations with those who serve as indispensable intermediaries between himself and the public. Thanks to these societies, and thanks to the united action of the class, men of letters may achieve, some by their brilliant faculties of imagination, popular favor,

academic honor, and material opulence; others, by their polemical skill, may attain eminent public distinctions; while all together they form two most powerful corporations, each asserting itself by the prestige and activity of its members, and by its rich and effective association for protection and mutual aid.

The newspaper writers, who are often members of one or both of the above societies, have also their professional syndicates for the safeguard of their interests and for mutual aid; and gradually, by united efforts and by the persistent pursuit of an ideal, they have obtained for the journalist a literary and social position which the obscure and anonymous scribblers of certain countries may well envy. Even the reporters of a French newspaper retain their individuality, and may become personages exercising very considerable influence. But here, too, the question of art comes in; for, as I have already intimated, the French reader values facts, but he takes greater joy in ideas, and in bright and incisive speculations starting from the slightest basis of reality. The Parisian reader especially refuses absolutely to be bored; he is in the habit of living in an atmosphere of ideas, of rapid and suggestive conversation, of breezy and intelligently skeptical discussion. The reporters, therefore, must be keyed up to his diapason, and the presentation of their facts must be carefully studied with a view to facile, rapid, and pleasurable assimilation. The examination of the French press would demand more space than I can beg for here. It is sufficient for our argument to note that a first-class French journalist can gain some 50,000 francs a year with less labor, greater liberty, and far more satisfaction and glory than a man who would earn the same sum by writing in the columns of the *London Times*, to quote an instance for the sake of comparison.

Let us return now to the question of

mercantilism and art, which prompted us to undertake this brief review of the literary career in contemporary France.

The relatively happy condition of the literary man nowadays is due precisely to the fact that his occupation has become a trade, a regularly organized industry, a business which needs to be followed as steadily as any other business, and even more so. (I am speaking of France, of course, for evidently in aristocratic England literature is scarcely recognized as a legitimate career. The literary man and the newspaper writer are still rather ashamed of their occupation; their place in society is not clearly defined,—indeed, society is inclined to think that they have none. In the newspaper offices, the writers are editorial employees rather than men of letters, having a personality and a name; and the fiction of the impersonal editorial “we” still prevails in all the ponderous dullness of its word-spinning hypocrisy.) Now the question arises, Has this business organization of the literary profession been prejudicial to literary art? Has not art been sacrificed to the tricks of the trade, owing to the fact that the public must be pleased, tickled, and excited by any and every means? Is not modern French literature to a large extent an industrial product, and not an art product?

Art and industry are terms difficult to conciliate. Industry means continuous production subordinated to the laws of supply and demand. A work of art, to quote the definition of a delicate analyst, Paul Bourget, — “a work of art is the realization, thanks to certain forms, of an interior and solitary ideal; the confession, with words or with marble, with sounds or with colors, of a vibrating and personal sensitiveness; the revelation of a ‘nature,’ according to Goethe’s energetic expression.” Evidently there is a theoretical antagonism between literary art and literary industry, and nothing is keener than the contempt in which artists

like Daudet, Goncourt, and Maupassant hold writers like Sardou and Ohnet. Doubtless there are moments when Sardou and Ohnet feel that all their millions cannot compensate for the literary esteem which the artists and critics refuse to accord to them. The same may also be the case with men like Verne, Montépin, Richebourg, Belot, Boissigobey, Malot, and a score of other most successful writers, who gain plenty of money, but who, from a literary point of view, simply do not exist, — *ils n'existent pas*. The French critic, being a man of letters, a personality, an artist, would not demean his pen by reviewing a work by Montépin or Belot; whereas a story by Daudet, a preface by Maupassant, or a brilliant *début* by a young man of individual talent will arouse all the critics and chroniqueurs in France, and fill the papers with columns of luminous and original discussion.

Far from being prejudicial to literary art, it seems to me that the regular organization of industrial production has had the result of placing the literary artists on a higher pedestal of respect. In reality, there is no question of antagonism or even of rivalry. The artists produce literature, the others produce reading matter, and both have their reward, their public, and their share of glory or of notoriety, which they must hasten to enjoy; for art has never said its last word, and criticism will never have finished its task. Within the past ten years, have we not seen the growth and apogee of the naturalist school, whose chiefs are now writing their memoirs and the history of their battles (Alphonse Daudet, *Trente Ans de Paris*)? But the naturalists have not succeeded in formulating a definitive æsthetic; younger men are coming to the front, with new ideals, new canons, and new impressions. Flaubert is no longer a “realist,” but the poet of the *Tentation de Saint-Antoine*; Goncourt’s novels are placed below his historical and

critical work, in the estimation of the rising young literary circles; Zola is being classed as a poet and a social philosopher, and not as a copyist of reality; Daudet is the delicate analyst and anecdotal historian of the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Thus criticism has already separated this group of artists, whose label of "naturalists" has been torn off long ago, — a fact which is still unknown only in the more remote and obnubilated zones of culture.

The young literary men, during the preliminary period of struggling, complain constantly of the non-recognition of the artist, and of the all-invading success of the commercial literary man. As the public increases, the production of commonplace reading matter must increase also; for the artistic sense is not innate in man, and still less in woman, who is perhaps the more greedy reader. In pictorial art, likewise, the mediocre must ever preponderate: in point of view of number, there will always be more people who will frankly prefer a German chromo-lithograph to a picture by Rembrandt; and even amongst relatively enlightened people, there are ninety-nine who will gush over Tinto-

retto for one who will feel the distinction and charm of Carpaccio. So are we constituted, and such is our destiny, that the superior ideal is visible only to the few; and this explains why the mediocre can be candid and happy, and why Georges Ohnet can preserve his serenity, while Guy de Maupassant works in anguish and torment. The point which ought to console the literary man is that both these authors can live, and that the artist can command the means of enduring his anguish in conditions not only of comfort, but of luxury. The literary career, thanks precisely to its mercantile development, is not a lottery of misery and glory alone: there are also hundreds and hundreds of minor prizes for intelligent and tenacious mediocrity, and the drawing of these prizes takes place in the fairest and freest conditions. The struggle for life in literature is hard, it is true, and the wrestlers are many; but a man cannot hope to obtain at a slight cost the right to live outside of all apparent servitude, which is one of the great charms of the literary life, when that career is attended by the minimum amount of success that makes the game worth the candle.

Theodore Child.

A WAYSIDE CALVARY.

THE carven Christ hangs gaunt and grim
 Beneath his blue Picardian skies,
 And piteous, perchance, to him
 Seems every man that lives and dies.
 Here, hid from hate of alien eyes,
 Two hundred Prussians sleep, they say,
 Beneath the cross whose shadow lies
 Athwart the road to Catelet.

'Mid foes they slumber unafraid,
 Made whole by Death, the cunning leech,
 And near the long white roadway laid,
 By his cold arms, beyond all reach

Of *Heimweh* pangs or stranger's speech :
Of curse or blessing naught reck they,
Of snows that hide nor suns that bleach
The dusty road to Catelet.

Of garlands laid or blossoms spread
The Prussians' sun-scorched mound lies bare ;
But thin grass creeps above the dead,
And pallid poppies flutter fair,
And fling their drowsy treasures there
Beneath the symbol, stark and gray,
That hath the strangers in its care
Beside the road to Catelet.

Graham R. Tomson.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

RENÉ GAULTIER DE VARENNES, lieutenant in the regiment of Carignan, married at Three Rivers, in 1667, the daughter of Pierre Boucher, governor of that place ; the age of the bride, Demoiselle Marie Boucher, being twelve years, six months, and eighteen days. Varennes succeeded his father-in-law as governor of Three Rivers, with a salary of twelve hundred francs, to which he added the profits of a farm of forty acres ; and on these modest resources, reinforced by an illicit trade in furs, he made shift to sustain the dignity of his office. His wife became the mother of numerous offspring, among whom was Pierre, an active and hardy youth, who, like the rest of the poor but vigorous Canadian *noblesse*, seemed born for the forest and the fur trade. When, however, the War of the Spanish Succession broke out, the young man crossed the sea, obtained the commission of lieutenant, and was nearly killed at the battle of Malplaquet, where he was shot through the body, received six sabre cuts, and was left for dead on the field. He recovered, and returned to Canada, when, finding his services slighted, he again took to the woods. He had assumed the surname

of La Vérendrye, and thenceforth his full designation was Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Vérendrye.

In 1728, he was in command of a small post on Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior. Here an Indian chief from the River Kaministiquia told him of a certain great lake which discharged itself by a river flowing westward. The Indian farther declared that he had descended this river till he reached water that ebbed and flowed, and terrified by the strange phenomenon, had turned back, though not till he had heard of a great salt lake, bordered with many villages. Other Indians confirmed and improved the story. "These people," said La Vérendrye to the Jesuit Degonnor, "are great liars, but now and then they tell the truth." It seemed to him likely that their stories of a western river flowing to a western sea were not totally groundless, and that the true way to the Pacific was not, as had been supposed, through the country of the Sioux, but farther northward, through that of the Cristineaux and Assinniboins, or, in other words, through the region now called Manitoba. In this view he was sustained by his friend Degonnor, who

had just returned from the ill-starred Sioux mission.

La Vérendrye, fired with the zeal of discovery, offered to search for the western sea if he were allowed one hundred men, and if the king would supply canoes, arms, and provisions. But, as was usual in such cases, the king would give nothing; and though the governor, Beauharnois, did all in his power to promote the enterprise, the burden and the risk were left to the adventurer himself. La Vérendrye was authorized to find a way to the Pacific at his own expense, in consideration of a monopoly of the fur trade in the regions north and west of Lake Superior. This vast and remote country was held by tribes who were doubtful friends of the French, and perpetual enemies of each other. The risks of the trade were as great as its possible profits, and to reap these, vast outlays must first be made; forts must be built, manned, provisioned, and stocked with goods brought through two thousand miles of difficult and perilous wilderness. There were other dangers, more insidious, and perhaps greater. The exclusive privileges granted to La Vérendrye would infallibly rouse the intensest jealousy of the Canadian merchants, and they would spare no effort to ruin him. Intrigue and calumny would be busy in his absence. If, as was likely, his patron Beauharnois should be recalled, the new governor might be turned against him, his privileges might be suddenly revoked, the forts he had built passed over to his rivals, and all his outlays turned to their profit, as had happened to La Salle on the recall of his patron Frontenac. On the other hand, the country was full of the choicest furs, which the Indians had hitherto carried to the English at Hudson Bay, but which the proposed trading-posts would secure to the French. La Vérendrye's enemies pretended that he thought of nothing but beaver-skins, and slighted the discovery which he had bound him-

self to undertake; but his conduct proves that he was true to his engagements, and that ambition to gain honorable distinction in the service of the king had a large place among the motives that impelled him.

As his own resources were of the smallest, he took a number of associates on conditions most unfavorable to himself. Among them they raised money enough to begin the enterprise, and on the 8th of June, 1731, La Vérendrye, and three of his sons, together with his nephew La Jemeraye, the Jesuit Messenger, and a party of Canadians, set out from Montreal. It was late in August before they reached the great portage of Lake Superior, which led across the height of land separating the waters of that lake from those flowing to Lake Winnipeg. The way was long and difficult. The men, who had possibly been tampered with, mutinied, and refused to go farther. Some of them, with much ado, consented at last to proceed, and, under the lead of La Jemeraye, made their way by an intricate and broken chain of lakes and streams to Rainy Lake, where they built a fort, and called it Fort St. Pierre. La Vérendrye was forced to winter with the rest of the party at the River Kaministiquia, not far from the great portage. Here months were lost, during which a crew of useless mutineers had to be fed and paid; and it was not till the next June that he could get them again into motion towards Lake Winnipeg.

This ominous beginning was followed by a train of disasters. His associates abandoned him; the merchants on whom he depended for supplies would not send them, and he found himself, in his own words, "destitute of everything." His nephew, La Jemeraye, died. The Jesuit Auneau, bent on returning to Michilimackinac, set out with La Vérendrye's eldest son and a party of twenty Canadians. A few days later, they were all found on an island in the Lake of the

Woods, murdered and mangled by the Sioux. Beauharnois twice appealed to the court to give La Vérendrye some little aid, urging that he was at the end of his resources, and that a grant of thirty thousand francs, or six thousand dollars, would enable him to find an overland route to the Pacific. All help was refused; but La Vérendrye was told that he might let out his forts to other traders, and thus raise means to pursue the discovery.

In 1740, he went for the third time to Montreal, where, instead of aid, he found a lawsuit. "In spite," he says, "of the derangement of my affairs, the envy and jealousy of various persons impelled them to write letters to the court, insinuating that I thought of nothing but making a fortune. If more than forty thousand livres of debt which I have on my shoulders are an advantage, then I can flatter myself that I am very rich. In all my misfortunes, I have the consolation of seeing that M. de Beauharnois enters into my views, recognizes the uprightness of my intentions, and does me justice in spite of opposition."

Meanwhile, under all his difficulties, he had explored a vast region hitherto unknown, diverted a great and lucrative fur trade from the English at Hudson Bay, and secured possession of it by six fortified posts: Fort St. Pierre, on Rainy Lake; Fort St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods; Fort Maurepas, at the mouth of the River Winnipeg; Fort Bourbon, on the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg; Fort La Reine, on the Assiniboin; Fort Dauphin, on Lake Manitoba. Besides these he built another post, called Fort Rouge, on the site of the present city of Winnipeg; and, some time after, another, at the mouth of the River Poskoiaic, or Saskatchewan, neither of which, however, was long occupied. These various forts were only stockade works flanked with block-houses, but the difficulty of building and maintaining them in this remote wilderness was incalculable.

In 1738, he had so far secured position as to enable him to begin his search for the Pacific. His Indian neighbors, the Assiniboins and Cristineaux, could not help him; but they told him that the Mandans, a distant tribe on the Upper Missouri, knew the way, and would give him guides. Lured by this falsehood, he set out from Fort La Reine in October, with twenty men and a band of Assiniboins. After extreme hardships he reached the villages of the Mandans, where the indispensable presents he had brought for them were all stolen by an Assiniboin, and his only interpreter ran off. It was useless to stay, and, leaving two Frenchmen to winter with the Mandans and learn their language, he began his return to the fort. "I was very ill," he writes, "but hoped to get better on the way. The contrary took place, for it was the depth of winter. It is impossible to suffer more than I did. It seemed that nothing but death could release us from such miseries." He reached Fort La Reine on the 11th of February, 1739.

His eldest surviving son, Pierre, with a younger brother, known afterwards as the Chevalier de la Vérendrye, took up the adventure, and, with two Canadian followers, set out for the Mandans on the 29th of April, 1742. Following the River Assiniboin to the mouth of Mouse River, they ascended that stream, crossed to the Missouri, and reached the principal Mandan village, after a journey of about three weeks from Fort La Reine. Here they found themselves the guests of one of the most interesting tribes on the continent. Nearly half a century ago, the Mandans were almost exterminated by the small-pox, but the pencil of the excellent artist who accompanied Prince Maximilian of Wied to their village in 1832, and the faithful brush of the painter Catlin, who visited them a few years later, have preserved them to posterity essentially unchanged since the journey of the brothers La Vérendrye.

What the young travelers saw was a cluster of lodges, each forty or fifty feet wide, shaped like a flattened dome, strongly framed of trunks of trees and sapling poles, and covered with a thick matting of willow branches, over which was laid a bed of earth and clay, two or three feet deep. These capacious dwellings were grouped compactly round a central area, which served for games, dances, and the strange religious ceremonies practiced by the tribe. The sacred "medicine" lodge was distinguished from the rest by three or four tall poles planted before it, each with an effigy at the top, looking much like a scarecrow, and intended as a sacrifice to the spirits. The village was protected by a rude palisade and ditch, for the Mandans were surrounded by enemies.

The brothers, in their too brief official report, say nothing of their reception, which was evidently a cordial one. The earth-covered domes that encircled the central area no doubt swarmed with squaws and children, as was always the case on occasions of public interest; and the strangers were feasted without stint in the lodges of the chiefs. Here, seated by the sunken hearth in the centre, under the large hole in the roof that served both for window and chimney, the guests might study at their ease the domestic economy of their entertainers. Every lodge held a *gens*, or entire family connection, whose beds of raw buffalo hide stretched on frames were ranged round the circumference of the building, while near the head of each stood a post, on which hung shields, lances, bows, quivers, medicine-bags, pipes, and masks made of the skin of a buffalo's head, for use in the magic buffalo dance.

Daily sports relieved the monotony of savage existence, — the game of the stick and the rolling ring, the archery practice of boys, horse-racing on the neighboring prairie, and perpetual games of chance; while in contrast with these gayeties, the long dismal wail of mourn-

ers rose every evening from the cemetery, where the dead of the village lay on scaffolds, sewed fast in buffalo hides.

The Mandans did not know the way to the Pacific, but they told the brothers that they expected a speedy visit from a certain tribe, or band, called Horse Indians, who could guide them thither. It is impossible to identify these people with any known tribe; all the tribes of that country might at this time have claimed the name. The brothers waited for them in vain till past midsummer. The season was too far advanced for longer delay, and they hired two Mandans to guide them to the customary haunts of the Horse Indians.

They set out on horseback, their scanty baggage and their stock of presents being carried, no doubt, by pack-animals. Their general course was west-south-west. The Black Hills lay at a distance on their left, and the Upper Missouri on their right. The country they traversed was a rolling prairie, well covered for the most part with grass, and watered with small alkaline streams, creeping towards the Missouri, with an opaque, whitish current, over beds of sandy clay. There was little or no wood except along these watercourses. "I noticed," says the Chevalier La Vérendrye, "earth's of different colors, — blue, green, red, or black, white as chalk or yellowish like ochre." This was probably in the "bad lands" of the Little Missouri, where these party-colored earths form a conspicuous feature in the bare and barren bluffs, cut into fantastic shapes by storms and floods.

For twenty days they saw no human being. The plains, says their journal, were alive with game. Deer sprang from the rank, reedy grass of the river bottoms; buffalo tramped by in ponderous columns, or dotted the pale swells of the distant prairie with their grazing multitudes; antelope approached, with the curiosity of their species, to gaze at the passing horsemen, then fled like

the wind; and as the party neared the hilly uplands of the Yellowstone, they saw herds of elk and flocks of mountain sheep. Wolves, white and gray, howled about their camp all night; and in the dusk of evening, the coyote, seated on the grass, with nose turned to the sky, saluted them with a confusion of yelpings, as if half a score of petulant voices were pouring together from the throat of one small beast. The ground was often honeycombed for a mile or more with the holes of the curious little marmot called the prairie-dog, which uttered its squeaking bark as they came near, and then dived into its burrow.

On the 11th of August, they reached a hill, or group of hills, apparently not far west of the Little Missouri. It was here that they hoped to find the Horse Indians, but the place was a solitude. They built a hut, made fires that the smoke might attract any Indians roaming near, and reconnoitred the country every day from the tops of the hills. At length, on the 14th of September, they saw a spire of smoke on the distant prairie.

One of their Mandan guides had left them, and gone back to his village. The other, with one of the Frenchmen, went towards the smoke, and found a camp of Indians, whom the journal calls *Les Beaux Hommes*, and who were probably Crows, a tribe remarkable for stature and symmetry, who long claimed that region as their own. They treated the visitors well, and sent for the other Frenchmen to come to their lodges, where they were received with great rejoicing. The remaining Mandan, however, became frightened, for the Crows were enemies of his tribe; and he soon followed his companion on his solitary march homeward.

The brothers remained twenty-one days in the Crow camp, much perplexed for want of an interpreter. The tribes of the plains have in common a system of signs by which they communicate

with each other, and it is likely that the brothers had learned it from the Sioux or Assiniboin, with whom they had been in familiar intercourse. By this or some other means they made their hosts understand that they wished to find the Horse Indians; and the Crows, being soothed by presents, offered some of their young men as guides. They set out on the 9th of October,¹ following a south-southwest course.

In two days they met a band of Indians, called by them the Little Foxes, and on the 15th and 17th two villages of another unrecognizable horde, named *Pioya*. From *La Vérendrye's* time to our own, this name "villages" has always been given to the encampments of the wandering people of the plains. All these nomadic communities joined them, and they moved together southward, till they reached at last the lodges of the long-sought Horse Indians. They found them in the extremity of distress and terror. Their camp resounded with howls and wailings, and not without cause; for the Snakes, or *Shoshones*, a formidable people living farther westward, had lately destroyed nearly all their tribe. The Snakes were the terror of that country. The brothers were told that the year before they had destroyed seventeen villages, killing the warriors and old women, and carrying off the young women and children as slaves.

None of the Horse Indians had ever seen the Pacific, but they knew a people called *Gens de l'Arc*, or Bow Indians, who, as they said, had traded in that quarter. To the Bow Indians, therefore, the brothers resolved to go, and by dint of gifts and promises they persuaded their hosts to show them the way. After marching southwestward for several days, they saw the distant prairie covered with the pointed buffalo-skin lodges of a great Indian camp. It was that of the Bow Indians, who appear to

¹ Or 9th of November, according to a duplicate of the journal.

have been one of the bands of the western Sioux, the predominant race in this region. Not one in five hundred of them could ever have seen a white man, and we may imagine their amazement at the arrival of the strangers, who, followed by staring crowds, were conducted to the lodge of the chief. "Thus far," says La Vérendrye, "we had been well received in all the villages we had passed, but this was nothing compared with the courteous manners of the great chief of the Bow Indians, who, unlike the others, was not self-interested in the least, and who took excellent care of everything belonging to us."

The first inquiry of the travelers was for the Pacific, but neither the chief nor his tribesmen knew anything of it, except what they had heard from Snake prisoners taken in war. The Frenchmen were surprised at the extent of the camp, which consisted of many separate bands. The chief explained that they had been summoned from far and near for a grand war-party against that common foe of all, the Snakes. In fact, the camp resounded with war-songs and war-dances. "Come with us," said their host; "we are going towards the mountains, where you can see the great water that you are looking for."

At length the camp broke up. The squaws took down the lodges, and the march began over prairies dreary and brown with the withering touch of autumn. The spectacle was such as men still young have seen in these western lands, but which no man will see again. The vast plain swarmed with the moving multitude. The tribes of the Missouri and the Yellowstone had by this time abundance of horses, the best of which were used for war and hunting, and the others as beasts of burden. These last were equipped in a peculiar manner. Several of the long poles used to frame the lodges were secured by one end to each side of a rude saddle, while the other end trailed on the ground. Cross-

bars lashed to the poles just behind the horse kept them three or four feet apart, and formed a firm support, on which was laid, compactly folded, the buffalo-skin covering of the lodge. On this, again, sat a mother with her young family, sometimes stowed for safety in a large open willow basket, with the occasional addition of some domestic pet, such as a tame raven, a puppy, or even a small bear cub. Other horses were laden in the same manner with wooden bowls, stone hammers, and other utensils, along with stores of dried buffalo meat packed in cases of rawhide. Many of the innumerable dogs, whose manners and appearance strongly suggested their relatives the wolves, to whom, however, they bore a mortal grudge, were equipped in a similar way, with shorter poles and lighter loads. Bands of naked boys, noisy and restless, roamed the prairie, practicing their bows and arrows on any small animal they might find. Gay young squaws, adorned on each cheek with a spot of ochre or red clay, and arrayed in tunics of fringed buckskin embroidered with porcupine quills, were mounted on ponies, astride like men; while lean and tattered hags, the drudges of the tribe, unkempt and hideous, scolded the lagging horses or screeched at the disorderly dogs with voices not unlike the yell of the great horned owl. Most of the warriors were on horseback, armed with round white shields of bull hide, feathered lances, war-clubs, bows, and quivers filled with stone-headed arrows; while a few of the elders, wrapped in robes of buffalo hide, stalked along in groups with a stately air, chatting, laughing, and exchanging unseemly jokes.¹

"We continued our march," says La Vérendrye, "sometimes south-southwest, and now and then northwest; our numbers constantly increasing by villages of different tribes which joined us." The

¹ The above descriptive particulars are drawn from repeated observation of similar scenes.

variations of their course were probably due to the difficulties of the country, which grew more rugged as they advanced, with broken hills, tracts of dingy green sage bushes, and bright, swift streams, edged with cottonwood and willow, hurrying northward to join the Yellowstone. At length, on the 1st of January, 1743, they saw the Rocky Mountains, — probably the Bighorn Range, a hundred and twenty miles east of the Yellowstone Park.

A council of all the allied bands was now called, and the Frenchmen were asked to take part in it. The questions discussed were how to dispose of the women and children, and how to attack the enemy. Having settled their plans, the chiefs begged their white friends not to abandon them; and the younger of the two, the chevalier, consented to join the warriors, and aid them with advice, though not with arms.

The tribes of the western plains rarely go on war-parties in winter, and this great expedition must have been the result of unusual exasperation. The object was to surprise the Snakes in the security of their winter camp, and strike a deadly blow, which would have been impossible in summer.

On the 8th of January, the whole body stopped to encamp, choosing, no doubt, after their invariable winter custom, a place sheltered from wind, and supplied with water and fuel. Here the squaws and children were to remain, while most of the warriors advanced against the enemy. By pegging the lower edge of the lodge-skin to the ground, and piling a ridge of stones and earth upon it to keep out the air, fastening with wooden skewers the flap of hide that covered the entrance, and keeping a constant fire, they could pass a winter endurable to Indians, though smoke, filth, vermin, bad air, the crowd, and the total absence of

privacy would make it a purgatory to any civilized white man.

The chevalier left his brother to watch over the baggage of the party, which was stored in the lodge of the great chief, while he himself, with his two Canadians, joined the advancing warriors. They were on horseback, marching with a certain order, and sending watchmen to reconnoitre the country from the tops of the hills.¹ Their movements were so slow that it was twelve days before they reached the foot of the mountains, which, says La Vérendrye, "are for the most part well wooded, and seem very high." He longed to climb their great snow-encumbered peaks, fancying that he might then see the Pacific, and never dreaming that more than eight hundred miles of mountains and forests still lay between him and his goal.

Through the whole of the present century, the favorite haunts of the southern division of the Snakes were in the valleys of Wind and Green rivers. It is likely that they were so in 1743, in which case the war-party would not only have reached the Bighorn Mountains, but have pushed farther on to within full sight of the great Wind River Range. Be this as it may, their scouts reached the chief winter camp of the Snakes, and found it abandoned, with lodges still standing, and many household possessions left behind. The enemy had discovered their approach, and fled. Instead of encouraging the allies, this news filled them with terror, for they feared that the Snake warriors might make a circuit to the rear, and fall upon the camp where they had left their women and children. The great chief spent all his eloquence in vain. Nobody would listen to him, and with characteristic fickleness they gave over the enterprise, and retreated in a panic. "Our advance was made in good order, but

¹ At least this was done by a band of Sioux with whom the writer, in his youth, traversed a part of the country ranged by Snake war-

parties. The Snakes and the Sioux were still deadly enemies.

not so our retreat," says the chevalier's journal. "Everybody fled his own way. Our horses, though good, were very tired, and got little to eat." He was one day riding with his friend, the great chief, when, looking behind him, he missed his two French attendants. Hastening back in alarm, he found them far in the rear, quietly feeding their horses under the shelter of a clump of trees. He had scarcely joined them when he saw a party of fifteen hostile Indians stealthily creeping forward, covered by their bull-hide shields. He and his men let them approach, and then gave them a few shots, on which they immediately ran off, firearms being to them an astounding novelty.

The three Frenchmen now tried to rejoin the great chief and his band, but the task was not easy. The prairie, bare of snow and hard as flint, showed no trace of foot or hoof, and it was by rare good fortune that they succeeded, on the second day, not in overtaking the chief, but in reaching the camp where the women and children had been left. They found them all in safety; the Snakes had not attacked them, and the panic of the warriors was causeless. It was the 9th of February. They were scarcely housed when a blizzard set in, and on the night of the 10th the plains were buried in snow. The great chief had not appeared. With such of his warriors as he could persuade to follow him, he had made a wide circuit to find the trail of the lost Frenchmen, but, to his great distress, had completely failed. It was not till five days after the arrival of the chevalier and his men that the chief reached the camp, "more dead than alive," in the words of the journal. All his hardships were forgotten when he found his white friends safe, for he had given them up for lost. "His sorrow turned to joy, and he could not give us attention and caresses enough."

The camp broke up, and the allied bands dispersed. The great chief and

his followers moved slowly through the snowdrifts towards the east-southeast, accompanied by the Frenchmen. Thus they kept on till the 1st of March, when the two brothers, learning that they were approaching the winter village of a people called Gens de la Petite Cerise, or Choke Cherry Indians, sent one of their men, with a guide, to visit them. The man returned in ten days, bringing a message from the Choke Cherry Indians, inviting the Frenchmen to their lodges.

The great chief of the Bowmen, who seems to have regarded his young friends with mingled affection, respect, and wonder, was grieved at the thought of losing them, but took comfort when they promised to visit him again, provided that he would make his abode near a certain river which they pointed out. To this he readily agreed, and then with mutual regret they parted. The Frenchmen repaired to the village of the Choke Cherry Indians, who, like the Bowmen, were probably a band of Sioux. Hard by their lodges, which stood near the Missouri, the brothers buried a plate of lead graven with the royal arms, and raised a pile of stones in honor of the governor of Canada. They remained at this place till April; then, mounting their horses again, followed the Missouri upward to the village of the Mandans, which they reached on the 18th of May. After spending a week here, they joined a party of Assinniboin, journeyed with them towards Fort La Reine, and reached it on the 2d of July, to the great relief of their father, who was waiting in suspense, having heard nothing of them for more than a year.

Sixty-two years later, when the vast western regions then called Louisiana had just been ceded to the United States, Captains Lewis and Clark left the Mandan villages with thirty-two men, traced the Missouri to the mountains, penetrated the wastes beyond, and made their way to the Pacific. The first stages of

that remarkable exploration were anticipated by the brothers La Vérendrye. They did not find the Pacific, but they discovered the Rocky Mountains, or at least the part of them to which the name properly belongs; for the southern continuation of the great range had long been known to the Spaniards. Their bold adventure was achieved, not at the charge of a government, but at their own cost and that of their father; not with a band of well-equipped men, but with only two followers.

The fur-trading privilege which was to have been their compensation had proved their ruin. They were still pursued without ceasing by the jealousy of rival traders and the ire of disappointed partners. "Here in Canada more than anywhere else," the chevalier wrote, some years after his return, "envy is the passion *à la mode*, and there is no escaping it." It was the story of La Salle repeated. Beauharnois, however, still stood by them, encouraged and defended them, and wrote in their favor to the colonial minister. It was, doubtless, through his efforts that the elder La Vérendrye was at last promoted to a captaincy in the colony troops. Beauharnois was succeeded in the government by the sagacious and able Galissonnière, and he too befriended the explorers. "It seems to me," he wrote to the minister, "that what you have been told touching the Sieur de la Vérendrye, to the effect that he has been more busy with his own interests than in making discoveries, is totally false; and, moreover, that any officers employed in such work will always be compelled to give some of their attention to trade, so long as the king allows them no other means of subsistence. These discoveries are very costly, and more fatiguing and dangerous than open war." Two years later, the elder La Vérendrye received the cross of the Order of St. Louis, an honor much prized in Canada, but which he did not long enjoy; for he

died at Montreal in the following December, when on the point of again setting out for the west.

His intrepid sons survived, and they were not idle. One of them, the chevalier, had before discovered the River Saskatchewan, and ascended it as far as the forks. His intention was to follow it to the mountains, build a fort there, and thence push westward in another search for the Pacific; but a disastrous event ruined all his hopes. La Galissonnière returned to France, and the Marquis de la Jonquière succeeded him, with the notorious François Bigot as intendant. Both were greedy of money, the one to hoard and the other to dissipate it. Clearly there was money to be got from the fur trade of Manitoba, for La Vérendrye had made every preparation and incurred every expense. It seemed that nothing remained but to reap where he had sown. His commission to find the Pacific, with the privileges connected with it, was refused to his sons, and conferred on another. La Jonquière wrote to the minister, "I have charged M. de Saint-Pierre with this business. He knows these countries better than any officer in all the colony." On the contrary, he had never seen them. It is difficult not to believe that La Jonquière, Bigot, and Saint-Pierre were partners in a speculation of which all three were to share the profits.

The elder La Vérendrye, not long before his death, had sent a large quantity of goods to his trading-forts. The brothers begged leave to return thither and save their property from destruction. They declared themselves happy to serve under the orders of Saint-Pierre, and asked for the use of only a single fort of all those which their father had built at his own cost. The answer was a flat refusal. In short, they were shamefully robbed. The chevalier writes, "M. le Marquis de la Jonquière, being pushed hard, and as I thought even touched, by my representations, told

me at last that M. de Saint-Pierre wanted nothing to do with me or my brothers." "I am a ruined man," he continues. "I am more than two thousand livres in debt, and am still only a second ensign. My elder brother's grade is no better than mine. My younger brother is only a cadet. This is the fruit of all that my father, my brothers, and I have done. My other brother, whom the Sioux murdered some years ago, was not the most unfortunate among us. We must lose all that has cost us so much, unless M. de Saint-Pierre takes juster views, and prevails on the Marquis de la Jonquière to share them. To be thus shut out from the west is to be most cruelly robbed of a sort of inheritance, which we had all the pains of acquiring, and of which others will get all the profit."

His elder brother writes in a similar strain: "We spent our youth and our property in building up establishments so advantageous to Canada; and after all, we were doomed to see a stranger gather the fruit we had taken such pains to plant." And he complains that their goods left in the trading-posts were wasted, their provisions consumed, and the men in their pay used to do the work of others.

They got no redress. Saint-Pierre, backed by the governor and the intendant, remained master of the position. The brothers sold a small piece of land, their last remaining property, to appease their most pressing creditors.

Saint-Pierre set out for Manitoba on the 5th of June, 1750. Though he had lived more or less in the woods for thirty-six years, and though La Jonquière had told the minister that he knew the countries to which he was bound better than anybody else, it is clear from his own journal that he was now visiting them for the first time. They did not please him. "I was told," he says, "that the way would grow harder and more dangerous as we advanced, and I

found, in fact, that one must risk life and property every moment." Finding himself and his men likely to starve, he sent some of them, under an ensign named Niverville, to the Saskatchewan. They could not reach it, and nearly perished on the way. "I myself was no more fortunate," says Saint-Pierre. "Food was so scarce that I sent some of my people into the woods, among the Indians, which did not save me from a fast so rigorous that it deranged my health, and put it out of my power to do anything towards accomplishing my mission. Even if I had had strength enough, the war that broke out among the Indians would have made it impossible to proceed."

Niverville, after a winter of misery, tried to fulfill an order which he had received from his commander. When the Indians guided the two brothers La Vérendrye to the Rocky Mountains, the course they took tended so far southward that the chevalier greatly feared it might lead to Spanish settlements; and he gave it as his opinion that the next attempt to find the Pacific should be made farther towards the north. Saint-Pierre had accepted this view, and had directed Niverville to build a fort on the Saskatchewan, three hundred leagues above its mouth. Therefore, at the end of May, 1751, Niverville sent ten men in two canoes on this errand, and they ascended the Saskatchewan to what Saint-Pierre calls the "Rock Mountain." Here they built a small stockade fort, and called it Fort La Jonquière. Niverville was to have followed them, but he fell ill, and lay helpless at the mouth of the river, in such a condition that he could not even write to his commander.

Saint-Pierre set out in person from Fort La Reine for Fort La Jonquière, over ice and snow, for it was late in November. Two Frenchmen from Niverville met him on the way, and reported that the Assiniboin had slaughtered an entire band of friendly Indians, on whom

Saint-Pierre had relied to guide him. On hearing this he gave up the enterprise, and returned to Fort La Reine. Here the Indians told him idle stories about white men and a fort in some remote place towards the west, but, he observes, "nobody could reach it without encountering an infinity of tribes, more savage than it is possible to imagine."

He spent most of the winter at Fort La Reine. Here, towards the end of February, 1752, he had with him only five men, having sent out the rest in search of food. Suddenly, as he sat in his chamber, he saw the fort full of armed Assiniboins, extremely noisy and insolent. He tried in vain to quiet them, and they presently broke into the guard-house and seized the arms. A massacre would have followed, had not Saint-Pierre, who was far from wanting courage, resorted to an expedient which has more than once proved effective on such occasions. He snatched a firebrand, knocked out the heads of two barrels of gunpowder, and told the yelping crowd that he would blow up them and himself together. At this they all rushed in fright for the gate, while Saint-Pierre flung away his fire-brand, ran after them, and bolted it fast. There was great anxiety for the hunting party, but they all came back in the evening, without having met the

enemy. The men, however, were so terrified by the adventure that Saint-Pierre was compelled to abandon the fort, after recommending it to the care of another band of Assiniboins, who had professed great friendship. Four days after he was gone they burned it to the ground.

He soon came to the conclusion that farther discoveries were impossible, because the English of Hudson Bay had stirred up the western tribes to oppose them. Therefore he set out for the settlements, and, reaching Quebec in the autumn of 1753, placed the journal of his futile enterprise in the hands of Duquesne, the new governor.

Canada was approaching her last agony. In the death-struggle of the Seven Years' War, there was no time for schemes of western discovery. The brothers La Vérendrye sank into poverty and neglect. A little before the war broke out, we find the eldest at the obscure Acadian post of Beauséjour, where he wrote to the colonial minister a statement of his services, which appears to have received no attention. After the fall of Canada, the Chevalier de la Vérendrye, he whose eyes first beheld the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, perished in the wreck of the ship *Auguste*, on the coast of Cape Breton, in November, 1761.¹

Francis Parkman.

¹ The above narrative rests mainly on contemporary documents, official in character, of which the originals are preserved in the archives of the French government. These papers have recently been printed by M. Pierre Margry, late custodian of the Archives of the Marine and Colonies at Paris, in the forthcoming sixth volume of his *Découvertes et Établissements des Français dans l'Amérique Septentrionale*, a documentary collection of great value, published at the expense of the American government. It was M. Margry who first drew attention to the achievements of the family of La Vérendrye, by an article in the *Moniteur*, in 1852. I owe to his kindness the opportunity of using the above-mentioned documents in advance of publication. I obtained copies from duplicate originals of some of the

principal among them from the *Dépôt des Cartes de la Marine*, in 1872. These answer closely, with rare and trivial variations, to the same documents as printed from other sources by M. Margry. Some additional papers preserved in the Archives of the Marine and Colonies have also been used.

I am indebted to my friends, Hon. William C. Endicott, Secretary of War, and Captain John G. Bourke, 3d Cavalry, U. S. A., for a valuable collection of government maps and surveys of the country between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, visited by the brothers La Vérendrye; and I have received from Captain Bourke, and also from Mr. E. A. Snow, formerly of the 3d Cavalry, much information concerning the same region, repeatedly traversed by them in peace and war.

THE QUEEN BEHIND THE THRONE.

THE extraordinary career of Francoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, has kindled the ambition of more than one clever Frenchwoman. Before her day women had gained ascendancy over the anointed head of the state, but had used such power, in ways more or less direct, for purely selfish ends. To aggrandize their friends, if not themselves, had been the undisguised aim of previous brevet-queens, and we know into what unworthy laps had been poured the broad demesnes, abbeys, churches, châteaux, in the gift of captive kings. And such victories had been won on the conventional field, under well-worn colors, and through the might of woman's ancient arms, beauty, wit, and grace. Madame de Maintenon was the first woman who exercised a powerful influence in the state for other than personal ends, and was also the first royal favorite who received into clean hands the perquisites of guilt. Holding up dainty skirts, this victorious favorite walked dry-shod over miry ways, to obtain the rewards of what was currently considered successful vice.

Other women, witnessing her success in the face of every obstacle, longed to tread the same royal road; but it was not France that became the kingdom of a second Madame de Maintenon, but Spain, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the humblest among the nations of Europe.

To understand the relations of France to Spain at this period, we must remember that when Anne of Austria married Louis XIII., she solemnly resigned for herself and for her descendants all claim upon the crown of Spain. This act of renunciation was afterwards repeated by the daughter of Philip IV., Maria Theresa, when she became the bride of Louis XIV. It seemed then less important

than giving up one's attendants, clothes, and language. Louis authorized the act because the occasion demanded it. There was a secret prophecy which he fondly cherished for forty long years, — "There shall be no more Pyrenees;" and it brought consolation when his bride's dowry remained unpaid, and he entered the first charge in the indictment preparing for Spain. Besides, he was a man who could wait.

There were many princesses of the French blood to marry off, and Louis embraced the opportunity, as it was presented, of planting his fair cousins in the royal families of Europe. The lovely Maria Louisa, daughter of his brother Philip, Monsieur, and Henrietta of England, was selected, most unwillingly on her part, as bride for the moribund Charles II. of Spain, — a creature, as Madame Cornuel might say, born dead, "with head bent forward, body feeble and thin, legs rickety, and mind sluggish." To this man, if man he could be called, whose animating principle was hatred of France and fear of evil spirits, whose amusements were dwarfs, buffoons, and puppet-shows, varied by an occasional *auto da fé*, — to him that royal maid, of "fair and regular features, pensive cast of countenance, sensitive, and subject to fits of melancholy reverie," was consigned. The letter-writers of the period relate the frantic grief with which she embraced the king's knees, and begged not to be sent to that monarch of dwarfs and puppet-shows. She fainted when the betrothal took place, but it did not move Louis le Grand. Poor child! she was not aware that "there should be no more Pyrenees," being only thirteen years of age.

Charles got his French bride, lovely as was her mother, but he loathed that bride's country, its speech, its dress,

its representatives. In obedience to an unwritten decree, the stern camerera-mayor, the Duchess de Terranova, into whose custody the little queen was given, proceeded to denationalize her and the parrots she had brought with her. Whose necks the duchess in fond fancy wrung, while twisting off the heads of those unlucky French birds, we shall never know, but it is refreshing to hear, down through the ages, the echo of that resounding slap bestowed by the queen upon her mistress of the robes. In true Spanish style, the duchess collected four hundred friends to revenge the insult, and only some adroit but baseless excuse for the queen's whim for slapping duchesses induced the mistress of the robes to make peace.

The years rolled on. The king was dying ever, and the queen was childless and virtuous, — unexpected check to Austrian diplomacy. King Louis knew her *entourage* all too well not to feel some anxiety for his niece, and poor King Charles shared his fears. Historians are still groping, as did the physicians of that day, for the truth regarding the queen's sad taking-off. She was but a year older than was her mother when fate overtook her, wearing the same guise, and offering the fatal draught from the hand of a friend. They did not know, the learned of that day, and we shall never know, whether the infamous Countess de Soissons, the one Frenchwoman whom Austrian influence admitted to her friendship, poisoned the glass of milk which upon that sultry day she offered to the queen. Charles, knowing his *monde*, had begged Maria Louisa to take nothing from the countess's hands; but such advice, she thought, was made for Spanish amity, not for the loyal French. The work was well done, and the flight of the countess, after an interview with Mansfeldt, the Austrian ambassador, even before the first ill-feelings had attacked the queen, lends color to that story of guilt which the subse-

quent career of Olympia Mancini only too well sustains. Whether it was a true case of poisoning, or whether the queen died of a congestive chill, — for iced milk has its own murderous properties, on a sultry day in Spain, — Henrietta's daughter was dead, the king was childless, and Louis of France was still sure there should be no more Pyrenees. Another wife was therefore shortly obtained, a Bavarian princess, Marie Anne of Neuburg, a sister of the empress, — for the emperor too had nieces and cousins to establish profitably. Still there was no son, while the king failed visibly, and the heirs presumptive, of varying nationality, were eagerly counting those feeble heart-beats. First among them, and most detested, was the French king's grandson, the Duke d'Anjou, for whom the heritage was claimed in virtue of his grandmother, the sister of Charles II. The Spanish priests considered this claim not invalidated by Maria Theresa's renunciation of birthright, since the act was not confirmed by the Cortés, nor was her dowry ever paid.

A little Bavarian prince, of tender years, was another claimant, because he, too, was grandson of a sister of the Spanish king, — a younger one. The emperor claimed, because he was son of a daughter of Philip III., the aunt of Charles II., but his claim was less strong than that of the others, although he pleaded in his favor the numerous renunciations of Spanish rights made by France and Bavaria. There was also the king of Portugal in the field, with no claim to speak of, but still eager for the spoils. The prevailing influence at court was Austrian, but in 1698 Louis sent as ambassador to Madrid the Marquis d'Harcourt, with well-filled pockets and a lovely and diplomatic wife. Count d'Harrach, the Austrian ambassador, was all-powerful with that awful personage in a Spanish court, the camerera-mayor, the Countess Berlips, a German of humble birth, devoted to gold of any

coinage. Her price was high, but when payment is not intended promises are abundant, and D'Harcourt tempted her with money, even with the proffer of a petty sovereignty. So quickly did she yield that Count d'Harrach speedily procured her recall, and back she went to Germany, with her train of a dwarf, a eunuch, a physician, a Capuchin, and a diplomatic agent.

The queen of Charles, too, was approached with a whole handful of bribes, — jewels, the regency, and other objects of the lady's secret desire. She was unpopular in Spain, and had quarreled with Porto-Carrero himself. The people were easily won: much splendor in parades and shows, fountains of wine and chocolate in the square in front of the French Embassy, made them thoroughly Bourbon, provided the Bourbon was shut out from the French succession. "Rather the devil than France united with Spain," they said. It cost ten millions to seat Philip d'Anjou on his throne. Charles II., antipathetic to France, and believing in the validity of its renunciation of Spanish rights, made a will in favor of the little Bavarian prince. But the boy died at the age of seven years, under the usual suspicions of poison. The Church then decided the question of succession, Innocent XII. giving his voice in favor of the French Bourbons. Charles, who was "as incapable of thinking as of wishing for himself," now became resigned to the Church's guidance. Three priests and monks were henceforth in his room, and conducted a true mediæval torture of diseased conscience. The credulity, superstition, and fears of the king were played upon; and to enable him to last till the desired end, he was given a diet of capons which had been fed on vipers, and wine instead of his usual drink of water in which cinnamon had been boiled. He was pronounced gangrened, and the monks, preferring to call him bewitched, proceeded to exorcise the evil spirits. It was

the spirit of sanity and the spirit of life which came out of him at priestly bidding. He yielded, of course, and signed the will, prepared by Porto-Carrero, wherein the crown of Spain was bequeathed to Philip, Duke d'Anjou. Charles burst into tears, saying, "God is the disposer of kingdoms; they belong to him. I am already nothing."

As may be divined, the king half repented of his act, and would have turned back, but was prevented; that is to say, he died, and his heart was found to be incredibly atrophied, which showed the skill of the three monks and confessors. It was said that "his funeral obsequies were the occasion of so many others that it would have been well "if he had never been born, or had never died."

The will was brought forth from its secret hiding-place, and the hush preceding that seven years' storm, the War of the Spanish Succession, rested for a few brief months upon the nations.

The good tidings, brought by special envoy to France, found King Louis innocently surprised, but he piously remarked, "It is the will of Heaven, and I yield to it with pleasure." Then he presented the young king to the court, and shared the honors of the homage paid by the Spanish ambassador. After making merry at Versailles, he sent Philip to Spain, with much pomp and a heavy freight of counsel, some of which was very good. He begged him first to be a good Spaniard, and then to remember that he was born a Frenchman, since nothing would so benefit both as a union of the two states. He also advised Philip never to have a favorite nor a prime minister, not to marry an Austrian princess, to wage no war unless compelled to do so, and to employ only Spaniards in important government posts; and thus Louis sent him gayly to his kingdom.

Philip d'Anjou, the second son of the Grand Dauphin of France, had a pleasing appearance, a fair face, grave and

dignified manners. He was a youth of moderate capacity, ardent temperament, and limited education. Like other younger sons in royal families, he had early been subjected to a system of repression, and, having shown some inconvenient strength of will, was in consequence so especially starved in mind and soul that, although a prince of the blood, he was yet behind any Paris *bourgeois* in point of general information. On the other hand, his religious tendencies had been carefully cultivated, and he himself trained in habits of strictest obedience to the mandates of the Church. His young soul had virtually been cased in the Church's iron harness, while in process of unfolding, and thus undesirable developments had been restrained and abnormal growths encouraged. The transfer of a nature so trained to the relative freedom of sovereignty was like entering for a foot-race a child who had hitherto walked in leading-strings.

The grandfather of the young king recognized the urgent need, in the case of a prince so immature, of some firm hand to direct his untried powers. It was of the first importance that this discreet adviser should hold correct views on the subject of the Pyrenees. In fact, a wife was wanted, young and directed in turn by a camerera-mayor, also to be carefully chosen.

The wife was soon selected by the French privy council of two. Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, was the father of fair daughters, who, endowed by nature with grace of form and manner, no less than beauty of face, were early trained in all accomplishments and in the secrets of court diplomacy. None better knew the fine art of pleasing and being pleased; of seeing, yet seeing nothing; of hearing, but not hearing. The elder of the princesses, Marie Adelaide, the young Duchess of Burgundy, to the end of her short life was the idol of the court and the joy of the king's declining years. It was her younger sister, Maria

Louisa, who was selected by Louis of France and Madame de Maintenon as bride for the king of Spain. Very much diplomacy was, however, required to bring the advantages of the proposed alliance to the favorable notice of the Spanish ministers. Now appears upon the scene the Princess des Ursins, the future "queen behind the throne."

Anne Marie de la Trémouille, daughter of the Duke de Noirmoutier, famous in the wars of the Fronde, was born in Paris in 1642. She was a brilliant girl, and married at the age of twenty-two years the Prince de Chalais, with whom she was most happy, though forced to fly with him from Paris in 1663, to avoid the consequences of his participation in the Duke de Beaufort's four-cornered duel. They fled to Spain, where the princess acquired her knowledge of Spanish people, manners, and language. From Spain they journeyed to Italy, with that restlessness which characterizes people without a country. The prince died at Venice, deeply mourned by his widow, who took up her residence in Rome, where for some years she secluded herself from all society. Five years later, she married the Duke de Bracciano, the head of the Orsini family. This second marriage, however, was not happy, and the duke once actually made a will by which his wife was cut off from inheritance in his estates, but he luckily revoked this instrument before it was too late. He died in 1698.

During her residence in Rome, the Duchess de Bracciano was the centre of a brilliant circle, attracted to her *salon* by her grace of manner and her charming *esprit*. She was fond of the society of artists, and through her own personal influence did much to promote at least the social advancement of the painters, sculptors, and musicians whom she assembled about her. Saint-Simon says that at this time she learned the art of intrigue from those accomplished masters of the science, the Roman cardinals.

But Saint-Simon is always a harsh judge of suspicious circumstances, and not much weight should be attached to this statement, implicating the Cardinals D'Estrées and De Bouillon. The great and awful Porto-Carrero himself, the Archbishop of Toledo, at this time in Rome, became the duchess's humble slave, and through him she was enabled to reach the ear of the sovereign Pontiff, Innocent XI.

Our only portrait of the Duchess de Bracciano, painted for us by Saint-Simon, is a delicately drawn *résumé* of her personal traits, but his estimate of her qualities of mind and heart is far too low. He tells us that, without being positively beautiful, she was charming, and that her noble air and grace of manner surpassed all he had ever known. "When she wished to please, she was flattering, caressing, animating. She was above medium height, with blue eyes, most expressive, a perfect figure and bust; with all this, a most agreeable voice, and a faculty in conversation inexhaustible and highly entertaining. And she was, moreover, a great judge of character." "Très déagée dans sa taille," another voice adds. So much for the outward princess. The judgment of her contemporaries is extremely varied. Saint-Simon rarely fails to belittle the subjects of his pen-portraits, and therefore, although his respect was compelled by the duchess's successful career, his commendation is bestowed upon her tact, adroitness, and worldly wisdom, solely.

On the other hand, De Louville says she was "*sordide et voleuse que c'est merveille*," and had "*des mœurs à l'escarpolette*." He calls her "proud, haughty, and benevolent, one who cherished ambition far above her sex or that ordinary in man." But these were the opinions that "yoked creatures" entertain. Louville was French adviser to King Philip before the Princess des Ursins was appointed to the position.

About this time Madame de Bracciano disposed of her husband's estates to the nephew who bore the title, and, taking the French form of the Orsini name, was henceforth known as the Princess des Ursins. While in Paris she paid her court to the king at Versailles, and in her apartments in the city gave little balls to marriageable heiresses, a form of dissipation which came to an end at ten o'clock at night. The question of the Spanish marriage was absorbing the attention of the court, and through her friendship with Madame de Maintenon she became acquainted with the wishes of the king regarding the Savoyard princess. So generally acknowledged was the influence of Madame des Ursins in Rome that her friend privately solicited it in favor of the proposed alliance. From this period, probably, date the first stirrings of lofty ambition in the princess's mind; and her general plan of operations must have been roughly sketched while yet in France, her objective point from that time becoming the post of camerera-mayor to the future queen of Spain. Madame des Ursins had learnt the vast capabilities of the office, the highest post in the royal household, during her residence in Spain. The mistress of the robes was a great and awful personage, a sort of "female Grand Inquisitor, who, being in closest association with both king and queen, was treated by the courtiers with the utmost respect, as one wielding vast influence over the sovereigns." The Duchess de Terranova, a terrifying person, stained with crime, had held the first Maria Louisa in penal servitude; the Countess Berlips had made of the office a royal exchange, where favor was bought and sold.

Concealing her personal ambitions, Madame des Ursins proceeded to assist in bringing about the marriage between the young king of Spain and the little princess at Turin, and, as a preliminary step, it was necessary to gain the confi-

dence of Louis XIV., never directly approached by suppliant. Through Madame de Maintenon were secretly conveyed to him expressions of Madame des Ursins's profound appreciation and sympathy, timid offers of such coöperation as weak woman could afford, and all — intelligence, sympathy, ardor — approaching the royal ear by those devious paths so dear to the great Louis. Returning to Rome, Madame des Ursins played well her part in the interests of France, weaving a web of delicate diplomacy, with far-spreading threads of subtle fineness, whose intricacies it would be difficult to trace. With marvelous skill, persons widely separated in space were involved in the scheme, and varying interests made to converge to one desired point. Through the great Porto-Carrero, the Pope was reached, and induced to favor the marriage, and the rest quickly followed. The courts of France and Savoy openly acknowledged the value of the princess's services.

To obtain the prize for herself was a still more delicate undertaking. A French subject occupying the post of honor would not be tolerated in the prejudiced court of Madrid; even a gallicized Spaniard would excite distrust. Just here the princess's friend at court reminded the French king of her qualifications for the post: a native of France, yet a cosmopolitan; of the discreet age of sixty-five years, and possessed of great knowledge of the world and its ways. And then — a whisper: this lady, if appointed mistress of the robes to the queen of Spain, would be pliable and extremely useful, submissive, grateful, and committed to French interests. There can be no doubt that the jest of the Duke d'Orleans very nicely described Madame de Maintenon's prophetic vision: "A she-captain in France, and a she-lieutenant in Spain."

The clever princess followed up the hint thus given; writing "a wonderful letter" to her friend in Paris, the

Maréchale de Noailles, popularly known as the "Mother of the ten tribes of Israel," on account of her twenty-two daughters. This letter, designed to reach the king through Madame de Maintenon, contained the offer of her services to escort the bride, the queen of Spain, to Madrid, "where I really have business." Whether consciously or not, all her friends were working in her interest, stimulated by those subtle bribes which were so gently displayed before the mind's eye. To Madame de Maintenon was portrayed the delights of ruling two kingdoms, while the Maréchale de Noailles was encouraged to hope that she might settle a dozen or two daughters in Spain. In fact, it was most satisfactorily proved to each and every friend how greatly it would conduce to the general well-being that the Princess des Ursins should go to Spain.

At last King Louis proposed, according to the prearranged programme, that Madame des Ursins should be appointed camerera-mayor to his grandson's queen, but he neatly transferred the responsibility to the Duke of Savoy. He, consenting that this useful lady should be rewarded for her services in his daughter's interests, yet loath to commit himself, tossed back the ball to France, from whence it rolled to Spain, where Porto-Carrero gave new impetus to its course. It ricocheted to France, where Madame de Maintenon bestowed upon it the needful, delicate last touch. The princess was "actually in due form appointed camerera-mayor, or chief lady-in-waiting, to the queen of Spain before the princess at Turin had been made queen by the performance of the marriage ceremony."

The new mistress of the robes at once began preparations for her position; adding three or four gentlemen to the four customarily retained in her suite, and increasing the number of her pages to six. A chaplain and twelve lackeys made up the household. A gilded coach

for state occasions was essential, and one less fine, "no gold and silver, but still very handsome," was bought, for ordinary use. She firmly declared her determination never to have recourse to the treasury of France to cover her personal expenses. "*Je suis gueuse, mais je suis aussi fière,*" she would say to Torcy, the French minister at Rome.

At last, all preparations being made, she proceeded to Villafranca to meet the bride. She was immediately delighted with her, enthusiastically praising her person and bearing, and prophesying that she would fill the rôle of queen to perfection. Maria Louisa of Savoy was less beautiful than her sister, the Duchess of Burgundy, but was tall, well made, with a pale yet brilliant complexion. She was more imperious than the elder princess, but had a loving heart and generous nature. Poor child! she was only fourteen years of age, and parted with her Piedmontese attendants with frantic grief. It is not strange that she turned with passionate attachment to the friend she found in her chief lady-in-waiting, soothed and charmed by the exquisite tact and *savoir faire* which the varied experience of sixty-five years of life had taught the Princess des Ursins, and attracted by that genuine friendliness and sympathy which not even the life of courts had stifled. The friendship then formed lasted throughout the short life of the queen.

Philip V. of Spain, who met and wedded the Princess of Savoy at Figuières, was instantly charmed by her face, figure, and bearing. He was almost a child himself, very immature in certain directions, and painfully conscious of such deficiencies. He knew nothing of women, nothing of love, but all about the devil and other *bêtes noires* which the Church employs for the purpose of frightening her conscientious children.

The marriage banquet was signalized by a *coup d'état* on the part of the Spanish suite of the queen, who had accom-

panied the king to receive and attend upon their new mistress. A foreign princess, wedding a king of France or Spain, was expected to leave on the frontier every article of personal clothing, — escaping *en chemise*, to assume the royal robes provided by the bridegroom; and she also resigned all the friends, companions, and attendants of her personal train. In compliment to the returning Piedmontese suite, this farewell banquet consisted of Spanish and French dishes in equal proportions. It was said that the malicious Spaniards found means to obtain access to the banquetting-hall, and threw all the French dishes out of the windows. The queen, with difficulty, dissembled her anger, but when, her attendants having retired, she was left alone with the king and her camerera-mayor, her rage burst forth at what she considered an unpardonable insult. Torrents of tears were accompanied by the lightning of passionate speech, like the brief fury of a summer tempest. She vowed she would return to Turin in the morning, and the poor young king, disconcerted and dismayed at this unexpected form of feminine displeasure, left the room in despair, foreseeing no termination to the outburst. It was, in fact, only the relief which expression affords to overcharged nature, and was sure to be followed by calm. But of this, as of so many other things, the king knew nothing.

Before the close of the second day, the young queen would gladly have returned to the only friend whose sympathy and love were hers of right. But the king had been advised by a gentleman of his suite that it would be wise to punish the bride for her contumacy, and he therefore remained aloof from her, only approaching when she had given unmistakable evidence of better mind.

But henceforth the course of royal true love ran smooth. The somewhat austere nature of the king melted only

in the warmth of the solitary passion of his life, — his love for his young wife, Maria Louisa.

Having proceeded with the royal *cor-tège* to Madrid, the Princess des Ursins found the duties of office somewhat oppressive. Spanish etiquette — always proverbial for its excess of form — is amusingly depicted in her private correspondence. “*Dans quel emploi vous m’avez mise !*” she wrote. “*Je n’ai pas le moindre repos.*” To be chief lady-in-waiting meant to eat, sleep, and rest only when brief opportunity allowed, without regularity or comfort. “Often a meal was only to be snatched when performing other duties.” “Tell Madame de Maintenon,” she wrote, later, “that it is I who have the honor of taking the king of Spain’s dressing-gown when he goes to bed, and of giving him that garment and his slippers when he rises. That, however, I could make light of ; but really it seems too absurd that every evening, when the king comes to the queen’s apartments, the Count de Benevento should hand me the king’s sword, a bottle, and a lamp, which I ordinarily upset on my dress.” Again, “The king never rises until I draw the curtain, and it would be sacrilege were another than I to enter the chamber of the queen before they rise. A little while ago the lamp went out, because I had spilt all the oil. I did not know where the windows were, because we had arrived at that place only the night before. I feared I should break my nose against the wall ; and there we were, the king of Spain and I, nearly a quarter of an hour, hitting ourselves while looking for the windows. The queen is so well satisfied with me that she often calls me two hours earlier than I wish to rise. The queen enjoys all the jesting, but I have not yet gained the confidence which she gave to her Piedmontese attendants. I am amazed, for I serve her much better than they ; and I am sure that they did not wash

her feet and take off her shoes and stockings as neatly as I do.”

From this correspondence of the Princess des Ursins may be gathered some ludicrous instances of the high officials’ jealousy of each other : as when “the ancient Patriarch of the Indies, who looked like an ape, slyly taking a napkin to church with him, rushed before the king and queen at the most solemn moment of the sacrament, and produced his cloth for their use, because he found the camerera-mayor had been appointed to take his place at the ceremony.” Another ludicrous incident was when “the Count de Priego and the Duke d’Ossuna fought at the foot of the altar for the honor of moving the king’s *prie-dieu*. Both men were small, — the Duke d’Ossuna not much bigger than a rat, — and it was feared they would tumble over upon the king, who, in turn, must have knocked over the queen.”

Philip V. “found a true oligarchy in Spain, composed of persons united by ambition and paralyzed by sloth.” The country itself was well-nigh ruined. Hunger, want, despair, yet lordly pride, we may be sure, were universal. Charles II. had been completely bankrupt ; his suite were sometimes forced to ask in charity the food which the royal household did not afford them. There was no army, no ships nor means of building them, no commerce, no agriculture, nor anything worthy of mention save the hidalgos and the Church, the latter body represented by monks and priests innumerable. With all this terrible need of reform, reform was yet the last thing whose necessity was suspected, and, if suggested by France or Frenchmen, would certainly be rejected with scorn. It was of the first importance to strengthen the influence so quickly gained by the camerera-mayor over her royal mistress. A queen of Spain under a stern mistress of the robes was like an Eastern sultana condemned to almost perpetual imprisonment in the palace.

The new lady-in-waiting exerted herself to render the life of the king and queen agreeable, introducing private theatricals for the amusement of the court, and introducing Italian opera, then becoming popular in France. But her first step of real importance was the nationalizing of these new sovereigns of foreign birth, — a measure universally commended, and which serves to exhibit the profound insight possessed by the Princess des Ursins into the true principles of the higher politics. She encouraged the use of Spanish as the court language, and the adoption of the national costume, especially for the king. She advised his attendance at bull-fights and other national amusements, — always excepting the *auto da fé*. The Spaniards were about to burn three unfortunate Jews at the time of the marriage *fêtes*, but the king firmly refused to be present, and thus distinguished himself from all his predecessors. The queen became like clay in the hands of the potter, which implied the submission of the king.

Wondering ambassadors reported in dispatches, "The king of Spain has given his wife the key with the three wards. It opens all apartments, and even the galleries whence may be heard the deliberations of the council-chamber. It is the greatest mark of confidence kings in Spain can give, and rarely granted to queens." Again, "The king is *dévot*, and believes that he would be damned if he thought of any other woman. Without this devotion he would be a libertine."

It was necessary to impress upon the queen "*de ne rien choquer autour d'elle*." The camerera-mayor attended her to the Junta, and thus herself learned the secrets of affairs into which she was apparently initiating the sovereign. From the early days of her official life, she in fact directed the policy of the inexperienced king. Her first exercise of arbitrary power — still from behind

the throne — was the bestowal of a vigorous blow aimed at the Inquisition, then in the full enjoyment in Spain of all its terrible powers. The fight seemed almost desperate; for although the Inquisitorial power was, doubtless, greatly curtailed during the reign of Philip V., still it was true that during that period 1574 persons were burnt at the stake, and 11,750 were subjected to penitential punishment. It was a struggle with forces whose power and extent were as vast as they were unknown. But given sufficient time, the ministers of the Inquisition were sure to be revenged on the audacious reformer. The first signal triumph achieved by the Princess des Ursins was the release from the Church's prisons of Aquilar Diaz, the confessor of the late King Charles II., who had been held there for four years. So daring an act created wrath and dismay, not only in Spanish theological circles, but throughout the body of Jesuits in France.

Only second in importance to her attacks upon the power of the Inquisition was her determined resistance to the encroachments of the *grandees*. Although they had approved the accession of the Bourbon king, it was doubtless chiefly to avoid the partition of Spain among European powers, and to furnish a market in France for Spanish wool. Under a weak sovereign, the nobles hoped to revive many feudal privileges, which, while limiting the power of the monarchy, should increase that of the lords of the soil. Their disgust was intense when the youthful Philip V. was found sustained in the defense of his rights by what they called "an audacious old French lady," who met their approaches at every point with firmness and wisdom. She says of the *grandees*, "With such people firmness is the surest way. The closer I view them, the less I see that they merit the esteem I believed one could not refuse them." And again, "*Ce sont des superbs, sans force*

et sans courage." When convinced that the Admiral of Castile was guilty of high treason, Madame des Ursins had him arrested, and condemned to death. "People like ourselves ought not to be treated so," said the Duke di Medina Celi; but having been found guilty of conspiracy and breach of trust, he was himself arrested, and died in prison.

Complaints began to pour in upon the French king. Aware that he could openly accomplish nothing, he had depended upon nationalizing Philip of Spain, while secretly employing French influence about his person. But the very success of the plan had awakened envy and distrust among the representatives of France in Madrid, whose religious sensibilities took fire at the flame of their pride and malice. Every action of the camerera-mayor was misrepresented to Louis, and his dread of divided authority was adroitly awakened. He wrote to the king of Spain, saying pettishly that the princess ought to be recalled. "At a time when you should be occupied only with great projects, you incline towards the Princess des Ursins, with whom every one bores me."

Bold, daring, resolute, absolutely faithful to what she considered the true interests of Spain, and perfectly fearless, it is not strange that the princess excited against her the whole body of conservatism, ignorance, and bigotry. A reformer and a woman, — could there be more wanted to array against her the forces of virtuous reactionists, secular and theological? It is marvelous that she sustained so long, undaunted, the attack of Lilliputian hordes, the onslaught of those myriad undermining organisms which require only time to bring down things built for eternity. Meanwhile, the murmurs of the approaching storm, the War of the Spanish Succession, had long been audible. Before the surprising good fortune which placed the crown of Spain upon the head of the Duke of Anjou, Louis of France had agreed to certain

treaties with England, Holland, and Austria, whereby, upon the death of Charles II., Spain should be divided among these nations. Upon Louis's promptly repudiating these agreements, the emperor began secretly to prepare for war, while William of England, not being ready, assented temporarily, with the other nations of Europe, to the execution of the will. It was Louis XIV. himself who was destined to work his own ruin, by violating other treaties, by insisting upon Philip's reversionary rights to the French succession, and by acknowledging the old Pretender as legal sovereign of England. When the emperor was ready for war, with Prince Eugene to lead his armies, he opened the campaign in Italy. William lingered a little, possibly to make better terms in the grand alliance soon formed between England, Holland, and the Empire. There was not even a pretense of justice or national honor on any side; only a common bond of hatred to France, and resolve that she should not become greater. The Archduke Charles was to be made king of Spain, its outlying possessions going to the allied nations. But while the armies of the emperor were successful in Italy, a more urgent usurper than the Pretender was assailing the English throne. William of Orange died, "absorbed in death itself by thoughts of the political system into which he had thrown his whole soul." But Queen Anne confirmed his adherence to the alliance, finally sealed November 22, 1702. The war was carried on in Italy, in Flanders, and in Germany, with Marlborough and Prince Eugene opposed to Villars, Vendôme, and Villeroy. Philip joined the French forces in Italy, and one of the gravest cares of the "army of the two crowns" was the charge of the person of the nineteen-year-old king. He was soon recalled to Spain by the descent of the English fleet upon its coasts, who took the treasure-ships from the Indies, and at a later date that jewel of

the straits, Gibraltar. In 1703, success temporarily attended the French arms, with the counterbalancing evils of the defection of the Duke of Savoy and the adherence of Portugal also to the allies.

The enmity of the Church and the jealousy of the *grandees* towards Madame des Ursins caused a serious reaction in Spain, among the upper classes, in favor of the allies, although their success would have been fatal to the integrity of the kingdom. About 1703, the Cardinal d'Estrées, ambassador of France and the princess's former friend, began to secretly undermine her favor with the king, his master, and her immediate recall was threatened, but withheld at the passionate entreaty of the king and queen of Spain, who stipulated that if Madame des Ursins went the cardinal should go also. In the end, it was he who went back to France, the Abbé d'Estrées, his nephew, remaining in his office.

In 1704 the total defeat of the French at Blenheim took place, the allied forces being commanded by Marlborough and Prince Eugene; and in October, 1705, the Archduke Charles, landing in Portugal, took Barcelona. Vendôme's victories in Italy in 1706 might have turned the tide of defeat, but again Louis, blundering, sent this, his best general, to Flanders, where he arrived too late to save the day at Ramillies, May 23, 1706. Brabant and French Flanders were then irretrievably lost. Louis took the blow calmly, saying to the unlucky Villeroi, "Monsieur le Maréchal, at our age one is no longer fortunate." In Italy, the French forces, under the Duke of Orleans, were again defeated.

In Spain discord reigned. The Abbé d'Estrées, who inherited his uncle's hatred of the all-powerful *camerera-mayor*, sent venomous letters to the French king, full of bitter insinuation. But to ingratiate himself with the princess, he offered to show her his official dispatches. These were of course expurgated editions; but

on one occasion an original document fell into her hands, containing a scandalous story concerning the mistress of the robes and her equerry, D'Aubigné. De Louville calls him "*un beau drôle, bien découpé de corps et d'esprit.*" His intimacy with the princess had caused much unfavorable comment, which she further increased by having his apartments included in her own suite, thus making him the only man lodged within the palace. Yet it was of a charmer of seventy-one years that her critics wrote, when describing "*la galanterie et l'entêtement de sa personne.*" D'Estrées enlightened King Louis as to the suspected relations between the pair, and added that it was said they were married; whereupon the princess wrote with indignant pen upon the margin of the dispatch, "*O, pour mariée, non*" (At any rate, not married). Now the great Louis fully approved of opening his faithful subjects' letters himself, but he was scandalized at any one's tampering with his own correspondence; and this circumstance, with the skillful use made of it in Paris by the cardinal, probably brought about Madame des Ursins's actual recall. She obeyed the mandate, pausing at Toulouse to await further orders. But alarming reports at once reached the French court of the anarchy which at once reigned in Spain. Philip V., deprived of his secret counselor, strove vainly to struggle alone; but Sainte-Beuve says, "*Le ressort qui détermine les hommes n'était pas en lui. Il avait reçu du ciel un esprit subaltern et même subjugué.*" The *grandees* went over in a body to the archduke, including Porto-Carrero, who had grievances both as Churchman and noble. He gave the blessing of the Church to allies, Protestants and aliens, sang *Te Deums*, opened his palace to them at Toledo, and publicly blessed the Austrian standards.

Marshal Berwick, who commanded the army of naked, half-starved Spanish soldiers, was so hard pressed that he

begged the royal family to fly to some town near the French frontier. They remained in Burgos in the utmost discomfort, the young queen sustaining her weaker husband with every loving art and unflinching courage. The archduke, entering Madrid, was proclaimed Charles III., but the people, always loyal to their king, rendered his stay disagreeable by every means ingenuity could suggest.

Louis le Grand, bitterly hating coercion, felt, however, that too much was at stake to allow of personal redress. The return of Madame des Ursins was a political necessity, and he yielded it with his own peculiar grace, which never meant renunciation. Madame des Ursins was ordered from Toulouse to Paris, and then followed the court to Marly. She knew human nature, especially royal human nature, and, comprehending all that was implied in the summons of the king, dropped the humility of exile. Saint-Simon says nothing could equal her triumph nor the attention paid her by the king. We can see her advancing up the ball-room at Marly, her bearing recalling the manners of the queen mother's court; every one bowing, because the king bowed, and also Madame de Maintenon, and the Duchess of Burgundy. She surveyed every one through her glass, calmly proceeding, and carrying on her arm a little white spaniel, a liberty which even the beloved Marie Adelaide would not have dared to take. In horrified italics, Saint-Simon records that the king "caressed the spaniel," and after that everything might be inferred. It was said that the princess thought of rivaling the French queen behind the throne, but it is only certain that Madame de Maintenon briskly helped her off to Spain.

Thus the princess went back to her kingdom, comforted by new favors, and sustained by pledges which confirmed her in powers still more vast than before. She had an ambassador of her own choosing appointed, Amelot, with Orry

as financial adviser. The king and queen of Spain received her with the joy of loving children. It was a desolate country to which she returned: the allied forces in occupation of two thirds of Spain, the army famished and unpaid, the royal family in exile. But Madame des Ursins brought new hope and courage. In defiance of her public enemies, of her personal foes, age and rheumatism, her buoyant spirit inspired the most despondent. The people were true in spite of their spiritual advisers, the monks and priests who overran Spain, and were, in her opinion, the cause of all the internal discord. By means of proclamations, letters, addresses, scattered broadcast over the country, Madame des Ursins stimulated the people's courage, enlightened their intelligence, and encouraged them to hope for ultimate success. By these unceasing exertions, she obtained for the king contributions from the cities, by means of which the troops were paid and clothed. The king publicly acknowledged the princess's services.

One great advantage resulting from the flight of king and queen to Burgos was the dismissal of three hundred ladies-in-waiting, who had promptly scattered to their homes. The camereramayor "reformed" the three hundred, there being more need of soldiers than of people of doubtful fidelity."

Madame des Ursins, become prudent, renewed her intimacy with the French court, reporting in detail on Spanish affairs, and maintaining that close correspondence with Madame de Maintenon which reveals so much of the character of the two women. Sainte-Beuve says Madame des Ursins displayed such delicate fancy, dramatic power, and insight into character as must cause deep regret that so many of her letters were by her own request destroyed. The correspondence contains vivid pictures of the manners of the times in both courts. Underlying Madame des Ursins's words is, at first,

a gentle deference to French authority, which all too soon vanishes away. Madame de Maintenon, it was said, delighted in indirect approaches, half measures, was content with real power without apparent show, and comfortably resigned all responsibility to the divine will; while Madame des Ursins was always sure that if some one would only do something earnestly enough, almost any misfortune might be avoided or retrieved. "One accomplished nothing if one undertook nothing." When Spanish affairs were brighter, Madame de Maintenon writes, "Mon Dieu, how gayly you jest! There is no sadness in what you say, but a certain joy, which imparts to me all I am capable of receiving."

At last, when hope seemed dead, and it was even proposed to give Philip a sovereignty in America, Berwick gained the important victory of Almanza, and the king reëntered Madrid. Madame des Ursins, aware that the withdrawal of France was the ruin of Spain, urged by every effort the French king not to desert the grandson he had placed upon the throne. Her letters to Versailles are models of diplomacy. She begs for large battalions, and adds that she has advised the king to order public prayers, and again relates the queen's edification at reading the rules of Saint-Cyr. She wonders that the French, involved in such a bloody war, can engage in cabals and intrigues, or be occupied with such petty interests as the struggle between Jesuits and Jansenists, "which should be deferred until peace is proclaimed." She proposed to the French government financial schemes, which were not accepted, but which justified the wisdom of the Spanish authors. In the midst of these cares of state, it seems odd to find her attending the queen through her second confinement, performing all the petty duties required by her official position.

In 1709, the fortunes of Spain and France were at their lowest ebb. Na-

ture herself fought against the forces of "the two crowns," the most severe winter ever known in France causing untold misery. With beaten armies, a suffering and turbulent people, and an empty treasury, Louis at last resolved to sacrifice his grandson, although he had openly rejected the peace offered by the allies, which obliged him to compel Philip V.'s abdication by force of arms. In her despair at a resolution so fatal to Spain, Madame des Ursins besieged Louis XIV. with passionate entreaty not to desert the nation. She encourages the poor weak king, yet at some hint of abdication exclaims, "What, sire, are you a prince, are you a man, you who treat your royal title so lightly, and have feelings weaker than a woman's?" From this terrible moment the correspondence with Madame de Maintenon grew cool, as was inevitable. Although not unfriendly, it was satirical. The princess ordered the letters burnt.

Madame des Ursins now performed the greatest act of her life. She induced the king to banish all the French from his kingdom, thus identifying the Bourbon with his people, and throwing himself upon their protection. This coup d'état at once closed the breaches between the nobles and the king. Indignant at the treachery of Louis XIV., the grandees at once embraced the cause of Philip V., and Spain was now united in sustaining its young monarch on his throne. This act of the grandees was made known to Louis XIV. in a communication signed by all the great names of Spain, wherein the support of France was besought. Louis, delighted at this revulsion, sent an army of fifteen thousand men, under Vendôme. On the 10th of December, the French and Spanish armies gained the great victory of Villaviciosa, which virtually terminated the war, although some years elapsed before the actual terms of peace were settled. The Spanish Bourbon slept, on the first night after the battle, on the

heaps of conquered standards. Vendôme was made grandee of Spain ; Madame des Ursins was one already, and now received the order of the Golden Fleece.

The death of the emperor, and the election of the archduke to that crown, caused the withdrawal of the claim to the throne of Spain, and the battle of Denain, in 1712, was the closing struggle. Before victory declared for the Bourbons, the archduke again entered Madrid, the court retreating to Valladolid after the battle of Saragossa.

The grantees, now thoroughly loyal, followed the king, amidst the tears of such citizens as could not go with them. The queen, with the young prince in her arms, spoke to the assembled people, and never before was such enthusiasm known in Spain. " Prelates and the humblest clergy, noblemen and common people, bled themselves of the last drop of their substance to supply provisions for the court. The queen sold all she possessed, and received sometimes as little as ten pistoles, and thanked the donors with as much affection as they themselves displayed. She gained all hearts."

The want of accord between the allied generals doubtless contributed to Vendôme's success. The archduke found Madrid an apparently deserted city, and the inhabitants, who had remained, in hiding. Afraid of his faithful lieges, he passed the first night as far as possible from the royal palace. No one would give him or his troops food ; a conquered city knows instinctively its *métier*. It is not strange that when the emperor laid aside his crown, Charles III. should prefer to exchange it for that heavy one of Spain. After twelve miserable days he left Madrid, and to light his going burnt the beautiful Alcazar of the Emperor Charles V.

The difficulties of finding a common basis of peace were great, and complicated by the sudden deaths of the two

dauphins of France and the little Duke of Brittany, leaving only the life of a delicate infant between the crown of France and Philip V. The English refused to sign a treaty until satisfactory pledges were given by Louis XIV. and his heirs that the two crowns should never be united. It was perhaps the deepest humiliation of Louis's life that, in the light of his treaty-breaking past, his simple word would not be accepted. Sorrow, defeat, mortification, had been heaped upon him, but nothing so cruelly wounding to his vanity as that solemn ceremonial, when the king and his heirs renounced for themselves the crown of Spain, as Philip had given up that of France.

But a serious obstacle in the way of peace lay in a condition attached to the concurrence of Spain, — the bestowal upon Madame des Ursins of a sovereignty in the Netherlands. Philip V. strenuously urged this point, and stood firm, until warned by his grandfather that his action would lead to most disastrous results. Although this wild ambition of the Princess des Ursins was possibly no more arrogant than the cloistered retreat of her rival, and while it should be remembered that a similar prize had been tendered to the Countess Berlips, we must still condemn the obstinacy with which this condition was urged. Sainte-Beuve says, " It can only be hoped that when the official correspondence between Spain and her ambassadors is made public, it may relieve the memory of this great woman of the odium of deferring, on purely personal grounds, the peace so ardently desired, after seven years of bloody warfare."

But at last all preliminaries were settled, all pledges given, all concessions made, and on April 10, 1713, the Peace of Utrecht was signed. Te Deums were sung in Paris, and fireworks and banquets abounded. Madame des Ursins's great work was done, but she saw before her unceasing duties, if society was

to resume its functions upon a reformed basis. She had apparently the gratitude of all classes for her part in the redemption of the nation. The reforms, civil and financial, which she inaugurated have since developed into permanent institutions. Before her fall, she saw the last city of Spain nationalized; and although her ambition for personal sovereignty had failed, she had almost all else to hope for and expect. Reform, it is true, was almost everywhere needed, in secular as in religious matters, and the encroachments of the Inquisition were so constant that her struggle with it knew no pause. This dark power threatened even the royal prerogative, yet so awful had been its history and its resources that Philip V. had not courage to suppress it, as Madame des Ursins urged. At least, through her efforts it was stripped of some of its powers, and an important advantage was gained in securing the right of asylum to the palace of the English ambassador, and to every English ship in the harbor.

In the years in which Madame des Ursins may be said to have governed Spain, her admiration of French statesmanship led her to form Spanish policy upon that model. She went so far as to endeavor to secure for the Church in Spain the independence of the Gallican establishment, but Louis XIV. himself wrote her, "*Croyez-moi, vous n'êtes pas assez fort pour avoir nos libertés Gallicanes.*"

And, meanwhile, the Inquisition waited, and the wounded vanity of Louis, king of France, waited, and a host of other smaller, aggrieved organisms waited, and the princess "enjoyed superabundant health, and was overwhelmed with favor."

In 1714, the young queen, Maria Louisa, died, at the age of twenty-five years, of a distressing form of the disease called the king's evil, which appeared about the face and neck. The Spanish physicians had failed to relieve

her, and Helvetius, sent by the king of France at the queen's special request, at once pronounced the malady a mortal one. She died with resignation and courage. In all the relations of life she had shown herself the same loving, generous being, and had borne the hardships of her troubled reign with devoted loyalty to her weak husband, and unexampled fortitude. The nation mourned her, and Philip grieved; yet it was said that the king, meeting the funeral train which conveyed her body to the Escorial, paused respectfully to let the cortège pass, then resumed the hunt, thus momentarily interrupted. Yet he had loved her with all the strength of his feeble nature, living with her in an exclusive intimacy unknown to other royal households, and he clung to her memory with the retaining grasp of a barnacle, or other sessile mollusk. But it must be remembered that it is difficult for weak constitutions to breathe the rarefied air of higher natures.

In the ten months intervening between the queen's death and the remarriage of the king, Madame des Ursins's conduct, it must be admitted, was not marked by prudence. She still treated the *grande*s with *hauteur*, and she undoubtedly, at times, forgot the rôle of queen *behind* the throne, and made her function of keeper of royalty too apparent. She prevailed upon the king to retire to his small palace of Medina Celi, and causing herself to be appointed governor of the young princes, she thus supplied excuse for a familiar intercourse with Philip V. denied to almost every other individual. But, unluckily, not even the exigencies of service, the warrant of long acquaintance, or even the respectability of seventy-nine years were sufficient to protect the ever-youthful princess from the breath of slander. Her relations with the king of thirty-two years were suspected. Could ever greater compliment be paid to a mature charmer? The surveillance established over the king was generally

misconstrued, as was that fatal corridor built to connect her apartments with those of her young charges and with those of the king.

However, all might have gone well, since scandal is the breath of court life, allowed for in doubtful circumstances, as are certain uncomprehended natural forces in philosophical experiment, but, alas, Philip was bored. This in itself was fatal to the existing state of things; but the court of France becoming alarmed, a hint of possible danger through the fascinations of Madame des Ursins reached the king of Spain's ears. "Moi, l'épouser!" he cried. "O, pour cela, non." Shortly after this, he said suddenly to the camerera-mayor, "Cherchez-moi une épouse. Nos têtes-à-têtes scandalisent le peuple." This so decidedly that the princess was obliged at once to look about her for a second Maria Louisa.

And here stepped in the Church's slow vengeance. There was a subtle Italian priest, Alberoni by name, of humble origin, who burned to fill the princess's shoes. He was sure, secret, undermining, and he bound himself in a private league with the priestly disaffected, yet paid humble court to the lady. Like the dowager queen of fairy story, Madame des Ursins tested the marriageable princesses by many a delicate assay, and by a secret standard which may be divined, although not openly avowed.

There was in the royal house of Parma a young virago. Alberoni knew her well, but assured Madame des Ursins that a more mild, docile creature than Elizabeth Farnese did not exist. "Une bonne Parmesanne, nourrie de beurre et de fromage." Alberoni said of her to the princess, "Nothing will be easier than for you to fashion her to Spanish gravity by keeping her retired. In your capacity of camerera-mayor, you will be able to gain complete ascendancy over her mind." This of Elizabeth Farnese, of whom, in after-years, Fred-

erick the Great said, "The pride of a Spaniard, the prejudice of an Englishman, Italian finesse, and French vivacity compose the character of this singular woman. She advanced audaciously towards the accomplishment of her designs. Nothing surprised her. Nothing could stop her!"

Madame des Ursins, charmed with what was told her of the gentle Parmesanne, concluded with fatal haste the arrangements for the marriage, without reference to Louis of France, whose assent she could not hope to secure. Philip was approached by the cabal, his easily stirred nature kindled at the recital of the charms of the princess. A word was dropped into the princess's ear in Parma, and it was suggested to Elizabeth Farnese that she was herself a person of too great importance to permit a divided authority. It needed little to set in motion forces whose power for evil was well-nigh limitless. She wrote King Philip, "I ask only one thing,—the fall of Madame des Ursins." And this apology for a king, whose only public virtue was his political tenacity, proved its absence in matters ethical by replying, "At least, don't miss fire, for if she talks but two hours with you she will enchant you."

A court secret, like an air-cushion, when thrust back in one dimension will protrude in others. A rumor reached Madame des Ursins of the Parmese princess's true character. She at once dispatched a messenger to break off negotiations with the court of Parma; but it was warned by Alberoni, and when the courier arrived, a day or two before the performance of the marriage ceremony, he was seized, imprisoned until too late to do mischief, and threatened with death should his errand be divulged. Saint-Simon, in another account, sends the messenger to Cardinal Acquaviva, at Rome, but brings him there after the prelate's departure to act as King Philip's proxy at Parma. At

all events, the marriage was over, and Madame des Ursins forced to make the best of a situation whose gravity she was far from suspecting.

The bridal cortège proceeded with royal, leisurely speed, by way of Bayonne, Spainward, and was there met by the dowager queen of Spain, who had been dispatched thither to fire a carefully prepared train. This princess, exiled from court, was *dévôte*, as the natural sequence of a life of dissipation, and had carefully nursed a grievance against Madame des Ursins, through years of deepening intensity, and was mistress of the art of skillful innuendo.

The direct causes of the Princess des Ursins's overthrow are explained by Saint-Simon. In all the past the best laid schemes against her had failed, but her hour had struck, and a net was spread for her feet, woven of a thousand obscure threads of private interests neglected, and of petty claims too rashly put aside. The plot did not originate with King Philip, yet he was a consenting party to it. It has been said that Louis XIV. never forgave a sin against his personal dignity, although he could repress his anger long, and even make use of the offender; but wrath waited in its prison-house only until opportunity should open the door. Madame de Maintenon made use of this characteristic to work her own private revenge. Disabused of her delusion of reigning in Spain by proxy, the thought of her rival possessed of personal sovereignty, while her own retreat was only an obscure chamber in Saint-Cyr, was unendurable. No better spur to Louis's wrath could be offered than the unsanctioned marriage of his grandson, and the whole details of the offense were skillfully laid before him by the envoy dispatched by the disaffected in Madrid, the Marquis de Brancas, French ambassador to Spain. He bore the burden of complaint of the Inquisition and the *grandees*, who, although now supporters of the king, chafed under the

strong rule of the *camerera-mayor* and of other envious and disappointed folk. He was said to have his personal grievance, being for sale at a bargain, and finding no market with the mistress of the robes, which of course changed the whole moral bearing.

Madame des Ursins, warned of Brancas's mission, but not of its special import, dispatched Cardinal del Guidice after him, with general orders to neutralize whatever harm might have been wrought. But the marquis hastened, while the cardinal purposely lingered. Brancas arrived when the last attempt had failed to have Madame de Maintenon's marriage proclaimed. She seized the opportunity to pull down her rival behind the Spanish throne. So well was the ambassador's mission fulfilled — for what so inspiring as to gratify a private grudge with a public warrant? — that before the slow-footed cardinal arrived to commend the Princess des Ursins in general terms, her final ruin was determined, and the details of the task were confided to the chief conspirator in Spain, Alberoni.

Meanwhile, the *camerera-mayor* prepared to go forth to meet the bride, trusting still in the star of her wonderful destiny, in the gratitude and affection of the king, and somewhat in her own gracious personality, which had won the heart of Maria Lousia, and could hardly fail in the case of a queen she had herself raised from comparative obscurity. There is proof sufficient of the nature of the rope used by Louis of France and Madame de Maintenon to draw away Philip V. from honor. It was woven of many strands, — vanity, self-love, amorousness, — qualities individually without tenacity, but when combined, of compelling strength. He took good care, however, to put far from himself any personal responsibility for the act of treachery towards his friend and benefactress. Alberoni and the ex-queen of Spain, against whom Philip had been so

often warned, assumed the execution of the plot, and proceeded secretly in advance of Madame des Ursins to meet Elizabeth Farnese. We can imagine what chords they touched in that cruel and arrogant nature, and we know that diamonds were offered and accepted, and the fine *calèche* in which the ex-queen traveled to Bayonne.

Madame des Ursins left the Madrid she was never again to see, in December, 1714, in the apparent possession of every earthly honor. Her words, long before written, have a prophetic strain: "It is with the favors of fortune as with too high health; that is to say, one is never so near being ill as when one feels too well, nor so near to being unhappy as when one is overwhelmed with happiness."

The princess journeyed from Madrid to Guadalaxara with the king, who still remained carefully secluded from all society save her own. On the following day she advanced alone to Quadraqué, seven leagues distant, to meet and welcome the bride. The princess was in full court dress, and hastened to pay her respects to the queen. There were no witnesses to that first interview, but it is known that Elizabeth received Madame des Ursins with disconcerting coldness, then immediately burst forth into angry reproaches for the impropriety of her dress. Growing ever more full of wrath, she charged her with having ill treated the *grandeos* of Spain, and insulted religion, — meaning the Inquisition. The dress of the princess was proper, and entirely suitable to the occasion, although possibly a trifle youthful in color and fashion. She endeavored gently to excuse herself, when the queen, giving utterance to wild screams of hysterical rage, summoned the officer of the guard, and ordered him to "remove that mad woman." No Spaniard could execute, without hesitation, such command upon a person so long revered; but when the queen demanded if he had not re-

ceived orders from the king to obey her implicitly, he was obliged to comply. The gentle Elizabeth then caused the aged princess, in full court dress and without protection from the cold, to be placed in a carriage between two bodyguards, and driven, upon that bitter night of Christmastide, across desolate Spain. She was without food as well as covering, in weather that disabled the driver's hand by frost.

Madame des Ursins spoke not a word throughout the night, nor during the whole dreadful journey of three weeks, until Saint-Jean-de-Luz was reached, did she utter a complaint, when so much of bodily suffering was added to her mental anguish. She was never forgotten by the guard which escorted her from the Spain which owed its very existence among the nations to her wise and beneficent rule. At the little border town where she paused in painful uncertainty, she wrote to Madame de Maintenon, "I shall easily agree with you that stability is to be found in God alone. Certainly not in the human heart, for whose heart seemed mine more surely than that of the king of Spain?" But not even the keen pang of the knowledge of Philip V.'s treachery, nor other outrage to her womanly nature, could long disturb the serenity of a superior mind, so deeply acquainted with the world. When surprise and wounded feeling had had their hour, she resumed her sway over that kingdom of herself which neither king nor priest could destroy. Sainte-Beuve says she had taken the measure of humanity, and believed that this world was a comedy, where there were often very poor players, and that she had possibly played her own part better than some others.

In her first perplexity she appealed to the king of France, going to Versailles, but was met by coldness and indifference, and forbidden, at the request of the Duke of Orleans, entrance to any place where she might meet himself or family.

The favor she obtained was the exchange of her French pensions for convertible funds. The king's failing health and the prospect of the regency of the Duke of Orleans, her bitter enemy, made France as a future residence out of the question; no other nation wanted her, in her depressed fortunes, fearing French or Spanish displeasure. She fixed upon Genoa, but remained there only a short time; then repaired to Rome, her former home. Here Madame des Ursins lived many years, — lived to know her French rival forgotten, until a greater than Peter the Great drew aside those carefully closed bed-curtains at Saint-Cyr.

In reply to her letter to Philip V., the king briefly stated that he had acted in accordance with the wishes of the queen, and assured the princess of the continuance of her pension, which promise was strictly kept. In the little English court of the Pretender, Madame des Ursins was warmly welcomed, and held high place, during the remainder of her life, under that shadow of royalty and semblance of authority. To Rome, in due time, came also the Cardinal del Giudice and Alberoni, — fugitives both, and disgraced.

A great and noble woman died in Rome, December, 1722, — a woman whose force of intellect, calm judgment, and statesmanlike ability surpassed that of any uncrowned ruler of her sex in history. So unprecedented is her place in story that historians have sometimes preferred to doubt the part she played in the War of the Spanish Succession. No memorial of the Princess des Ursins exists in Madrid, the city which was saved and restored under her rule. Her

last act before leaving Spain was to establish an institution like the French Academy.

Madame des Ursins lifted Spain from the dust; she placed a weak and vacillating monarch upon his throne among a foreign race; and assailed by all the powers of Europe, she supported the sovereignty of Philip V. by measures of constitutional right almost unknown to the governed of that day. Madame de Maintenon's tactics were as inferior to those of the power behind the Spanish throne as her aims were baser and her self-seeking more undisguised. But Madame de Maintenon was the obedient servant of the Church, in its most narrow sense; it became the object of that Church's ministers to uphold her power in France. Madame des Ursins, with broader, more enlightened views, opposed the Inquisition and the greed, vice, and hypocrisy of the priests and monks, and she sealed her doom. She had weaknesses, else she had never had those winning traits which made the thralldom of the governed a willing bondage. But no act of injustice, cruelty, or tyranny can be ascribed to her during her ten years of rule.

She drank the bitter cup of royal ingratitude to the dregs, — that winter's drive was like the retrospection of the judgment day; but if her heart affirmed the accusation of Wolsey, her lips refused to publicly proclaim it.

It is justly said that had she ever borne a child to fill her heart, and transmute into something purer the dross of personal ambition, she had not spent herself upon Philip V. of Spain, a Bourbon of the Bourbons.

Ellen Terry Johnson.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

XI.

THE bellows ceased to sigh. Bereft of its breath, the riotous white flaring of the forge fire sank suddenly into a listless yellow flame and a dull tawny coal. The shop, transformed from the vividly illuminated interior presented but a moment ago, was a shadowy, cavernous place, suffused with a dusky red glow that barely served to show the anvil, the black hood, the sombre suggestions of wall and roof, and the figures of the two startled men. One still reached upward to the bellows; the other stood with the hammer in his hand, his figure alert and tense against the dimly radiating focus of the fire, that cast a fluctuating, feeble glimmer upon their faces. Outside, the wind went howling by; the torrents were tossed hither and thither in its tempestuous, devious course, and drove heavily before it. Some freakish spirit of the air seemed to catch the shutter in Marcella's grasp, striving to tear it from her; she vainly sought to tighten her hold, feeling like one in a dream, who seeks to move, and finds in dismay a hopeless breach between the will and the muscles; but the next moment the fickle blast was gone, leaving the frail batten trembling but passive in her hand. Her red shawl, worn hood-wise, had fallen about her throat, releasing the curling masses of her hair. She stared with dilated eyes into the ill-lighted place; her heart throbbed with a vague fright, redoubled as she noticed their evident agitation, and became impressed anew with the strangeness of their presence here at this hour, — their inexplicable intrusion upon the smith's prerogative.

It was she who was first enabled to speak. "Whar's Clem Sanders?" she demanded, in a tone of reprehension

and accusation, her voice lifted that it might be heard above the iteration of the rain on the roof and the wild skirl of the wind as it came and went. So great was the repulsion which Jake Baintree inspired, and her shrinking from the knowledge of his dolorous record of suspicion and imprisonment and ostracism, which branded him with the shame and the cruelty of a crime of which the verdict of the jury declared him innocent, that it was not at his jail-bleached face, distinct amongst the shadows, that she looked, but at the stranger, still motionless beside the anvil, on which the red-hot metal had cooled to a dull tint, and still with the hammer in his hand, gazing silently at her.

He did not answer; he turned his head slightly and looked at Baintree, as if referring the question to him, — a large, well-shaped head, with the hair cut so close upon it that the light, striking upward, barely indicated its reddish-yellow tint. Marcella reluctantly followed his glance to Jake Baintree's face, which was suddenly instinct with his wonted sly intelligence.

"Why, howdy, Marcelly," he said, as casually as if they had met on the roadside in the summer sunshine. "War ye a-wantin' ter see Clem?"

There seemed something sinister to her in this deliberate ignoring of the singular circumstances of the encounter: she could not account for it; she could only perceive the relief in the stranger's manner, a covert reliance on Jake Baintree's cleverness to possess the situation. He looked down, and mechanically turned the piece of iron on the anvil with the smith's tongs, and she knew he thus hid a smile of relish of his coadjutor's ready retort.

She was easily angered, and it was not in Eli Strobe's daughter to be read-

ily affrighted. She replied with that note of reproof and objection with which she had inaugurated the conversation. "I never would hev kem ter Clem Sanders's forge a-sarchin' fur you-uns," she said. "I never would hev expected ter see ye hyar."

Somehow, her faculties seemed extended in some sort. She was looking at Baintree's white face, cut upon the darkling shadows about him, and yet she knew that the stranger, although his head was bent down, was gazing at her with fixed and curious eyes. She did not realize the interest awakened by her face, richly dim in the shadow, like an old painting, pale no longer, but with the dull flush of excitement and anger, her delicately red lips, her brilliant clear eyes, and the curling tangles of the wind-tossed hair indefinite against the folds of the dark red shawl and the obscurity without. She was feeling baffled; her nerves were strained; somewhere the terrible heights gave forth a wild, sonorous, maddened voice, full of a frantic anguish, and she was reminded of her father, and his torturing frenzy, and her errand for help, which the surprise had effaced for the instant. She suddenly flung out her arms toward them through the window.

"He's dyin'! He's dyin'! An' I mought ez well go ax the mountings fur help ez you-uns!"

She fell half fainting against the window-frame, hardly noticing that, with a change of expression and an abrupt start, Jake Baintree came with his deft, light step toward her. But when he was near she shrank from him, with that aversion which one experiences from the propinquity of a cold-blooded animal, and she stood erect. His voice was full of feeling, and she was sensible of an effort at self-reproach, as a duty which she owed him as reparation.

"Laws-a-massy, Marcellly, air Eli wuss? I kin do ennythin' fur him ez Clem Sanders kin."

She glanced quickly at the stranger, to judge if he had smiled again, perchance, at her outburst, so alert was her pride to take cognizance of ridicule even at the moment that she was sobbing out her errand. His face was grave, so far as the shadows would reveal it. Then her attention reverted to Jake Baintree, and she looked at him with a wondering distrust and curiosity as he suddenly exclaimed, "The Lord's hand is in it!" So pious he was, to be sure, for a man who had renounced religion, and who had no other use for a river than a wild fowl might find. "The Lord's hand is in it! No use ter ride fourteen mile; this hyar man's a doctor, Marcellly, an' he'll physic Eli."

He laid his hand on the broad shoulder of the man, who turned and stared at him in palpable amazement. The fire was so low she could barely see his face, but his whole attitude was expressive of surprise and objection.

"He's a valley man, Marcellly, an' he be a powerful smart man," Jake Baintree said, with less the air of introduction than of a showman commending a work of art. "He's the doctor ez physicked me whilst in jail, an' he brung me through wonderful; an' that's how I kem ter be 'quainted with him. He'll kem right straight, Marcellly," he continued, with an assurance as of a proprietor. "Ye jes' run home out'n the rain, whilst we git our coats an' hats on, an' sech; we'll kem ez soon ez we kin. I dunno what ailed me ter let ye stan' out thar in the rain an' under them drip-pin' eaves all this time. Ye jes' g'long, an' we'll foller ye."

Marcella hesitated for a moment; then turned away from the window, and the dull red scene within disappeared as if it had been caught up into the black night. Outside it seemed darker, if that were possible, than before; the lightnings had ceased their delirious quiver; the winds were steadier; the rain was a continuous downpour. She kept her

hand on the wall of the forge, as she slowly made the circuit around it, still trembling with the excitements of the evening, and anxiously malcontent with the result of the interview. What strange man was this, that lent himself to these curious midnight labors, these unwarranted intrusions? What could he be doing in that forge, with the smith's tongs, and swage, and bellows, that he wielded as his own? And why was he secret about it, and easily startled and affrighted? And how amazing was it that he, a physician, should be at the disposal of Jake Baintree, and accept his guidance! Then she recollected the astonishment of the stranger, plainly shown, upon Jake Baintree's proposal that he should act in the place of the distant physician. Was he a doctor at all? she wondered; and suddenly she remembered his evident reluctance, and was chilled with the contradictory fear that after all he might not come. More than once she paused, as she stumbled along in the darkness, to judge if perchance, amidst the clamors of the elements, she might hear their footsteps splashing in the muddy road behind her. No sound save the march of the legions of the rain down and down the valley; the wind wailed afar off, under sentence of exile. An utter darkness overspread all the world. She might not have kept the road, save for that strange yet familiar phenomenon of the independence of the muscles, by which one mechanically performs actions, the processes of which have no recognized correlative consciousness in the brain. Her feet found the way which her intelligence could not discern. She presently felt the wet blades of the cornstalks in her face, and knew that she was in the turn-row, walking as one blind or asleep along the straight, narrow space, and turning when the gate was reached. Again she paused to listen if any footfall followed: only the turmoils of the rain sobbing in the half-

spent passion of the storm, and the melancholy stirring of the shaking forests, until suddenly an alien sound smote her ear, a high, cracked, exhausted voice, now talking incoherently, now seeking to scream with muscles that failed midway, all betokening the continued delirium within the cabin. The proximity of the dwelling was further suggested by the feeble flicker through the crevices of the batten shutter. Once more she reflected how powerless they within were to succor or subdue this strange, distraught spirit that seemed to have invaded their home; how far away that entity whom they knew as Eli Strobe had journeyed, unconscious of their efforts, unresponsive to their appeals. As she reached the porch she turned again, peering into the darkness: the rain had almost ceased near at hand; further away she could hear the pattering of the long files of drops into the valley below, but it had a fitful, discursive effect, and the comparative silence betokened that this verge of the rain-cloud had followed into the vasty vagueness wherein the great vaporous masses were expended. The vines close at hand were all dripping, dripping; more than once their iteration beguiled into hopeful credulity her anxious desire to hear a step close at hand. Although a passive silence, or rather a sense of spent sound, made the air null, the wind was still abroad in the upper atmosphere; for once or twice the rifts that it rent in the black, overhanging clouds showed the palpitating splendors of a white star. A raucous sound made her start, — only a frog croaking in a pool by the fence. And once more that wild, strange voice within rang out, with all the suggested lapses of identity to make her shrink and wince. She burst into tears, and started again toward the gate. She would not go in and tell the frantic grandmother and sister how her mission had failed, how she had been mocked and derided with fantastic mis-

representations and promises. A doctor, was he, forsooth, a "mighty smart man," who would haunt the little mountain forge in company with Jake Baintree, in the secret midnight, for some inexplicable purpose, and wield the hammer at the anvil! She knew little of the habitudes of this world, but she sneered with contempt of her own credulity as she sought to imagine the only medical man within her ken, the old country doctor, at such escapades, — he of the big spectacles, and the rickety buggy, and the bald head, and the black store-clothes. Conventionality, reliability, and respectability could not have been more expressively impersonated.

Again that wild, exhausted wail from within, the vague sound of the troubled comments of the watchers, and she started anew upon her mission to arouse the neighbors; weeping that so much time had been wasted, and her heart throbbing with anger and resentment that she had been so ready a dupe. She had reached the turn-row, when suddenly the galloping of horses invaded the silence; the hoof-beats were resonant, as they splashed into the pools of the red clay road. She stood still amongst the leaning stalks, the blades softly swaying about her, listening, hoping, doubting. It seemed that no other errand than hers could bring men out at this hour, and yet the sharp pangs of disappointment had been too fierce for her to wittingly and willfully encounter them again. Her heart sank in an interval of silence; then that turbulent sound of swift equestrians was again upon the air, and she knew that the horsemen were coming in single file down the unimpeded ways of the turn-row. She faced about precipitately, and ran like a frightened deer. She would be there first; they should never know that she had doubted them, and had come forth to search for others. She was half laughing and half crying, in the intensity of her relief, in her relish of her own quick resource. Never-

theless, she had barely reached the gate, so swift was their progress, when they reined up beside it; she silently ran through it in the darkness, and in the interval while they dismounted and hitched their horses she made her way to the porch. The shaft of light that fell out into the night, as Mrs. Strobe, hearing their approach, cautiously opened the door, revealed Marcella, her tall figure swathed in her clinging wet garments, her red shawl twisted about her throat, her dense hair weighted with rain hanging upon it, her eyes soft and dewy, her lips all tenderly smiling upon the advancing shadows.

"I fetched him, Marcelly!" Jake Baintree exclaimed, as he came up the steps of the porch, and the light from the room showed his keen, clearly cut face, shiny with the rain, and his eyes, all eager with interest and excitement, sharply glancing out from under his hat-brim. "He 'lowed he could n't do nuthin' 'thout his physic, so he an' me hed ter take time ter go — yander," — he hesitated suddenly and spoke with embarrassment, jerking his thumb vaguely over his shoulder, — "ter git his medicine-chist. Good-evenin', Mis' Strobe," he went on, his voice the very essence of oily propitiation, as he caught sight of the timorous little dame, looking forlorn, and smaller and more wrinkled than ever, as she peered out of the door. The long-legged Isabel could easily look over her shoulder, and she did. "Powerful sorry ter hear from Marcelly how Eli hev been tuk. I hev brung a doctor-man, ez hev been abidin' with me, ter see ef he can't settle him somehows."

Mrs. Strobe's head was cocked askew in inquiry. What kind of a "doctor-man" was this that abode with Jake Baintree? Then, as a strange, angry mutter came from the room within, she looked over her shoulder with a frightened gesture.

"Ennybody ez be named 'doctor' mought ez well try thar hand on Eli,

kase ef they can't make him no better, I reckon they can't make him no wuss," she assented, not too graciously. Her sharp eyes strove to pierce the gloom that hung about the dusky shadow that followed Jake Baintree toward the door. There was still suggested in the manner of the figure that reluctance which Marcella had noted at the forge. It angered her in some sort that he should be so loath to help, and it excited her curiosity. She felt an antagonism toward him, despite the anxious, absorbing emotions that might have been supposed to crowd out every other sentiment. The next moment she had forgotten all except that she had brought help where it was so sorely needed. In the necessity for exertion during the last half hour and the hardships of the storm, she had been spared something of the full realization of the calamity that had befallen them. But as Mrs. Strobe opened the door, and Marcella caught sight of her father anew, she winced from the strange metamorphosis that delirium had wrought; the alien spirit that possessed the accustomed face and figure almost thwarted recognition. He had risen, wrapped in the sheets, still clinging to his spectral delusion; and as the flicker of the fire rose and fell, and the tallow dip flared and sputtered, his dim, sheeted, ghostly figure, with its bandaged bloody head, gibbered and bowed fantastically in the dusky corner of the cabin where he stood, unnoting the new-comers even while his burning eyes were riveted upon them, still muttering his threats of vengeance on the man who had slain him.

"Scot-free! Scot-free," he exclaimed. "I'll walk! I'll walk!"

Jake Baintree's hat fell from his nerveless hand, as he stood gazing, open-mouthed, at the phenomenon of frenzy for the first time presented to his scanty experience. Mrs. Strobe and Isabel, somewhat accustomed to their terrors, took heed of it with a certain painful curiosity as to its further developments.

"He 'lows he air a harnt," said Mrs. Strobe in a low voice to Baintree. "An' ef that air the way he air goin' ter behave whenst he air dead, a body oughter take a power o' pains ter keep him alive awhile. I hope he 'll last out my time, the Lord knows."

Marcella blessed the tears that crowded out the sight, and as she turned to the stranger, who was entering last of all, and wiped her eyes with the fringed end of the wet shawl, all her heart was in the words, as she adjured him, "Fur the Lord's sake! Fur the Lord's sake!" and fell to sobbing anew.

He made no reply, and it seemed to her — and she could have smitten him for it — a most casual glance that he cast toward the master of the house, now striding about, unintelligibly calling aloud in a raucous voice; now shrinking into the corner and standing close against the wall, muttering in sinister fashion. And surely, surely nothing could have been more deliberate and unexcited than the manner with which the doctor divested himself of his hat and a long shiny black coat which he wore, a strange garment in this locality, where waterproof luxuries had never prevailed. She looked loweringly at him as he quietly drew off his gloves. Now that he stood revealed, she saw that he was a young man, — as young as Jake Baintree himself; he had a fair complexion, retaining its distinctive characteristic, despite the temporary sunburn. His long mustache was of the reddish-yellow tint of his short hair, and silky and soft; but the growth about the lower part of his face was in that unprepossessing stage known as "turning out a beard," and had the harsher quality usual when the chin has been habitually clean shaven. His attire was strangely different from that of the men of the region, although it vied with theirs in its simplicity. He wore blue flannel trousers, with long india-rubber boots drawn to the knees. His blue flannel shirt appeared as seemly

as a coat,—for he wore no coat,—since it was undecorated by the suspenders so salient a feature of mountain attire, and his waistband was about his slender waist rather than close under the armpits, in the prevalent fashion. He was singularly trim and light despite the suggestions of sinew and strength about him, and he had the long, soft white hands so common among the profession. She noted their deft certainty of touch as he took the little black medicine-chest to the table, opened it slowly, showing its rows of tiny vials, on which Mrs. Strobe and Isabel gazed with dilated eyes.

He was not slow when he had selected what he wanted: he crossed the room with a quick, sure step, and laid his hand upon his patient's arm.

"Come, Jake," he said in a low voice to Baintree; and as the mountaineer slouched heavily across the floor, Marcella sank into a chair, putting her hands over her eyes that she might not see the doughty Eli Strobe overpowered in this painfully unequal struggle.

She could not have believed that it would be so soon over. A succession of hoarse screams; the sound of ineffectual, ill-aimed blows; the dragging of heavy feet across the puncheons; wild, half-articulate curses, growing now disjointed and again only a broken word, subsiding at last to a drowsy mutter, and Eli Strobe was silent and asleep.

The stillness seemed to Marcella sinister. She lifted her head slowly, and gazed fearfully up. The stranger was turning away from the bed, his face flushed with exertion, his lips parted in a triumphant smile, showing his strong white shining teeth beneath his yellow mustache. He wiped his brow with a white handkerchief; the same office was performed by Jake Baintree with his handy coat-sleeve.

"Whew-w!" the mountaineer commented. "Eli be ez survigrous ez a yoke o' steers."

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Strobe, with a deep sigh of relief and content, the sparkle again in her little bird-like eye, the parchment-like tint of her visage disappearing under a flush of pleasure. "Did enny mortal ever see ennythin' done like that! I'd like ter hev some o' that thar stuff, doctor," she declared. "Ye mought leave we-uns a bottle."

The powerful odor of a strange drug was diffused through the room, and the physician turned and placed the door a trifle ajar before he approached the fire, where Jake Baintree was already seated.

"Set down, doctor,—set down, doctor," said Mrs. Strobe, pushing a chair toward him. "Yes, sir, I'd like ter hev a bottle. What a thing that physic would be fur fractious chil'n! — put 'em ter sleep off thar meanness. I never hed but one chile,—that thar big buf-falo, Eli, thar." She had resumed her wonted note toward her son, now that he had relapsed into his old familiar self, losing the dreadful dignity of one about to be summoned to a new and untried world, as well as the painful tenderness and prescient grief that hang upon a possible loss. "But I hev seen him a many a time whenst it would hev brung a heap o' peace in the house ef he could hev been put ter sleep that-away, in the midst o' his tantrums. Can't ye leave a bottle o' it, doctor?"

Isabel looked up apprehensively, thinking herself the possible candidate for this new and unique method of discipline.

But the stranger said he had none to spare for the subjugation of domestic insurgents, and no more than he needed himself; and although Marcella observed that, as he put the bottle into its groove in the case and shut the lid with a snap, his face wore a smile of relish or of ridicule, she did not resent it, so grateful was she, so ready to fall at his feet. Still, terrors beset her; it seemed too good to be true.

"He ain't dead, doctor?" she asked, in a tone of expostulation, glancing at the motionless figure on the bed.

"Not at all," he rejoined, showing his fine teeth.

"Shet up, Marcellly; ye hev got no sense," urged her grandmother; for the natty Mrs. Strobe was all herself again. "Set down, doctor, an' rest yer bones. Won't ye hev a toddy ter sorter hearten ye up? I hev got some apple-jack hyar strong enough ter climb a tree. Jake," she continued, turning toward Baintree, "jes' ketch a-holt o' the handle o' that thar jimmy-john in the corner, an' haul it hyar. I'd ax Marcellly, 'ceptin' she looks 'bout broke in two; an' I'd git it myself, 'ceptin' the jimmy-john's too nigh my size."

The apology was needless, for Jake Baintree seemed complimented to be permitted to make himself useful, and brought out the demijohn with much glad alacrity. Marcella marveled in self-reproachful dismay that she should have such strange thoughts, but as Jake Baintree poured the fluid into a glass she noted how sinewy and thin his hands were, and white as the doctor's own, — so long had they been idle and listless in jail; and she wondered with which of them he had killed Samuel Keale, — with both, perchance, — and if handcuffs had been put on those long, bony wrists while he languished in prison. And when he offered her a glass, she shuddered and drew back, and shook her head without a word. Mrs. Strobe also declined to join in the potations. "Sperits air all well enough fur men," she observed, — "they hev got so little sense ennyhow, it don't matter ef they gits foolisher 'n nat'ral wunst in a while; but ef the Lord 'll spare my reason, I 'll ondertake ter help him."

As the stranger sat drinking full three fingers' measure of the athletic apple-jack so graphically described by Mrs. Strobe, he seemed less reluctant, less doubtful, than before. He said almost

nothing, however, leaving the conversation to Jake Baintree, watching him with interest while he talked, and in the intervals of silence meditatively eying the smouldering fire. He had the air of holding himself in abeyance, and quietly awaiting developments. He seemed to indorse all that Baintree said, who talked eagerly, and was by no means averse to giving an account of his friend.

"I war powerful glad Marcellly met up with we-uns, Mis' Strobe," he said, as he sat on the opposite side of the fire, his elbows on his knees, his hat pushed back on his sleek black hair, his eyes seeming hardly so crafty and bright since they betokened such kindliness, that Marcella was reminded anew of his gratitude to her father for the logical stand as to his innocence which the constable had taken after his acquittal. "I never war so glad ez I hed this hyar doctor-man visitin' me." The stranger always had that covert smile, barely to be detected, on his face, when he was thus designated; but he raised the glass to his lips, and, except by Marcella, it was not noticed. "He physicked me whenst I war sick in jail, an' I knowed he war a powerful survigrous man ter hev around whenst folks air aillin'."

Mrs. Strobe was gracious enough to refrain from controverting this proposition. As she sat in the chimney-corner, with her tiny feet perched upon the rung of the chair, she looked discerningly, and withal approvingly, at the stranger, while Jake Baintree continued his queer introductory discourse. Nevertheless, she began to wonder why they did not finish drinking their liquor and go, for the hour was wearing close to the dawn, and, wiry and stout as she was, she began to feel the effects of her vigil and excitement. Her gratitude, however, kept her up and awake, and curiosity had a stimulating influence. She, too, wondered how the ostracized Jake Baintree had so very capable a "doctor-man" at his disposal.

"The *old* doctors, they 'low they know everything in creation, but they *don't*," Baintree said, voicing a most mundane sentiment.

Mrs. Strobe nodded her head in unabashed acquiescence, despite the destroyed powders, the futile "yerb tea," and the subsequent delirium, — so transitory are the effects even of the lessons of experience, the best of all teachers though it be. Man may be defined as the animal who will not learn.

"But folks hev ter find that out fur tharselves," continued the wily Baintree, "so he hed nuthin' ter do, sca'cely, down thar in Colb'ry. Folks did n't want a young doctor l'arnin' on them."

"Yes, bes' not fool too much with yer lungs, an' yer liver, an' yer stomick. No gittin' enny new ones," Mrs. Strobe agreed unexpectedly.

Jake Baintree seemed to lose his balance at this for a moment, then plunged on resolutely: "So hevin' nuthin' ter do thar, he kem up hyar ter see me."

Notwithstanding his incidental air, Mrs. Strobe began to perceive that he was definitely driving at something, and he was clever enough to detect this in her sharp eyes, as she fixed them with renewed wonderment upon him. He went directly to the point, with an air of great candor: "Fac' is, Mis' Strobe, he don't want folks generally ter know he be hyarabouts. Nobody would hev knowed it, nohow, ef he hed n't kem out ter do you-uns a favior. Clem Sanders would fairly brain us with that big sledge o' his'n, ef he knew we 'd been foolin' with his forge. He's a powerful survigrou man, an' he would n't think nuthin' o' hammerin' us up on the anvil, an' drawin' us down fine. So him an' me too would be obleeged ter ye ef ye an' the gals" — he included Marcella and Isabel in his glance — "would n't say nuthin' 'bout seein' him. It's his bizness, an' nobody else's."

The stranger bore with an admirable calmness the stare of amazement which

Mrs. Strobe and Isabel fixed upon him. Marcella, who had seen him wielding the hammer at the forge, felt her capacity for surprise blunted. She was prepared to hear anything. Mrs. Strobe's lower jaw dropped a little in dismay. She was sufficiently sophisticated to know that a physician might have slain his fellow-men in the regular course of business without being called upon to seclude himself in the mountains with the ostracized Baintree. Her inevitable conclusion was quickly reached, — it was not in the regular course of business; he was, doubtless, a fugitive from the law, hiding in the wilderness from the officers of justice. So simple a solution of the mystery was it that it had forced itself irresistibly on both Marcella and Isabel, who gazed upon him with mingled pity, and awe, and repugnance. His hazel eyes were fixed upon the fire, and now and again he lifted the glass of apple-jack to his lips.

Despite the definiteness of Mrs. Strobe's convictions in general, when an emergency or perplexity supervened, she was less ready to reach a decision than her granddaughter.

"We ain't got no call ter tell, sure," said Marcella. "Dad would hev been dead ef he hed n't kem ter help us."

"He would!" echoed Isabel.

"Yes, sir! We hev got Eli agin, some sim'lar ter what he useter was," said the old woman, feeling herself again in her recollection of her ascendancy over her big son. "An' what war ye a-doin' of in the forge?" she demanded, turning her lively eye on Baintree.

He looked down into his glass and shook it gently, watching the amber and ruby light of the fire as it struck through the liquor. He made no pretense of consultation with his friend; he answered for him: —

"Waal, I'd ez soon tell ye ez not, Mis' Strobe." He nodded at the man, who had chanced to glance away at the bed where his patient lay, and grinned

significantly. The demonstration said as plainly as if he had spoken, "Some day when *he* is away, I will tell you all."

The old woman nodded her acquiescence and comprehension, and as the stranger abruptly turned his head he came very near surprising them at this telegraphy. Mrs. Strobe spoke precipitately to cover her confusion:—

"I'll be powerful pleased, the Lord knows, not ter tell nuthin'. I be a mighty partic'lar woman with my words. Folks hev got ter be, ef thar kin hev dealin's in politics. Mos'ly ef ye tell the truth ye 'll prosper, but them in pol'tics air ez 'feard o' the truth ez a toper o' cold water. Jes' gin 'em the fac's, an' they 'll see snakes! Ye need n't be 'feard I'll tell the truth, stranger,"—that sly, speciously grave look on her thin lips. "I hev seen too much misery kem from sech practices."

But the stranger seemed embarrassed and slightly ill at ease, and glanced doubtfully at Jake Baintree, who drained the last drop in his glass. As he held it, empty, still leaning forward, he gazed propitiatingly at her, as she sat shaking with her silent chuckle.

"Ye're funnin', ain't ye, Mis' Strobe?"

"Ye want me ter tell the truth, then, Jake? Waal, it's a mighty tough strain, but I'll try."

Baintree had risen; he stood swinging his hat in his hand, and laughing, with an effort at geniality.

"Naw, Mis' Strobe; we-uns don't want ye an' the gals ter say nuthin',—that 'll be ez big a favior ter we-uns ez this hyar doctor-man done you-uns."

"We-uns ain't a-goin' ter tell nuthin'," said Marcella, taking the initiative once more.

"Naw, we ain't," echoed Isabel.

"We ain't likely ter resk ennything we ain't used ter, like tellin' the truth," said Mrs. Strobe waggishly.

Baintree rather sheepishly continued to swing his hat; then, as he glanced

toward the door, still half ajar, "It's day!" he said.

The puncheon floor of the uninclosed passage without showed in a gray, timorous, colorless medium, too neutral to express the idea of light, too null for darkness. The old dog came up, distinctly visible, stretching his limbs and yawning, as he looked casually into the room; then went off, wagging his tail slightly, as if pleased in the main to be reminded of his friends within. There were no traces of the storm as the two men came out together, slowly, followed by the family, except the dripping, moisture-laden aspect of tree and vine and wall, the dank, heavy air, the pallid ranks of the corn, here and there beaten down to the ground, and a bird's-nest, long ago empty, the sport of the winds, lying upon the porch. Marcella picked up the frail and fibrous thing, suggestive of fleeting song, and transitory love, and lapsing summer. The young stranger had fixed speculative eyes upon her, as she leaned against the vine-draped post, her hair dry again and freshly curling, the dull fringes of her red shawl against the warm whiteness of her neck, her long, curling lashes pensively veiling her downcast eyes. He mechanically threw his waterproof coat over one arm, as he stood, and with the other hand he meditatively turned the end of his long yellow mustache, unheeding Jake Baintree, who was remarking, "I'll be bound, Mis' Strobe, thar's a heap o' timber down in the woods." The mountaineer glanced away at the opaque densities of the mists that filled the valleys, and rose to the mountain-tops, and hung about the little cabin, and had a drearier pallor than the gray sky, where, indeed, once or twice a glittering point betokened a fading star in the rifts of the clouds. Then the two men went down the steps and through the gate, where they were lost to sight in the vapors before they reached the turn-row.

Mrs. Strobe and Isabel stood and stared at the point where they had vanished, until they could no longer hear their regular footfalls, growing ever fainter and fainter; but Marcella still turned the relic of the spring weavings in her hand, and took pensive note of the autumn in its riddled and void meshes.

Isabel spoke first.

"That thar stranger air the curious-est man of all the men ez hev ever been ter this house," she observed oracularly, as if she were a competent judge of curiousness, and a connoisseur in human bric-à-brac.

Her grandmother chuckled silently.

"An' that 's a bold sayin'," commented the little old cynic.

XII.

The mists continued to press close about the little cabin. The sunless day hardly gave evidence how it was wearing on, so imperceptibly did the shadows grow less gray, or the opaque vapors more definitely white. Some movement there was in the dense folds, for now even the vines on the porch were invisible, and anon all their leaves were abnormally definite on the blank white surface of the background. A continuous drip sounded from the eaves, but otherwise the world seemed strangely silent, until the mincing footfalls of a pacing nag sounded dull and muffled along the dank turn-row, and announced to Mrs. Strobe the approach of old Dr. Bryce.

"Now, ain't it a blessin'," she observed to her granddaughters, "ez that thar perverse old man never tuk it inter that head o' his'n — an' it's full o' notions — ter kem no earlier. He mought hev met the t'other feller, an' thar's nuthin' in this worl' one doctor hates like another one. An' ef 't warn't fur the law ez keeps 'em off'n one another, thar'd be mo' scatterin' o' brains, an'

hair, an' bones round graveyards 'n thar be now. Ef ye want ter see one o' 'em take a fit, jes' let him know some other doctor hev been meddlin' with his patient, ez he calls it. A mighty good word fur it, too. Patient he air, — the feller hev got ter learn patience, sure! This hyar old man can't abide it, ef he ain't allowed ter pizen folks his own way; an' ef ye don't foller his directions edzac'y, he'll gin the case up. An' then ye mought git well, stiddier dyin' respectably, 'cordin' ter the doctor's prescriptions."

She rose, with her speciously grave expression puckering her thin lips, and went to meet him on the porch, as he came up, with his saddle-bags over his arm. "Good-mornin', doctor," she observed, with great suavity.

"Good-morning, madam," he said in a cheerful note. He was propitiated by a certain up-all-night aspect in the three feminine members of the household, which his discerning eye could well distinguish from the activity of the habitual early riser. It implied due anxiety and attention to any possible or probable want of his patient. He had scant interest in people whose lungs, liver, heart, and stomach were in a normal condition. They were merely unindividualized cumberers of the ground, except as they ministered to that genus whom he sought to exalt into a tyrant of absolute sway, his patient. He himself bowed before it with an unswerving devotion and an unchanging assiduity, despite its protean aspect, whether it were only two feet long, and writhing with the colic, or as big as Eli Strobe, with a dignified fracture of the skull; and he saw to it that every possible knee was also crooked in subservience. It was a favorite formula with him, "If my patient can't sleep, not a soul in the house shall bat an eye all night." And thus there were always powders or drops to be administered with appalling frequency, if the sufferer should chance to awake.

Therefore he looked with approving eyes at Mrs. Strobe, and dismissed as gratuitous certain anxieties that had harassed him since parting from her yesterday, because of her earnest advocacy of "yerb tea," and her evident reluctance to defer to his judgment.

"How's my patient, madam?" he asked, as he lumbered up the steps.

He was not, properly speaking, a fat man; he might better be described as merely ample. He was not muscular; he seemed flabbily large. His face had sundry deep dimples, visible even when not smiling, and he had a fair, fresh complexion, and was close-shaven. He was perhaps some sixty years old, and he was ostentatious in the use of his spectacles, after the manner of one who regards age as a sort of gradual promotion. He was quite bald, and wore a dark wig, or what is known as a "scratch." It hardly served any purpose of deception, for often he thrust it far back on his head, showing his broad, full-fronted brow; and sometimes, in his office, on a warm day, he hung it on the door-knob or the back of a chair, enjoying thereby many an influenza and neuralgia, which he would have considered of serious interest had it been the choice possession of one of his patients.

"Not awake yet?" he said, glancing at the pillow as he entered. He sat down beside the bed, and, motioning to Marcella to open the shutter, he adjusted his spectacles, and bent forward to scrutinize the sleeping face.

Mrs. Strobe, secretly scornful as she watched him, was amazed to see him draw back, with a doubting surprise upon his face, and with his soft, deft fingers feel the pulse of the wounded man. His eyes sought hers with a suspicious gleam.

"How did he spend the night?" he asked curtly.

"Waal," cautiously admitted Mrs. Strobe, "the fust o' the night he was sorter rampagious. Arter that he slept."

The doctor rose slowly, looking very large and limp as he stood solemnly confronting the little dame. "Mrs. Strobe," he demanded, "what was done to this man?"

"Why, law, doctor, you-uns know!" she cried. "Teck Jepson jes' rid him down, an' bust his head open, an' " —

"Woman," he thundered, "this man has been drugged!"

Mrs. Strobe quailed. She would not have believed the discovery possible to his vaunted science.

"Jes' a leetle yerb tea," she faltered.

He stared at her, baffled, and doubting if it were possible to elicit the truth from her. He knitted his bare brows, for his wig was far back on his bald poll. The mystery of it all stemmed for the time the rising tide of his tumultuous indignation. "Why did n't you give him the powders I left, as directed?" he demanded.

"Law, doctor, they could n't make no diff'unce, — that thar leetle trash stuff."

The doctor's bald head flushed to the nape of his neck. Despite his scanty consideration of people who were in the enjoyment of full health, he could not strike Mrs. Strobe. She seemed all too small for his large vengeance. There was only one course open to him, professionally speaking.

"I give up the case. I will not be responsible," he sputtered, stooping down to pick up his saddle-bags. Suddenly he caught sight of the wan, haggard, sleeping face on the pillow, and the loyalty of a whole life flamed up anew toward its object. "No, I won't, — I won't, neither! I won't leave my patient to be murdered amongst you. Yes, murdered!" he vociferated; "for if my directions and my medicines are tampered with again, and my patient dies, I'll have you every one indicted for murder; you hear me, — for *murder*! Poisoning my patient!" He wagged his half-draped head with a knowing

look. He had not lived in this world so long as not to be aware of the terror that the ignorant have of that unknown, unmeasured force, the law. Even the doughty Mrs. Strobe seemed very small, and withered, and wizened, as she contemplated the prospect. He followed up his advantage: "Come here!" — he turned to Marcella; "you look like you have some sense. I'll leave my directions with you, and you see you carry them out. Do just as I say. Think I won't know it if you don't, as soon as I get here?"

"Mighty apt, sure," Mrs. Strobe conceded, in a conciliatory tone.

But the big doctor, who seemed, as he stood about, to occupy more than his share of the little space, only gave a snort of derisive rage at this overture, and prepared his medicines in stern and puffing silence. He was still breathless when he gathered up his saddle-bags and started toward the door. He came back, and looked in again to say, with a threatening air, when he would repeat his visit; and they presently heard the ambling hoof-beats of his horse that took him up the turn-row, and so away.

It might seem that one could not easily recover from the stress of this interview, but Mrs. Strobe's elasticity was altogether unstrained, and she rebounded from her humiliating detection with the alert grace of one who, from good-nature, ignores a defiance, having ample resources at call.

"Gin up the case!" she cried scornfully. "An' what do we-uns keer, with a doctor-man o' our own, what Jake Baintree foted! I hed a great mind ter tell 'bout'n him, an' how peart he war, but I war 'feard o' hurtin' the old man's feelin's. Murderin' Eli, — I say! I war so mad wunst I hed a great mind ter throttle him;" which the doctor would have esteemed a terrible intention in a woman of Mrs. Strobe's size, had he known she entertained it. "But how did he find out Eli hed tuk the t'other

doctor's medicine? I tell ye, now, Marcella, that thar old man hev got eyes in the back o' his head, an' kin see fourteen mile off through a thunder-storm in the night-time 'thout strainin' his sight."

Mrs. Strobe affected to hope that he would continue angry, and fail to keep his engagement; but her relief was very patent when he reappeared with his saddle-bags the next day, and the next, and still again. He took little note of her at first, except to treat her remarks with a sedulous show of unconcern. Afterward he gave the members of the household little heed save to ask keen and searching questions as to his patient during his absence, and to strain to the utmost their every capacity and all the resources of the little cabin to subserve the invalid's comfort. All was ungrudgingly and submissively accorded, but, nevertheless, he began to look very grave as the days wore on, and now and then he solemnly shook his bald head.

"What makes him shake his head that-a-way, Marcella?" the old woman demanded. "Ter make sure thar's nuthin' in it? He need n't look so disapp'inted. I could hev tole him ez much ez that, an' kep' him from expectin' ter hear it rattle."

Outside the world took its way, unheeding, down the oft-trodden course of the year. The dank mists clung long to range and valley. They lifted at last, and then the torrents of the recent storm seemed to have been charged with pigments, for bold dashes of color, of red, of a luminous yellow, accented yet tempered by intervals of purplish and bronze intimations, emblazoned the mountain-side, where a monotony of summer greenth had lately held sway. The sun, coming again with a fluctuating brilliancy, with far-reaching misty refractions, and anon diaphanous veilings, to displace the surly usurpations of the grimmer gray elements, found a responsive glow in the sudden enrichment of the world. The far-away ranges had acquired a new

charm of azure, an exquisitely pure tone, but of a dull, unglossy softness, all unlike the enameled blue of the great crystalline sky. The air was pervaded by a fine aroma. The wind had wings: one could sometimes see the shadows of these subtle, swift invisibilities flutter in the cloudless sunshine, so vaguely that before a glance might seek to measure an airy pinion the fleet thing was gone. Enchantment boldly wandered forth into the broad daylight, and all lavish splendors were vagrant. In every fence corner, the lush grasses and weeds, heavy with seeds, were repainted with a brush full of color, — amber, and brown, and red; even the cobwebs, gossamer and silver in the sun, hung from rail to rail upon the old fences, and bedizened their gaunt homeliness with a delicate fibrous grace. Oh, gone was the summer, and it would come no more, however the recurrent season might wear its similitude. Marcella was living her life out; she was not the same that the spring had found her. She felt that she was older by many summers, and she did not need Andy Longwood to tell her so.

“Ye hev got ter be ez solemn ez — I dunno what all. An’ ye used ter laff, an’ laff, an’ laff! Now ye can’t crack a joke ter save yer life. An’ ef ennybody else gits ter funnin’, ye don’t pay no ’tention ter what they say.”

The young fellow sat, as was his wont in his frequent visits, on the step of the porch, his head, with its tousled curls and its big hat, leaning back against the post and the thinning yellow vines. His expression was slightly sullen, and implied a despondent appeal, although his muscles asserted a cheerful habit, altogether independent of his mind and heart; and he mechanically laid a clasp knife upon one closed fist, and with a dextrous twist of the wrist it was flung to the ground, piercing the moist earth with its point, after the manner of the expert mumble-the-peg player. Now

and then he looked up at Marcella, who sat spinning, spinning, ceaselessly at her little flax-wheel, until it seemed to him — the whir ringing in his ears, the sight of the wheel whirling until it was only a dazzling spokeless circle — that they were his heartstrings which she was thus drawing out into these attenuated threads, and there would not be enough hope, or courage, or any of the essential endowments left for him to live upon by the time she had wound these intimate fibres into balls. So forlorn was this “frequent visitor.”

“You don’t never notice nobody nor nuthin’, nowadays,” he said, a trifle hampered in his complaint by the presence of the wiry Isabel, who sat at the other end of the step, and of his own dog, who looked, as he took up his position between the two, intelligent enough to understand the conversation, and independent enough to repeat it. “Got nuthin’ ter say ter nobody, nor nuthin’.”

He meant himself by this negative description, and the sharp-eyed Isabel understood as much. Despite her precocity she had the lamentable lack of tact characteristic of her age, and her mind was a blank as to matters amatory. She intended to be very agreeable when she said, with a toss of her tousled hair, “Marcelly air a-gittin’ too old fur ye an’ me, Andy; she’s jes’ gittin’ mighty settled an’ old.”

A quick expression of apprehension, even dismay, flitted across his face. “What air ye a-talkin’ ’bout, Is’bel?” he cried, in a loud, reprehensive voice. “I be four year older ’n Marcelly. ‘Gittin’ too old fur ye an’ me’!” he mimicked ungraciously. “Puttin’ we-uns tergether, ez ef *we-uns* war of an age, whenst I be old enough ter be yer gran’dad, chile!” He made another active throw with the knife, holding one ear with one hand, and flinging the blade from the other ear with a marked dexterity.

When he glanced up Isabel had risen,

and waited to catch his eye. "I'm goin' in the house," she remarked, with sour dignity. "I be 'feard ye mought bite me."

He would have been glad of the ridicule had it been vouchsafed, but it was an empty threat, or rather promise, for the little girl still lingered, leaning against the post of the porch; nevertheless, it served him for another ground of complaint.

"Ye hev all done got sot agin me hyar," he said, "even Is'bel. Ez ter Mis' Strobe, she never war hurt with perliteness, nohow; leastways not ter me. An' you-uns be all tuk up with Clem Sanders, I reckon, ain't ye?" He looked up appealingly.

A smile rippled across Marcella's face; her red lips parted. Was she indeed grown so very old, after all? But the alert Isabel answered:—

"I dunno what ye 'low we-uns be so admirin' o' Clem fur, 'thout we wanted him fur a ornamin't, like that thar plaster rooster what dad brung granny from Colb'ry ter set on the mankle-shelf. Clem sets ez still an' 'pears ez good-lookin' ez he kin, jes' like the rooster do. Both o' 'em seem like they mought crow toler'ble loud ef they would, but nare one of 'em do."

The "frequent visitor" was in a measure appeased. He laughed mightily at this ridicule of his rival, and then sighed deeply, partly for relief and partly for self-pity.

Isabel caught the approving expression in his eyes as they met hers, and she relented from her intention of leaving the young people together, and once more kindly sat down between them. She seemed, however, disposed to earn her welcome, for as she clasped her lithe brown hands over her knees, and turned her pointed chin reflectively upwards, and cast a glance toward the forge, the preternatural wisdom of her expression intensified by the two sharp eyes set so close together, she continued: "Las'

time Clem kem a-visitin',"—she made no doubt it was partly to see herself and partly her "granny," as well as Marcella,— "he jes' sot up ez mum ez ye ever see ennybody, like he war 'feard o' we-uns,"—her lips curled in relish,— "an' said 'Yes'm,' an' 'Ma'am,' an' 'No'm,' ter me, ez well ez ter granny; ez respect'ful, an' humble, an' 'feard o' me ez ef I war eighty year old."

"Oh, ho! ho!" laughed the merry "frequent visitor."

"Shet up, Is'bel," the elder sister mechanically admonished her.

"'Feard o' gals," pursued Isabel, in the pleasing consciousness of making herself very agreeable. "An' he say nuthin' 'ceptin' ter agree with everybody, an' look so mild an' meek. An' granny, she talked, an' I talked; an' Marcella, she talked some, too. An' Clem, he say 'Yes'm' an' 'Naw'm.' An' he stayed, an' stayed, an' stayed, mighty late; till whenst he war a-goin' away, granny, she say ter him, 'Ye mus' kem agin, Clem. Me an' the gals hev mighty nigh ez interestin' a time a-settin' up with ye ez ef ye war a corpse. We'll watch with ye whenst ye air dead, Clem. Ye need n't be 'feard. We will hev got so used ter settin' alongside o' ye an' yer dumb ways ez we will be plumb trained ter it. Kem up agin soon, Clem, else we-uns will git our hands out.'"

It was pleasant to hear the "frequent visitor's" laughter, so joyful a sound it was. And how his heart warmed to Mrs. Strobe!

"Ain't she smart, though! My stars! she's ez smart ez enny man!" he exclaimed, in the hyperbole of his enthusiasm. "What did Clem say?"

"He say 'Yes'm,'" cried Isabel, with a jocund outburst. She was in high feather because of her success. Andy Longwood was far more entertaining to her when he was in this hilarious humor, instead of the pathetic sentimental moods which he had of late affected.

She was evidently going on to improve her advantage, when Marcella remonstrated.

"I can't abide," she said, "ter hear ennybody laffed at ahint thar backs. It don't 'pear right ter me."

Longwood's hair was tossed backward, like the mane of an angry horse; he looked up, with a flushing cheek. "Ye mean ter say, Marcella, ez I be 'feard ter laff at Clem Sanders ter his face? Now I ain't, fur I hev done it a many a time."

"An' me, too," protested Isabel, with arrogant temerity, as if this were important. "I laffed at him las' time he war hyar."

"I ain't sayin' ye war afeard, Andy." Marcella sought to soothe his wounded feelings. "It jes' 'pears ter me sorter mean an' deceitful."

"Shucks!" cried the capable Isabel. "Clem's powerful deceitful hisse'f. So meally-mouthed hyar ye 'd think he war a lam', or jes' a mild deedie or suthin'; but pass by that thar forge, sir, an' ye kin hear him hollerin' a mile off, an' talkin' like a plumb coffee-mill, — elbowin' an' jostlin' the men about, the headin'est one o' the lot! Tuk Jube, the pa'son's son, one day, sir, an' put him in a sack, an' with all them foolish fellers a-followin' he kerried sack, Jube, an' all down ter the shallow spread o' the ruver, an' flung him in. But Clem's hollerin' that time warn't ekal ter Jube's, ez he kem out the bag an' waded ashore. Then Clem, he kems up hyar lookin' like — like pie, he's so good an' desirable. Can't tell me nuthin' 'bout that thar gamesome Clem, an' I'll laff at him all I'm a mind ter."

Andy Longwood's variable spirits had again declined. He was moodily appreciative of the fact that these robust pranks were not subject for ridicule in the same degree as the burly blacksmith's quaking humility and tongue-tied meekness in the presence of his lady-love and her feminine relations. The bluff, blus-

tery fun which he relished was not without its fascinations to the boy-lover, and induced an emulative grudging. He realized, too, the possibility that Clem's bold freedom among men might contrast favorably, in Marcella's estimation, with the solicitous cowardice that she alone could inspire in that doughty heart, and he looked with lowering antagonism at Isabel, as if she had recited some noble exploit of his rival's, calculated to put him at a disadvantage and destroy his prospects.

"Oh, yes, Is'bel, ye saw it, I reckon," he sneered, with a sudden gust of temper. "Ye kin see mos' ennything, ef ye be jes' willin' ter take half on trest. I'll be bound he hed a dog or suthin' in that sack, an' ye saw Jube arterward. Clem could n't tote Jube. Ye jes' saw Jube wadin'."

"Naw, 't war jes' ez I say," Isabel hastily insisted.

"Waal, hev it so, — hev it so." Longwood waved off the discussion. "Look out right smart enny clear night, an' ye'll see the man in the moon wadin' down in them shallows."

"Shucks!" said Isabel, discarding the consideration, as it were, of the man in the moon, and thinking that Longwood was disposed to talk to her as if she were a very small child.

He sat quite silent then, the light wind blowing his long hair back amongst the sere and yellow hop-vines. There was no serenity, as of yore, in his large blue eyes; he was listless and forlorn, and Marcella was moved to vaguely pity him. She glanced down at him once or twice as she spun, and then away to the purple mountains beyond the hazy valley, rich with golden drapings, tissues of the sunshine that seemed some splendid textile thing, so palpable was its effect. The lilac aster trembled in the stir of the wind. The wild turkey called from the woods. All the burrs of the great chestnut by the gate had opened to the summons of the frost, and now and again,

as the branches shook, the glossy nuts fell from the cells to the roots of the tree. She saw adown the moist, dank path a garter-snake, lying, half torpid, lured out by the treacherous sun and chilled by the autumn blast. Somewhere a cricket shrilled and shrilled.

"Air the season for'ard over ter Chilhowee, Andy?" she asked.

"Dunno. Don't keer. Wisht Chilhowee war leveled with the ground."

"Dell-law!" exclaimed Isabel, astonished by this ebullition of perversity, and disposed to comment profusely. Mrs. Strobe opportunely called her from within to some domestic duty, and the suffering Longwood felt it a release.

"Marcelly," he said earnestly, making the most of his opportunity, "ye an' me useter be powerful friendly, an' I hed ruther kem hyar a-visitin' than in the courts o' heaven. An' ye useter laff an' be glad ter see me. An' me an' ye, an' sometimes Is'bel," — alas, how often Isabel, for all he put it thus politely, — "useter sit in the orcherd an' eat apples, an' go fishin', an' sometimes jes' talk on the porch; an' now all them times air gone!"

"Ain't we talkin' on the porch now?" demanded Marcella.

"Not like in them days: ye sca'cely notice now whether I kem or don't kem; ye pay jes' ez much 'tention ter me ez ef I war that thar old dog o' mine. G'way! I ain't talkin' ter you-uns. I wisht yer head war cut off!" He held back with one stalwart hand his canine follower, who upon the mention of the word "dog" had come up and offered to lick his face. "Ye air lookin' over my head, Marcelly, an' ye 'low I be sech a fool ez not ter know it. Yit we hev been raised tergether. An' I remembers how I hev listened, a-comin' down the turn-row, ter hear ye call out, sweeter 'n a mocking-bird's singin', 'Look, Is'bel, yander's Andy.' I'd ruther hear it 'n the voice o' the Lord! Ye need n't look at me like that. I'd jes' ez soon go ter hell

ez not — I hev done gone ter hell, ef ye ain't goin' ter keer nuthin' 'bout'n me. Oh, Lord, I can't learn nuthin' mo' 'bout brimstone an' fire in the next worl'. I hev felt 'em in this."

"I ain't goin' ter keer nuthin' 'bout onchristian folks," remarked Marcella, "an' none ez use cuss words an' talk 'bout 'hell.'"

She spoke stiffly and with an averted eye, but when he had turned his head away she looked down kindly and leniently at him.

He suddenly glanced up. "Air it this all-fired Christian, Teck Jepson, ez hev sot ye agin me?" he asked suspiciously.

"Him ez flung my father down, an' rid over him, an' bruk his skull, an' " — She could say no more; the sobs were in her throat, her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't cry, Marcelly," he said sympathetically, and he was silent for a moment in respect for her grief. Then the selfish exactions of the passion that possessed him crowded out all thought of her woes, and he renewed his insistent pleas. "Marcelly," he demanded, "air thar ennybody ez ye know ez I ain't 'quainted with?" Who could say how Fate might play the trickster? He felt his hands were feeble as he sought to control the possibilities.

It might have been that his words recalled the stranger who had brought such peace and ease to her father, that night of storm and trial. It might have been that he was already in her thoughts. His image in the vicissitudes of that night, now in the lurid and fluctuating illumination of the forge, now as he quelled the frenzy of the wounded man, distinct in the white gleams of the lighted cabin, became vividly present with her. She did not hesitate. She believed he was a fugitive from the law, and whether he had done ill, or whether he was falsely suspected, he should not be hurt by aught that she might say.

She sought, however, to summon as innocent a duplicity as she might, for was she not a "perfessin' member"?

"What makes ye ask sech questions ez that, Andy? Ye 'pear bereft."

"I know," cried the young fellow wildly, "ez ye think 'bout somebody nowadays in the time whenst ye useter think 'bout'n me!"

"Why, Andy!" exclaimed Marcella, at once laughing and blushing for the arrogations of his woe. "I never did think 'bout you-uns, ef the truth war knowed."

"Ye did! Ye did! I useter know it 'way over yander ter Chilhowee, kase I'd feel so happy, so happy, whilst a-ploughin', or choppin', or a-pullin' fodder. I would n't hev swapped places with a 'nangel. Ye used ter think 'bout me then, an' now ye think 'bout somebody else."

She said nothing, and he leaned back against the post of the porch, looking up at the far crystalline sky, deeply blue and with one scant cloud visible, of a dazzling opaque whiteness in its central mass, and with tenuous trailing cirrus effects upon its verges. It pained his eyes, and he pulled his hat-brim over his brow as he lowered his head.

"I tell you what, — I wisht I war a Injun." He glanced up at her, in the hope that she would ask why. But her wheel still whirled, her little foot, with its low-cut shoe, visible on the treadle. Her bright, downcast eyes were fixed upon the thread that her deft fingers drew out in endless attenuations. "I wisht I war a Injun," he reiterated, "so ez I would n't know 't war murder an' a scandalous sin ter kem down hyar from Chilhowee in the night-time an' scalp every hearty single man in the Settlemint, — scalp 'em an' stab 'em, I would. I wisht I did n't know no better 'n that. I wisht I war a Injun."

Her thread broke. The wheel ceased to revolve. She looked at him with reprehensive eyes.

"Andy Longwood," she remonstrated, "ye air gittin' ter be gredgin' an' mean, — an' ye ain't tellin' the truth, nuther. Ye don't wish no sech foolishness, an' ye would n't scalp nobody. Ye air jes' gredgin' an' mean."

"I gredge you-uns ter enny o' 'em," he replied. Then, after a moment, "Look-a-hyar, Marcelly Strobe," — he adopted in turn the solemnity of the full name in addressing her, — "how often hev ye promised ter marry me?"

"Not lately," she declared.

"No, not lately, an' that's jes' what I'm a-talkin' 'bout. Lord! Lord! I kin 'member jes' ez well how ye useter look when ye fust tuk ter toddlin' round, an' folks useter tell me then ez how ye an' me would marry some day; an' I b'lieved 'em, pore fool! An' so did you-uns, though. Ye useter promise ez soon ez ye could talk ez ye would marry me. Ye useter promise even arter ye war ez old ez Is'bel, an' arterward, too."

"Waal, Is'bel ain't so very old," observed her sister calmly.

"An' all of a suddint," continued the young lover, "ye got tongue-tied, an' would n't say it yerse'f, an' would n't let nobody say it ter you-uns."

"Waal, Andy, I hev fund out better sence then. Promisin' ter marry air a mighty serious matter."

"T ain't; promisin' ter marry me air a mighty cheerful, safe thing! Knowin' me like ye do! Ef ye war a-promisin' ter marry some o' these deceitful folks ez kem hyar in thar saaft comp'ny manners, an' then go rippin' round the Cove like a demented blacksmith; or folks ez hev got Christian talk fairly a-wobblin' all 'round 'em, an' yit all Brumsaidge air afeard ter say a word whilst they air ridin' folks down, — off'cers o' the law an' sech, — 't would be a mighty serious matter, an' a heap mo' serious ter keep enny such promise."

He looked at her triumphant in the fullness of his logic; but alas! what has love to do with logic?

The futility of all his fine reasoning was borne in upon him with a dreary accession of heartache and a determination of energy to his temper.

"But ye air in love with some o' 'em, Marcellly, an' ye air jes' foolin' me. Naw, ye won't even take the trouble ter try ter fool me,—I ain't wuth it. Ye air in love with some o' 'em, else why air ye so solemn? It's enough ter make ye solemn, though, the Lord knows."

She had not recommenced her spinning; she was looking at him with a remonstrant, smiling expression, as if she might thus coax him from his boyish wrath, when suddenly her eyes filled, her lips trembled.

He rose, quivering at the sight of her agitation. "Jes' tell me which one of 'em 't is, Marcellly, an' I'll go down yander inter the Settlemint an' scatter what he calls his brains all 'round his anvil. Air it Clem Sanders? Air ye goin' ter marry Clem?"

"I ain't solemn fur Clem Sanders," she sobbed, half laughing; then, with a gush of tears, "I hev got a heap besides ter make me solemn."

"Tell me who it is that ye air goin' ter marry,"—he touched the trigger of his rifle, with a fierce elation in his eye; "it's loaded fur *him*."

Marcella suddenly lifted her head, as if listening. She rose precipitately. "Jes' go 'long, now, Andy. Ye hev been hyar a long time. Go home, an' I'll tell ye ennything ye want ter know nex' time ye kem. Jes' g'long, like a good boy."

He stared, motionless, amazed at her pale face and agitated manner. Then he too heard a step within. "He 's in the house," he exclaimed, "a-talkin' 'long o' Mis' Strobe an' Is'bel! An' ye wanted me ter go 'way 'thout seein' him. I know ye now, Marcellly, an' I'll stay. I won't be druv off; I'll stay, an'"—His hand once more sought the trigger of his rifle, as his blazing eyes fixed upon

the door whence the step proceeded. A hesitating step it was, and slow.

And then Eli Strobe appeared, and Longwood saw him for the first time since his illness. The young man recoiled from the shock, his fierce, insistent face palpably smitten with a sudden gravity, even awe. So forlorn and spectral a likeness was this of Eli Strobe, with his pallid, lantern-jawed face; his half-shaven head, still banded; his clothes, his very skin, hanging loosely on his big bones, a world too wide. He cast his old familiar sidelong glance at the young fellow, freighted with evident but surly recognition, and he had the dumb, pathetic, shambling dignity that one sometimes discerns in a wounded animal, as with frequent halts he tottered up to an armchair on the porch, in which his deft-handed daughters made haste to prop him with pillows and wrap him with blankets. He muttered something vaguely about "them leetle darters," and then he lay quite still, looking off at the purple mountains, the golden sunshine on the red and amber woods hard by,—the aspect of the whole world changed since he saw it last.

The young fellow, still staring, had sunk down upon the porch in his former attitude, wondering if indeed there were no one else within; why, then, had Marcella sought to hurry him away? She had settled herself again at her spinning-wheel, watching with a tremulous smile the clumsy antics of Longwood's dog, courtier enough to display great joy upon the reappearance of the master of the house, and leaping about his chair, now and then emitting a short, shrill bark.

"Fust time I been out, Andy," observed Eli Strobe.

Marcella stopped her wheel to listen. She seemed to hang with doubt and anxiety upon his every word. Longwood, summoning a show of self-possession and cordiality, remarked that the

air was likely to do him good. "Ye 'pear ter be gittin' well now," he added encouragingly.

"Yes," assented Eli Strobe good-humoredly. "Mam an' Marcelly an' Is'bel, though, hev mighty near killed me with kindness. 'T war mighty hard fur me ter start out ter git well. I felt like I 'd fairly enjye stayin' sick fur a livin'. An' that thar old doctor, — I actially b'lieves he hev gin me all the med'cine he hev got. The rest of 'em in the Cove hed better not git sick soon; no mo' doctor-stuff whar that kem from."

Andy Longwood laughed in an embarrassed fashion, by way of making an appropriate response. Some crows — they seemed very black — were cawing loudly from the top of a full-leaved hickory-tree, that blazed a resplendent, illuminated yellow down by the fence; all the breadth of the sere cornfield hard by was doubly pallid in tint, in contrast with this flaring ochreous splendor; the sky was an intense blue where the foliage was imposed upon its expanse, the furthest mountains duskiely purple, while below the branches of the tree, near to the great dark bole, the roofs of the Settlement showed, the glimmer of the frost on the eaves not altogether spent, albeit the sun was high; the curling tendrils of smoke were blue, and misty, and timorous, as they crept out of the clay-and-stick chimneys.

Eli Strobe's eyes dwelt on the little hamlet for a moment. "What's the folks in the Settlement a-sayin' 'bout me, Andy?" he asked unexpectedly. "I ain't seen nobody but the gals an' mam, ez dunno nuthin' 'bout folks, an' politics, an' sech things ez a body wants ter hear 'bout; 'n' the old doctor, ez seems ter be a good, useful kind o' consarn, but 'pears ter think a man oughter set still all day an' study 'bout'n his liver, stiddier his bizness an' his office what he hev done been 'lected ter hold, an' will de-strac' his mind ef he gits ter thinkin' 'bout enny sech ez them. Actially, I b'lieve that old

man would hev hed me darnin' stockin's, ef I hed n't made a stan' agin him. I tried ter spound a pint o' law ter him t'other day, an' he seemed ter take a fit till he got me ter talkin' 'bout craps an' gyardin truck, — turnips, an' inguns, an' sech, ez I don't keer nuthin' 'bout. I hain't hearn nuthin' 'bout the returns o' the 'lection 'n nuthin'. What air they sayin' 'bout'n me in the Settlement, Andy?"

The young man was about to respond, when Marcella precipitately forestalled him: —

"They don't say nuthin' nor do nuthin' in this Settlement. Brumsaidge air the lonesomest place in these hyar mountings. Sech kerryin's-on they hev, though, in Piomingo Cove! An' t'other night they hed a dancin'-party over on Chillhowee."

"Whar'bouts?" cried Andy Longwood, with a poignant note of surprise, deprivation, and despair. "I never hearn nuthin' 'bout'n it. I dunno why they never invited me," he added, with surly resentment. As he gazed up at her, he could not interpret the glance of scorn and reproach that she cast upon him. Then she did not lift her eyes again, but busied herself in her spinning, while Eli Strobe, catching at the subject, logically descanted upon the sin of dancing, and described with a fervid imagination the experiences which its votaries would encounter in the next world as retribution. The "frequent visitor" hardly listened, so mystified was he by the taunt of Marcella's glance and the story of the airy pleasuring on Chillhowee, in his own neighborhood, in which he had been, for some unimagined reason, debarred from participating. If it were not so inexplicable, he might have believed that she had invented the circumstance, and relied upon his own tact to confirm her statement, and thus set Eli Strobe off on a theological hobby. He wondered, hearing vaguely of fiery furnaces and furious brimstone, if the doctor considered this a

pleasing and wholesome subject of contemplation. It might have lasted longer had the polemic had a stronger opposition. Marcella sought to furnish this, but paternal tenderness rendered her effort of no avail.

"Of course I ain't talkin' 'bout ye dancin' at the party las' Christmas, Marcella. Did you think I meant that fur you-uns? That war wunst in a while, — a leetle dancin' an' fun, jes' wunst in a while."

For there are exceptions to every zealot's cherished theory of damnation, and the imminent terrors of hell must be abrogated in favor of one's own.

And thus the discourse came to an end. "Andy," he said, breaking off abruptly, "hev ye hearn ennybody in the Cove 'low ez I war ter blame?"

Once more Marcella looked at her youthful lover, her eyes large, dilated, pleading. He began to understand that there was more here than appeared upon the surface, and he wished that he had been guided by her monitions and had taken his leave. He gazed at her earnestly, desirous of saying what she wanted him to say; but he could read naught in her eyes save her remonstrance, fear, and reproach. And yet he must answer.

"I hev hearn some," he faltered, dolorously truthful.

"Waal, they hain't got no right ter blame me," retorted Eli Strobe. His color had risen; his eyes flashed. "I'll be bound, though, — cowardly curs! — they don't dare ter do nuthin' but talk; they ain't got the grit ter try ter set the law onter *me*! They jes' set 'round at the store an' the forge, an' bob thar hats tergeth'er, an' whisper, an' talk, an' talk." He grimaced with a mimicry of secrecy and malice, and bobbed his own head with an alacrity that made the young fellow wince, remembering the reports of how variously his skull was fractured, and seeing the way in which it was presumably bound together.

Marcella was spinning again with feverish industry; the wheel whirled fast, — so fast. He could not even see its periphery as it revolved, and its whirl was continuous and loud.

"Naw, sir; they don't dare call *me* ter account ter the law fur killin' Teck Jepson. *Naw, sir!*" Eli Strobe reiterated, with a deep, rotund voice. Suddenly, with an incidental manner and a clear, casual glance, "Whar did they bury him, Andy?"

The young man sat mute and dumfounded. The blood rushed violently to his head, and the landscape reeled before him. He had scant time to realize the emergency, as the recognition of the state of affairs dawned slowly upon his bewildered intelligence, and to canvass within himself what answer he had best make.

"I dunno," he faltered. "I be so constant over ter Chilhowee," he added, gathering his faculties.

"Ain't ye never hearn, though, whar they buried him?" Eli persisted, in growing pertinacity. "I did n't 'low ez 't war you-uns ez preached the fun'ral sermon," with an angry sneer and his lowering side-glance of bovine surliness.

"Why," said Marcella, with a matter-of-course manner, "I'll tell ye: they buried him up yander in that thar leetle buryin'-groun' by his old cabin, whar his folkses' graves be."

Her father fixed a keen, suspicious eye on her.

"Ye did n't know yestiddy," he commented severely.

Not even the crafty watchfulness of mania, not Andy Longwood's sanity, could detect aught amiss or unnatural in her tones and manner as she drew out her thread, and once more set the wheel a-whirling before she replied.

"Naw; Clem Sanders 't war ez told it ter me, when he kem ter inquire arter ye, las' night. I axed him."

Andy Longwood understood now that

the family systematically agreed with Eli Strobe and humored his strange delusion, lest they might excite him to his detriment, and that these were the directions of the physician. He did not fail to note that it was with his rival's name that she sought to aid her forlorn enterprise, and that she no longer turned to him for help. "I reckon Clem an' nobody else would hev been sech a fool ez me," he angrily reproached himself. He was eager enough to go now, but his liberty had fled. The invalid had fixed earnest eyes upon him, and showed a continuous desire to talk; he could only sit and listen, with the cruel consciousness how every distraught word grated upon the tender heart of Marcella. He realized now how she had sought to shield the calamity of her father's loss of mind, and how he had thwarted her.

"Waal — waal! buried him thar, did they? Teck's gone!" A shade — a symptom of fancied remorse — crossed his face. "He's whar he tried ter put me. Mighty narrer place, folks, mighty narrer, fur ennybody ez hev lived in the worl' an' got used ter seein' the sky." He drew a long sigh, and mournfully shook his head. "An' he war a good man in the main — Look-a-hyar, Marcella," he broke off abruptly, her half-repressed sob catching his attention, "what ye cryin' fur? It's whar he tried ter put me! An' ye see, Andy, they can't do nuthin' ter me, kase I war a off'cer o' the law in the discharge o' my jewty. I war obligated ter arrest Teck, an' I pulled him out'n his saddle an' bruk his neck. Ye don't b'lieve it, Marcella?" He looked at her with a flashing, challenging eye, the red and angry blood rushing suddenly over his pale face. "Ye said ye did n't, yes-tiddy."

"Waal, that war yestiddy," the girl urged soothingly.

"Ye see, Andy, ef Teck hed killed me whenst he rid me down, 't would be

murder, kase I war officer o' the law, arrestin' him whilst gamblin'. Hoss-racin' on a public road air gamblin', though ye might n't think it, Andy. Ye young folks air so sodden in sin ye dunno right from wrong. Buried him up yander on the mounting-side, 'mongst his folkses' graves. Waal — waal! They need n't try ter hold me 'sponsible, kase they can't. Hev ye hearn ennythin' 'bout his harnt bein' viewed, an' sech? Fraish-buried folks walk sometimes, they say; leastwise till they git used ter bein' under the groun', or whar-ever they hev gone ter. But I hev never hearn tell o' none o' them ez hev been dead a cornsider'ble time gittin' a-goin', — none o' the old folks, dead fifty year ago an' better, an' none o' them Injuns now out'n that thar Injun buryin'-groun' way up on Sing-Song Creek. Whoever see a Injun harnt? Shucks! 't would make me laff. I reckon them folks hed no souls, ef the truth war knowed. Ye ever see a Injun harnt?"

"Naw, sir," replied Andy. "Them Injuns over ter Quallatown air plenty dead enough fur me!" He laughed constrainedly as he made the admission, for following close upon the shock of his discovery of Eli Strobe's insanity, the sight of him, lean, and white, and grizzly, with his overgrown beard, and his tangled hair, and bandaged head, was not reassuring, as he sat and discussed his ghastly subject.

"I jes' study 'bout Teck Jepson all the time. I kin jes' see how he looked whenst I got him down on the road under his horse's hoofs. He bled a heap." He said this with a certain relish. Then he looked curiously at a dark stain on his coat-sleeve, and was silent for a moment. "I wisht I knowed what he said whenst he got ter Torment." He winked feebly at Longwood, unnoticing that the young man winced. "I wisht I knowed ef he walks."

It was waxing close upon noon. The

shadows had gradually dwindled. The world was so still. The sunshine lay on the splendid slopes in languorous reverie. Here and there some winged thing whisked about in the fine soft radiance, miraculously escaping the frost, or gallantly withstanding it, like certain human antiques, prolonging the sentiment and fervor of a summertide, albeit they cannot stay it.

Marcella's attention pensively followed the airy zigzags of those unconquered

wings; the little wheel was still; her hands had fallen passive at last in her lap. Andy was once more meditating departure. He straightened out his limbs as he sat, and he lifted his head and looked about him. The next moment he glanced up at Marcella with a startled, anxious inquiry. Her eyes were already riveted upon the turn-row, where amidst the bleached and pallid corn Teck Jepson was slowly coming toward the house.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

L'EAU DORMANTE.

I.

CURLED up and sitting on her feet
 Within the window's deep embrasure,
 Is Lydia; and across the street,
 A lad, with eyes of roguish azure,
 Watches her buried in her book.
 In vain he tries to win a look,
 And from the trellis over there
 Blows sundry kisses through the air,
 Which miss the mark, and fall unseen,
 Uncared for. Lydia is thirteen.

II.

My lad, if you, without abuse,
 Will take advice from one who's wiser,
 And put his wisdom to more use
 Than ever yet did your adviser;
 If you will let, as none will do,
 Another's heartbreak serve for two,
 You'll have a care, some four years hence,
 How you lounge there by yonder fence
 And blow those kisses through that screen —
 For Lydia will be seventeen.

A SOUTHERN PLANTER.

THOMAS SMITH GREGORY DABNEY, a descendant of the Huguenot D'Aubigné, was the son of a Virginian lawyer. Born in 1798, he spent his early years at home; was sent to an uncle in New Jersey for his schooling, and afterward, when his uncle was made president of William and Mary College, began, but did not finish, a collegiate course. He was married when twenty-two, and after his wife's death married again, six years after his first marriage. From 1820 till 1835 he led the life of a Virginian gentleman; but in the latter year he determined to move, with his large family of children and servants, to one of the cotton-planting States, and he selected Mississippi, where he bought about four thousand acres on Tallahala Creek, in Hinds County. Here he built a large family mansion, and led a planter's life until the war for the Union broke up his home, ruined his property, and made it unsafe for him to live in the country. He went to Mobile and Montgomery, but after the war returned to Burleigh, as he called his place, and tried to pick up the threads of his former existence. His family, however, was now grown; his wife died, and at last, parting with the old place, he went to live with one of his daughters in Baltimore, where he died in 1885, in his eighty-eighth year.

He held no public office of any consequence, though he was socially connected with leading families; he was not identified with any important movement in politics, education, or religion, though he was the friend of public men, an earnest Whig, an enthusiast in education, and a hearty supporter of the religious institutions in his neighborhood. He never traveled abroad, and, save during his schooldays, seems to have known nothing directly of his country excepting parts of Virginia and Mississippi.

He lived on his plantation, brought up a large family, and kept his connection with the rest of the world by entertaining profusely, by abundant correspondence, and by sending his favorite son to get his legal training at Harvard University.

The absence of conditions which determine the value of most biographies renders the memorials¹ which have been gathered of his life peculiarly significant and instructive. Almost for the first time in our literature, we have a tolerably full report, all the more valuable for being artless, of a course of life which once was the normal condition of a large body of our countrymen. The New England farmer, the Western pioneer, the Salem merchant, the New York citizen, the California miner, each of these types has been abundantly presented without undue partiality or bitter prejudice. But the Southern planter has rarely been drawn as he is; only as he was exaggerated in the eyes of his friends, or vilified by his enemies. He stood too near the centre of a passionate struggle to be seen very clearly, and was too closely connected with a system that was under the severest scrutiny ever bestowed on a social institution to hope to escape an identification with it.

We welcome, therefore, this daughter's affectionate record of her father's life, because it contains a picture of society in a Slave State, as seen not merely at its best, but freed from the complicating element of politics. The narrator is in full sympathy with her subject, but she is not a special pleader, and is evidently desirous to tell all that she remembers. The unliterary style of the narrative discloses its veracity. We feel that the writer is a conscientious photog-

¹ *Memorials of a Southern Planter.* By SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES. Baltimore: Cushing & Bailey. 1887.

rapher, who not merely does not touch up her pictures, but is at no pains in the first instance to group her subjects effectively.

Indeed, the character of Mr. Dabney, as it looks forth from the penetrating eyes of the picture fronting the title-page, and as revealed in the incidents of his life, must have forbidden anything like untruthfulness in one whom he trained. As the eyes of a well-painted portrait follow one about the room, so the characters of some men will not let their biographers escape from a sense of persistent supervision. Mr. Dabney had a nature which was generous to a fault; the fault being a reckless confidence in other men. Through this confiding disposition he lost his property, but the nobility of his nature never showed itself more strikingly than when he set about recovering himself, not to restore his fallen fortune, but to clear away the obligations under which he was buried. The keen sense of honor which possessed him was touched with that quality which we affectionately call quixotic, smiling at exhibitions which do not lessen our admiration of the hero. We cannot refrain from copying the pages in which Mrs. Smedes recounts the tragic experience of the family in its disaster, and the heroism of her father:—

“And now a great blow fell on Thomas Dabney. Shortly before the war, he had been asked by a trusted friend to put his name as security on some papers for a good many thousand dollars. At the time he was assured that his name would only be wanted to tide over a crisis of two weeks, and that he would never hear of the papers again. It was a trap set, and his unsuspecting nature saw no danger, and he put his name to the papers. Loving this man, and confiding in his honor as in a son’s, he thought no more of the transaction.

“It was now the autumn of 1866. One night he walked up-stairs to the room where his children were sitting,

with a paper in his hand. ‘My children,’ he said, ‘I am a ruined man. The sheriff is down-stairs. He has served this writ on me. It is for a security debt. I do not even know how many more such papers have my name to them.’ His face was white as he said these words. He was sixty-eight years of age, with a large and helpless family on his hands, and the country in such a condition that young men scarcely knew how to make a livelihood.

“The sheriff came with more writs. Thomas roused himself to meet them all. He determined to pay every dollar. But to do this he must have time. The sale of everything that he owned would not pay all these claims. He put the business in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. John Shelton of Raymond, who was also his intimate friend. Mr. Shelton contested the claims, and this delayed things till Thomas could decide on some way of paying the debts.

“A gentleman to whom he owed personally several thousand dollars courteously forbore to send in his claim. Thomas was determined that he should not on this account fail to get his money, and wrote urging him to bring a friendly suit, that, if the worst came, he should at least get his proportion. Thus urged, the friendly suit was brought, the man deprecating the proceeding, as looking like pressing a gentleman.

“And now the judgments, as he knew they would, went against him, one by one. On the 27th of November, 1866, the Burleigh plantation was put up at auction and sold, but the privilege of buying it in a certain time reserved to Thomas. At this time incendiary fires were common. There was not much law in the land. We heard of the gin-houses and cotton-houses that were burned in all directions. One day, as Thomas came back from a business journey, the smouldering ruins of his gin-house met his eye. The building was itself valuable and necessary. All the cotton that

he owned was consumed in it. He had not a dollar. He had to borrow the money to buy a postage-stamp, not only during this year, but during many years to come. It was a time of deepest gloom. Thomas had been wounded to the bottom of his affectionate heart by the perfidy of the man who had brought this on his house. In the midst of the grinding poverty that now fell in full force on him, he heard of the reckless extravagance of this man on the money that should have been used to meet these debts. Many honorable men in the South were taking the benefit of the bankrupt law. Thomas's relations and friends urged him to take the law. It was madness, they said, for a man of his age, in the condition the country was then in, to talk of settling the immense debts that were against him. He refused with scorn to listen to such proposals. But his heart was well-nigh broken. He called his children around him, as he lay in bed, not eating and scarcely sleeping.

"My children," he said, "I shall have nothing to leave you but a fair name. But you may depend that I shall leave you that. I shall, if I live, pay every dollar that I owe. If I die, I leave these debts to you to discharge. Do not let my name be dishonored. Some men would kill themselves for this. I shall not do that. But I shall die."

"The grief of betrayed trust was the bitterest drop in his cup of suffering. But he soon roused himself from this depression, and set about arranging to raise the money needed to buy in the plantation. It could only be done by giving up all the money brought in by the cotton crop for many years. This meant rigid self-denial for himself and his children. He could not bear the thought of seeing his daughters deprived of comforts. He was ready to stand unflinchingly any fate that might be in store for him, but his tenderest feelings were stirred for them. His chivalrous

nature had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work. He determined to spare his daughters all such labor as he could perform. General Sherman had said that he would like to bring every Southern woman to the wash-tub. [If General Sherman said this, it may be fairly construed not as malignity, but as a drastic remedy for a society enervated by idleness.] 'He shall never bring my daughters to the wash-tub,' Thomas Dabney said. 'I will do the washing myself;' and he did it for two years. He was in his seventieth year when he began to do it.

"This may give some idea of the labors, the privations, the hardships, of those terrible years. The most intimate friends of Thomas — nay, his own children who were not in the daily life at Burleigh — have never known the unprecedented self-denial, carried to the extent of acutest bodily sufferings, which he practiced during this time. A curtain must be drawn over this part of the life of my lion-hearted father. When he grew white and thin, and his frightened daughters prepared a special dish for him, he refused to eat the delicacy. It would choke him, he said, to eat better food than they had, and he yielded only to their earnest solicitations. He would have died rather than ask for it. When the living was so coarse and so ill prepared that he could scarcely eat it, he never failed, on rising from the table, to say earnestly and reverently, as he stood by his chair, 'Thank the Lord for this much.' During a period of eighteen months, no light in summer, and none but a fire in winter, except in some case of necessity, was seen in the house. He was fourteen years in paying these debts that fell on him in his sixty-ninth year. He lived but three years after the last dollar was paid.

"When he was seventy years of age, he determined to learn to cultivate a garden. He had never performed manual labor, but he now applied himself to

learn to hoe as a means of supplying his family with vegetables. With the labor of those aged hands he made a garden that was the best ordered that we had ever seen at Burleigh. He made his garden as he did everything that he undertook, in the most painstaking manner, neglecting nothing that could insure success. The beds and rows and walks in that garden were models of exactness and neatness. It was a quarter of a mile from the house and from water, on the top of a long, high hill, and three quarters of an acre in extent. In a time of drought, or if he had set out anything that needed watering, he toiled up that long, precipitous hill with bucket after bucket of water. 'I never look at the clouds' had been a saying of his in cultivating his plantation, and he carried it out now. That garden supplied the daily food of his family nearly all the year round. He planted vegetables in such quantities that it was impossible to consume all on the table, and he sold barrels of vegetables of different kinds in New Orleans.

"Oftentimes he was so exhausted, when he came in to dinner, that he could not eat for a while. He had his old bright way of making every one take an interest in his pursuits, — sympathy was as necessary and sweet to him as to a child, — and he showed with pride what he had done by his personal labor in gardening and in washing. He placed the clothes on the line as carefully as if they were meant to hang there always; and they must be admired, too! He said, and truly, that he had never seen snowier ones. . . . His hands were much bent with age and gout. No glove could be drawn over them. They had been so soft that a bridle-rein, unless he had his gloves on, chafed them unpleasantly. He expressed thankfulness that the bent fingers and palms did not interfere with his holding either his hoe handle or his pen. He wrote as many letters as ever, and an article for a state newspaper or

a Virginia or New Orleans paper occasionally, if interested in anything that was going on. . . . When he spoke of the expense of the postage on his correspondence, he said that he could not maintain himself in his station if he wrote fewer letters."

We have given this long passage because it lets one into the secret of Mr. Dabney's character, but its full force can be appreciated only by one who has been witness to the sort of life led at Burleigh, and has seen the prodigality of living, the generous hospitality, and the easy-going habits of a typical Southern household. We ask from these Memorials a disclosure of plantation life, but we get something more valuable in the delineation of a noble character victorious over adverse circumstance. The chivalry of the old man was innate. In his youth, when first engaged, he was a most gallant lover. "He drove from his home in Gloucester to her father's home, Mantua, on the Mataponi River, in King and Queen County, every two weeks, during his two months' engagement. He went in his gig, with his body-servant following on horseback. Each time he took a gift, — sometimes handsome jewelry, and at other times volumes of standard English authors. On each alternate week he wrote a letter to her. None of these letters were answered. He looked for no acknowledgment; his thought was that he was honored sufficiently by her receiving them."

The relation which Mr. Dabney bore to his negro slaves was so humane, so liberal, and, as Southerners used to be fond of saying, so patriarchal, that the superficial spectators of a system which offends deeper laws than those that relate to personal ease and comfort might easily ride over the stumbling-block. Slavery can never be made to square with eternal justice, but it was not difficult to adjust it to temporal expediency; and the student of American society,

when considering the conflict between the invisible law of right and the visible order of things, that never ceases, would err greatly if he shut his eyes to the personal element in the problem of slavery; if he failed to see how the humane relations of master and slave formed the most impregnable defense of the system, and how the results of these relations, the fair order which subsisted, had an inevitable influence upon the moral consciousness of society. In the volume before us, the dusky countenances of faithful slaves look forth placidly; they belong in the family gallery of portraits, and it is no affectation which places them there. One portrait, that of Mammy Harriet, accompanies a chapter of her recollections, and in the course of her talk she resents indignantly the notion that Mr. Dabney's slaves were treated as cattle.

"One ole man say, 'I want a 'oman to live wid me. Don't you think your marster would let me have a 'oman or a chile? I would like to buy you. You seem to be a very likely 'oman.' Buy who! buy me!' And as my dear old black mammy recalls this insult to herself and to her honored master, her dim eyes kindle, her voice is full of suppressed feeling, her frame at its height, her manner such as might become an enraged pythoness. 'No, not one! Don't you know marster don't want to sell none o' his people? We are follerin' our marster. We ain't no nigger-traders. No: when marster sell any o' his people, 't is 'cause he is made to do it; 't is 'cause he cyarn't do nothin' wid 'em himself.'"

This incident took place when the whole company, family and slaves, was on its way from Virginia to Mississippi. When this migration was decided on, Mr. Dabney called his slaves together, and told them his intentions. He announced that he did not wish to take one unwilling servant with him. His plan was to offer to buy such husbands

or wives as were connected with his people, but belonged to other owners, or to sell such as might prefer to remain in the neighborhood with their mates. "Without an exception," Mrs. Smedes writes, "the negroes determined to follow their beloved master and mistress. They chose rather to give up the kinspeople and friends of their own race than to leave them." The Mammy Harriet already quoted is instanced as giving in a sturdy adhesion to her master, with small regard for her ties of marriage. "My husband b'long to Cappen Edward Tabb, an' marster went dyar twice to try to buy him. But Cappen Tabb say dat no money could n't buy him from him. Den Mrs. Tabb say dat she would buy me, an' two odder people dyar wanted to buy me, too. But I say, 'No, indeed! Go 'long! I shall foller my marster.'"

The whole affair is a singular commentary on the confusion which slavery made in the minds of people. Here was a humane master, buying and selling men and women as so much merchandise, yet consulting them as to their wishes in the matter; and here was a slave, calling herself a wife, resolutely refusing any arrangement which separated her from her owner. The master was ready to recognize in a fashion the marriage tie in his slaves, but how weak this tie became in the eyes of all may be seen by an instance given by Mrs. Smedes. Her father owned a cook, and tried to buy her husband. The purchase was not then effected, but negotiations were kept up. After the family was settled in Mississippi, the cook was wholly indifferent. She had become a belle on the plantation, and a young fellow named Bob struck her fancy. "She wrote a letter," says Mrs. Smedes, "to her husband in Virginia, that quite decided him not to join her. He also, it was said, had been casting his eyes around for a more congenial mate. When Mrs. Chamberlayne spoke to him of going out to

Mississippi, he answered that Alcey had given him an account in a letter of the terrible ocean that had to be gone over on the way. Mrs. Chamberlayne said that if a woman could stand the journey a strong man certainly could. 'Yes, Miss Marthy, but Alcey know more 'bout dem mysteries dan I does.' When Alcey was spoken to on the subject, she said, 'Tell marster not to bother 'bout sendin' for him. He lazy an' puny, an' no 'count.' Bob's charms had triumphed."

It is clear enough, from this and other passages, that marriage among slaves, though it had the sanction of certain religious forms, had no sacredness in the eyes either of slaves or masters. How could it, when it was wholly subordinated to the interests of the masters? Nothing, in our judgment, better marks the degradation caused by the system of slavery than this conscienceless indifference to the most sacred of human relations. It intimates how subtle was the influence of one utterly unchristian relation in undermining all others. The slave, robbed of his brotherhood, lost thereby, in the eyes of his master, all real rights to the position of husband and father.

Mrs. Smedes more than once bears testimony to the change which comes over the spirit of man when freedom, with its cares and responsibilities, but also its rights and privileges, takes the place of slavery, with its careless irresponsibility and stagnation. "With negro slaves," she writes, "it seemed impossible for one of them to do a thing, it mattered not how insignificant, without the assistance of one or two others. It was often said, with a laugh, by their owners, that it took two to help one to do nothing. . . . The cook at Burleigh had always a scullion or two to help her, besides a man to cut her wood and put it on the huge andirons." And then she adds in a foot-note, "The cook's husband, who for years had looked on him-

self as nearly blind, and therefore unable to do more than work about her and put her wood on the fire, sometimes cutting a stick or two, made no less than eighteen good crops for himself, when the war was over. He was one of the best farmers in the country."

Mr. Dabney had at one time five hundred slaves under his control. He was, like other planters under similar conditions, a petty king; and managing a plantation, as his daughter says, was something like managing a kingdom. Some details of this governing life are given, and many glimpses afforded of the internal economy of the society thus created, but let not one be too much in love with the apparently sunny atmosphere. The life of a truly humane and conscientious planter was anything but serene, and his wife was the veriest slave on earth. "Now that the institution is swept away," says Mrs. Smedes, "I venture to express the conviction that there is not an intelligent white man or woman in the South who would have it recalled, if a wish could do it. Those who suffered and lost most — those who were reduced from a life of affluence to one of grinding poverty — are content to pay the price. Good masters saw the evil that bad masters could do. It is true, a bad master was universally execrated, and no vocation was held so debasing as the negro-trader's. Every conscientious proprietor felt that these were helpless creatures, whose life and limb were, in a certain sense, under his control. There were others who felt that slavery was a yoke upon the white man's neck almost as galling as on the slave's; and it was a saying that the mistress of a plantation was the most complete slave on it."

The value of this interesting book, apart from its supreme worth as the record of a truly noble character, is in the constant illustration which it affords of the perpetual conflict going on, within the society based on slavery, between the

conscience of man and the coils of the accursed system. It is at once a tribute to Mr. Dabney's noble nature and a melancholy commentary on the irony of fate, that when, bitterly opposed as he was to disunion, he proposed to sell all his property and remove with his family to England, the thought of his helpless dependents bowed him to the earth; he sacrificed his own comfort and that of

his family, threw in his fortunes with the Confederacy, and was swept into the fatal current of the war. No one who wishes to study from the inside the social condition of our Southern States should fail to read this instructive book. He will surely have greater charity for the unfortunate men who formed it, and greater detestation for the system in which they were involved.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

FICTION has become so voluminous an expression of mental activity that we find ourselves setting a peculiar value on individuality. There are ever so many novels published which are fairly pleasing; they have interesting stories, introduce one to well-bred persons, emit epigrammatic sparks, occasionally set one to thinking, and though we never think of reading them twice, and often go through such with a hop, skip, and a jump, we have no great fault to find with them. They have made an hour pass agreeably, they have produced a little diversion, and we should be churlish indeed if we refused to sign a certificate of their good behavior.

But now and then a novel lifts its head out of the crowd and asks for distinct recognition. It may not be vastly better than the crowd, but it differs from its neighbors, — differs in essentials, not in mere superficial qualities; it has, in a word, individuality. There is that about it which denotes a self-centred life. We do not confound it with other novels. It may even differ distinctly from other books by the same author, and whether we like it overmuch or not, it makes an impression upon us. We welcome it as an addition to our literary acquaintance. Still further, we recognize now and then among individual

novels a book which has a flavor of its own, although this is commonly to be affirmed of all books by the same author, — a certain incommunicable grace, an emanation of personality. This is style, and in its finest expression is uncopied, uncopiable. It is the citadel of spiritual power, the heart of a book.

*Bonaventure*¹ has individuality. It arrests attention at once by the certainty, the firm modeling, the precision, with which characters and scenes are presented. The reader, unless he be very much on the defensive, quickly surrenders himself to a writer who moves as if he knew the way and the end he meant to reach. Though the locality is mainly the old ground of Mr. Cable's novels, the reader soon finds that Mr. Cable has a new story to tell. When he lays the book aside, he is aware of having received a distinct impression. Some things have jarred on him, but he has been interested out of proportion to any development of plot. Nature and the persons he has been thrown with have been new to him. He has been in the company of an individual book, and, as often happens in such cases, he has not so much thought of the book generically,

¹ *Bonaventure: a Prose Pastoral of Acadian Louisiana.* By GEORGE W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

as a novel, as he has specifically, as the disclosure of the secrets of a few human beings.

But Bonaventure has style also, and it is a style which establishes the identity of authorship with *The Grandissimes* and Dr. Sevier, while it discloses the growth of Mr. Cable's power. When *The Grandissimes* appeared, we called attention to the fact that the book was in effect a parable, and owed what integrity it possessed to the controlling purpose in the author's mind of presenting the problem of the reorganization of Southern society. Bewildering as the book was, even the apparently detached story of Bras-Coupé, to most the single spot of light in the book, could be made to fall into place under the unifying intention. In Dr. Sevier, Mr. Cable essayed to work out through personal relations certain problems which vexed him regarding poverty and labor. In this book, he was getting nearer to an artistic form, though we are bound to say that Dr. Sevier, with its less divided interest, was not so attractive a book as the somewhat floundering *The Grandissimes*.

In Bonaventure, Mr. Cable sets himself another task. He thinks he sees the power which resides in knowledge, and he takes for the scene, in which to work out the regeneration of man through knowledge, the home of the Acadians of Louisiana; for he finds in this people an admirable illustration of a society which has been unstirred by the leaven of knowledge. But here, as in former instances, he interests himself with two or three characters; and inasmuch as his field of experiment is more limited, — for slavery and freedom, poverty and labor, both offer more general problems than illiteracy and knowledge, — he is by so much drawn into the more legitimate province of art, which has to do with persons in their relations one to another. That is to say, Bonaventure gradually ceases in the reader's mind to

be an educational tract, and becomes a romance, with pastoral scenes and idyllic incidents; but before the reader could have reached this conclusion the author must have known a retreat of the philanthropist and an advance of the artist. Instead of a *dénoûment* consisting in the establishment of a common-school system in Acadian Louisiana, we have a double wedding; the artist was too much for the theorist, and we are heartily glad of it. Mr. Cable needs to take but one more step to become a great artist; he is haunted by ghosts of purpose. Let his fine purposes be wholly dramatized, and no longer consciously possess him, when he is writing books.

This present romance has a capital illustration of what we are pointing out. By all odds, the best passage in it is the inimitable examination scene, in which Bonaventure rises to the height of his noble, limited nature. This schoolmaster, whom Mr. Cable would have us to believe was fed on educational aphorisms, is put to a test which would have broken down a figure merely designed to carry forward a theory. It is because he was dramatically conceived and had the love of his creator in him that he is supreme above the grotesque. Mr. Cable has done wisely in suffering this scene to be the climax of Bonaventure's personal adventure; after that he retires to be the fine, half-heroic inspiration of the other characters. On the other hand, the figures of Mr. George Washington Tarbox, the book-agent who develops into contractor and lover, and of Claude, who is Bonaventure's pupil, are weak, because they draw their life, not from a breath of the artist infused into the clay of human nature, but from theories of education. Mr. Cable apparently means that both of these characters shall express the influence of one noble nature acting upon them, and also disclose the power which knowledge has in enlarging and directing latent capacity. But the reader perceives that

Bonaventure was noble through the conquest of self which he achieved, and his educational conception took on its strength only through the informing power of a guileless and loving spirit. Tarbox is essentially vulgar. He is surprised into an acknowledgment of a higher ideal when he comes into contact with Bonaventure, but there is not evidence enough to convince us that the surprise worked a radical change in his nature, and we are still further skeptical of his ability to expand into a large-minded man through the action of his native shrewdness. Claude is commonplace, with the romanticism of youth. Mr. Cable fails to turn his development from an ignorant peasant into a clever inventor to such account as to persuade us that his character grew noble under the influence of education and material success.

In a word, though much pains is taken with these two characters, they fail to move us, and we think they never profoundly moved their creator. Pierre, the father of Claude, is much more of a true creation, for he is built of elemental human emotions, and is not a product of superficial culture. Yet we should not like to leave the reader with the impression that the last part of the book is ineffective. In character-drawing, Mr. Cable does not surpass his Bonaventure, but the cunning of his art when applied to incident and description is quite as mark-worthy in the latter as in the earlier part of the book. The vividness of his writing is a delight. It is true that he is sometimes overcome by his passion for having a secret with himself, and lets his Tarbox go through certain contortions which are a mystery to on-lookers, and known only to Tarbox and his creator; but such a fault only calls attention to the skill with which this artist throws himself into the delineation of single passages. The power which Mr. Cable possesses of seeing particulars is extraordinary. It is this which enables

him to light up single scenes with a marvelous intensity of color; it is this which makes him a great colorist, and, when the scene makes the whole story, a splendid painter of miniatures, as his short sketches and stories and the episodes in his longer books testify. With the growing faculty for composition which his successive novels intimate, we yet hope to see him great in wholes as in particulars; but until his minuteness of vision has become also generosity of sight, so that the world of his art is not governed by some doctrinaire spectre, we must look for the disappointment which Bonaventure causes. There is always keenness of disappointment when an author fails to satisfy the hopes which he has raised.

It does not take long, after one has made his way into the next novel on our list, to discover that the author has set herself no task beyond her power. We speak of the author of *Queen Money*¹ as a woman. There are fifty chances in our favor for the conjecture, and as we cannot be bothered, in writing of this book, by a constant resort to periphrastic phrase, we boldly take the chances, and relieve the reader of any argument to prove that we are right. She, then, — this supposititious woman, to whom we take off our hat at once, not merely because she is a woman, but because she is an uncommonly clever one, whose cleverness we should not like to bring down on us by any lack of civility on our part, — had it in mind to trace the influence of the greed for wealth upon a section of contemporaneous society, and she chose for the scene of her operations what may be called the heart of New York. She takes a young man of high ideals, brings him from the shelter of a cultivated home in the country, and places him close to the centre of that throbbing life which has for its nearest

¹ *Queen Money*. By the Author of *The Story of Margaret Kent*. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

exponents a few brokers and capitalists, a group of journalists, and as contiguous, a segment of that ancient aristocratic circle which vies with wealth in its assumption of superiority to fate. There is also a garden in the midst of this tumultuous activity, — a household where two or three old men and a graceful girl pursue a calm life of art, apparently unheeded of the stir about them.

The materials for a story are abundant, and as the writer allows herself to be controlled by a simple theme, she is able to give herself up to a free narrative of the career of her hero, young Otto March. He is not a hero in the strife. The effective art of the writer makes him almost throughout the story to be a somewhat passive agent. These eager men and women who are jostling each other are for the purposes of the story revolving about him, but they are not over-aware that he is the centre of interest. Nor is the reader much affected by this consideration. In some novels, the hero is marked at the outset, and the eye becomes fatigued with the exertion of watching him through all the involutions and convolutions of the story, since the author compels the reader to keep an eye on him. Here we have nothing of the sort. We feel from the start that this young man is to be the last to leave the printed page, and it is not long before we are equally sure of his mate, but our interest is attracted to something more than the fortunes of one man and one woman. It is as if we were watching a play, where every character was so well cast that though we knew perfectly well there were principals and subordinates, we were always interested, whoever appeared on the scene. This is the perfection of harmony in the setting of a play, and it is this harmony of parts which excites our admiration in *Queen Money*. The plot is not elaborate, and we anticipate its general conclusion long before we reach the end of the book; but neither has

it any highly exaggerated situations; our interest does not depend on the few crises of the story. What does interest us is the cleverness with which the author avails herself of the situations which arise simply and naturally out of the given relations which subsist between the several persons who constitute the cast. A dinner-party, a private ball, a flurry in the money-market, a flirtation, the death of a young girl, whose parents, loving her, were yet allowing themselves to drift apart from each other, — these are not singular situations, but they all play their part simply and harmoniously, and the reader encounters each with no jaded feeling of having been there before. In no one scene, perhaps, is the author's cleverness shown more successfully than in her management of the millionaire's dinner. The incident is scarcely necessary to the development of the story, but neither is it in the least impertinent, and both author and reader take a hearty enjoyment in the whimsical, but not *outré* exhibition. The author's faculty of invention is not uncommon, but what strikes us is her sensible use of such invention as she has. In one case, to be sure, that of the mysterious appearance of the fish served for dinner, she gives us the impression that such a ridiculous incident did once occur, and that she invented the whole dinner-party for the sake of using a humorous fact, but in the main the absence of exaggeration is noticeable. She knows that her incidents are ordinary, and she does not strain them for effect, or pretend that they have any unusual character; but she bends her force to making every incident tell through the liveliness of its presentation, and she succeeds admirably.

The ethical intent of the book is not obtruded, and there are no ghastly morals, yet the whole outcome of the story is distinctly and refreshingly healthful and tonic. The book is not a great book, but it is a level one, with honesty of art

and a clear restriction by the author to subjects within her power, which gives us a sense, not of great reserve power which may some day break forth into a notable book, but of that equipoise which assures us the writer knows what she can do, and means to do it openly and heartily every time she essays to write a novel. The readableness of *Queen Money* is quite enough to bring it many readers, and we are sure that its wit, its penetrating sense, and its sanity will make it last in the mind much longer than a merely entertaining story.

In a strict classification, we should hesitate to place Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*¹ under the head of Fiction. The story element is more subordinate, even, than it need be, and the reader who is in search of entertainment soon discovers that the author is too much in earnest to take any advantage of the opportunities which his whimsy afford him for diverting nonsense. The book is, in truth, a contribution to social and economic philosophy under the guise of an imaginary retrospect, taken a century and more hence by a man who is able to make a comparison between the two periods, through the fortunate accident of going to sleep in one period and awaking in the next. We say retrospect, but should rather say aspect, for the book contains the observations made during the later period, and the contrast lies more in the reader's mind than in the formal comparison.

It is very evident that Mr. Bellamy is not amusing himself with a playful fancy of what the world may some day become when its inhabitants shall have found the coincidence of the economic law and the law of love. He feels intensely the bitter inequalities of the present order, and he thinks he sees the remedy in an industrial organization of society which shall not merely be coterminous

with national boundaries, but shall itself be the nation. The dream of socialism, which was outlined in Mr. Gronlund's suggestive book, *The Coöperative Commonwealth*, sees the assumption of all powers by the national government, so that each person becomes hardly more than a puppet, moved by the will of the whole people. Mr. Bellamy discloses the practical operation in the system as seen in the city of Boston. He introduces his awakened hero to a family of three, a doctor, his wife, and his daughter, and then, chiefly by means of conversation, makes him acquainted with the economy of social life. The hero sees no one but these three, and hears no testimony from any one else, except, indeed, that he listens to a sermon of which he is the text, and he is no match for the doctor in argument. To be sure, he puts in but a feeble defense of the wretched nineteenth century in which he fell asleep, and if we were called on to send an advocate into the latter end of the twentieth century we should choose one who would not be bowled over so easily. We fancy that Dr. Johnson, for instance, if rudely awakened now, would lay about him in a very vigorous fashion, and that any Dr. Leete, with his calm assumption of the superiority of a democracy to a corrupt tory government, who might measure swords with him would find his own weapon needed sharpening.

The prime defect of Mr. Bellamy's argument for universal industrial organization is in its ignoring of human nature. When we order our goods by sample from the great store in our city ward, have our credit ticket punched, and the goods sent to our house by pneumatic tubes, we shall be just the same men and women that we are to-day, precisely as we have essential community with the men and women who existed before James Watt saw his kettle boil. But Mr. Bellamy's men and women have rid themselves of poverty, and with poverty have lost all their claws

¹ *Looking Backward*. 2000-1887. By EDWARD BELLAMY. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

and stings. It is not very difficult to picture a world of amiability; all one needs is to eliminate certain passions and ugly vices. A hundred and thirteen years will suffice for this, in Mr. Bellamy's philosophy. By the bye, we wonder that Dr. Leete, in his complacent commentary on the twentieth century, has nothing to say respecting the devil of intemperance, which was still switching its forked tail when Mr. West lay down to his century-long nap. There are other troublesome nightmares from which we should like to wake into the calm daylight of Mr. West's Boston of 2000, but we get no imaginary relief in this book. Mr. Bellamy has also blinked the most valuable part of his subject: an explanation, namely, of the process by which the change was brought about. Could he not, from that library in which he seems only to have read a little fiction, have withdrawn some book which gave account of the steps in the mighty revolution, — a book of annals, for instance, of the years 1887–1937, during which most of the great work was achieved?

It is interesting to see how, under the influence of this optimistic socialism, a sturdy individualism seems to have vanished. The persons whom Mr. West encounters are thin, ghostlike articles of a great frame; their individual characteristics are but slightly accented. We have met, of course, such faint figures in novels before, but not in Mr. Bellamy's novels. We recall well some striking personages to whom he has introduced us, but they breathed in the noxious air of the nineteenth century; these creations of his, who smile and talk in the exhausted air receiver of the twentieth century, are hardly to be remembered after one has closed the book.

Yet it is impossible for a generous mind to be unmoved by the contrast

which Mr. Bellamy draws between the nineteenth century, with its fierce struggle for life, and the twentieth, when the lion and the lamb lie side by side, the lion with his claws pared and eating grass. One of the cleverest touches in the book is in the surprise which awaits the reader at its close. Mr. West awakes from this dream of a millennium, and the reader is half impatient at this cheap explanation, so familiar in moral tales; but he reads on, and suddenly discovers that the apparent awakening into 1887 is only a dream itself, — that the millennium of the twentieth century is the reality. There are many shrewd observations, some noteworthy attempts at indicating the trend of present social movements, and above all, as we have said, an earnest cry for the peace of human brotherhood, — a cry which resounds through the book, and is far more effective a sermon to selfish minds than the vague generalities which fill the actual sermon preached in the hearing of Mr. West.

Fiction nowadays concerns itself with so wide a range of topics that the reviewer of recent books may pick and choose, so as to take up, when he lays down a novel on the reconstruction of society, a book which is delightfully free from any shadow of moral purpose. Bostonians, trained by means of cards for home use at the Public Library, may be getting ready for the adoption of Mr. Bellamy's credit-card system, but we suspect that Mr. Bellamy would ask to be allowed an extra century for making over the Irishman in Ireland. What the English, with their distressful ignorance of him, will do beyond driving him still wilder, we cannot say, but they may catch a glimpse of his real nature if they will only read Mr. McAnally's *Irish Wonders*.¹ Mr. McAnally tells us that he picked up

¹ *Irish Wonders*. The Ghosts, Giants, Pookas, Demons, Leprechawns, Banshees, Fairies, Witches, Widows, Old Maids, and other marvels of the Emerald Isle. Popular Tales as

told by the People. By D. R. McANALLY, JR. Illustrated by H. R. HEATON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

the stories in his book from the lips of the people themselves, and he has made this emphatic by retelling them in Irish brogue. The reader of Carleton and Lever, if he does not recognize the stories as the same which those writers have given him, discovers the same spirit at play in them. We are inclined to think that the stories are both genuine and new. They have not too much invention about them to discredit this view, and they have the Irish flavor to perfection. We may have our several opinions as to Ireland politically, but the superstitions and fairy lore of the country, the happy-go-lucky character of the peasantry and their cheerful improvidence, give a common ground for all except the hopelessly statistical. Even the philosophically-minded may extract some nutriment from these amusing tales; indeed, we are all of us so haunted by Ireland that we suspect many, when they lay down the book, will fall to considering how far away these imaginative people are from that consciousness of political nature which lies at the basis of modern organized society. Why can we not keep Ireland as a nursery for the imagination, as we keep Switzerland for an out-door gymnasium? There is nothing in these fantastic stories which gives any hint that they are moribund. On the contrary, they impress the reader with the notion that they are a mere handful of wild-flowers, gathered at random in a field which yields much more of this kind than of useful grain. In England and America these flowers are hothouse plants. In Ireland they are native, and grow carelessly and freely. Mr. Heaton has caught capitally the spirit of the stories in his lively, dashing pictures, and has managed to give the Irish humor without touching it in that caricaturing temper which is so sure to possess the ordinary draughtsman, who sees the Irishman only when he is in the transitional naturalization period.

No one can accuse Mr. Crawford of over-production so long as what he produces adds to the stock of honest literature, and the readers of Paul Patoff may take up the shorter story, Marzio's *Crucifix*,¹ with confidence that they will suffer no reaction of interest. Not that the smaller book draws upon the same kind of interest as the larger; one may properly infer that the author, like other vigorous workers, has found a measure of relief in bringing into use a new set of intellectual muscles, and readers whose ears prick at the mention of this active young novelist may thank him for affording them a new kind of intellectual pleasure.

With a very few figures, we may say, indeed, with one figure reflected from four or five others, Mr. Crawford has shown something of the same kind of literary workmanship which he praises in the craft of his hero. Marzio is a silversmith of Rome, master in an art which has well-nigh perished in Italy, and the chief productions of his art are holy vessels used in the altar service of the church. He is indebted for most of his orders to his brother Paolo, who is a priest and secretary to a Roman cardinal. But Marzio himself is not only an unbeliever, but a bitter enemy to the existing order in Church and State; a revolutionist in spirit and speech, and lacking only the opportunity, one would at first say, to be one in action. He has a young assistant, who bids fair to carry forward his master's traditions in art, and is also a disciple in politics and a lover of Marzio's daughter. As regards incident, the story is of the slightest. The appeal is to the interest which the reader feels in tracing the movement of Marzio's mind through a murder which is in intention only. The man is a coward, and when his cowardice stands revealed, the glimpse which one gets of the interior of his nature is very illuminating.

¹ *Marzio's Crucifix*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Mr. Crawford labors to show the contradictions, which have a superficial incongruity but a real, substantial root, in the composition of Marzio's character. The somewhat dry light in which this author's subjects are accustomed to shine agrees well with the purpose of this book, and the reader finds himself interested and curious, but not too sympathetic. It is noticeable that in his eagerness to attract attention to his central figure, Mr. Crawford has, so to speak, lowered the tone of all the other characters, so that the reader unwittingly takes them all at somewhat less than their real value, is a little incredulous of the ardor with which the lovers regard each other,

and has for a time something of Marzio's own dislike of Paolo. We have no fear that Mr. Crawford will join the ranks of the analytical novelists. When he essays anything comparable with their work, the characteristic outwardness of his whole scheme of fiction serves as a healthy protection against a too intimate and subtle corrosive of life. Our interest in this writer is such that we cannot help regarding his relation to his art as well as the individual products, and we are disposed to think that Marzio's *Crucifix* is a tentative venture, which has value as an artist's study, but is not likely to lead to any positively new style or singular development.

AUBREY DE VERE'S ESSAYS.

A POET'S thoughts about poetry are always interesting; and in these two volumes¹ we have not only criticism of the greatest of English poets, which is the fruit of long-continued reflection upon them, but also a theory of poetry. Aubrey de Vere, too, shows plain signs of having himself lived much in the ideal elements of life; in his mind poetry has been a vital thing. He values it chiefly for its highest office as a teacher of moral wisdom, and a quickener of the spiritual part of our nature. He justly decides that its real subject is man's life; this is the centre of interest in all great thought, and the rest is but ornament and episode. Naturally, he seeks in Spenser and Wordsworth, who were respectively the principal philosophical poets of their time, their ideas regarding humanity. It is not common to treat of Spenser in this way. His work, with its intricate allegory, its ma-

chinery of fairyland and chivalry, its ideal landscape, is regarded as remote from life; but just as the creations of art, which also have what one may call this objective unreality, are yet the expression, oftentimes, of the most real human feeling and the most substantial thought of the mind, so the figures of his embroidered poem compose a procession of true life. They are conceived and used in accordance with a comprehensive doctrine of the nature of humanity, which Spenser undoubtedly meant to enforce through the medium of the imagination; this doctrine, in fact, is the stuff they are made of.

It is not an easy thing to resolve into its moral elements the creations of a poet who blends many strains of truth. His method is not the consecutive process of logical reflection and explication, but the simultaneous embodiment of what, however arrived at, he presents as intuitive, needing only to be seen, to be acknowledged. In the analysis, the distinctive poetic quality is too apt to be

¹ *Essays, chiefly on Poetry.* By AUBREY DE VERE, LL. D. 2 vols. New York: London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

dissipated, and the poet is forgotten in the philosopher. Certain broad aspects may be easily made out. Chivalry, with its crowd of fairy knights, certainly rests, in Spenser's great work, upon the old conception of the Christian life as one militant against the enemies of the soul in the world; and quite as clearly he also represents this life as being, within the breast, ideal peace. Peace within and war without: these are two root-ideas out of which the poem flowers on its great double branches. He teaches specifically how to attain self-control, and how to meet attacks from without; or rather how to seek those many forms of error which do mischief in the world, and to overcome them for the world's welfare. This is a bald statement, but it indicates well enough in what way Spenser employed the knightly ideal of suzeror on the one hand, and the Christian ideal of moral perfection on the other, in order to make a poem which should instruct as well as delight the world. He himself asserts that his aim was as lofty as this, and to a man such as he was a lower aim, a merely artistic purpose, would have been impossible. It is fortunate that he was not less endowed with the sense of loveliness than with a serious mind; for he thus illustrates not only the possible union of the two principal aims of poetry in all times, but also the truth that to a man whose perception of beauty is most perfect the beauty of holiness is the more impressive and authoritative in its commands. Aubrey de Vere, in his two long essays upon this theme, devotes himself especially to the declaration and the proof that Spenser's poetic character was essentially that of a man deeply interested in human life, and he tries to prevent the poet's severely ideal, and sometimes fantastic, method from obscuring, as for many minds it does, the real nature of that allegory, so marvelous for invention, eloquence, and perpetual charm of style, which is seldom thought to be more than

an intricate and lovely legend of the imagination. The critic is not blind to the great defects of the work, — and no poem of equal rank has more, — nor does he neglect the excellences that are obvious to the least thoughtful reader; but he succeeds in placing before us its intellectual and moral substance.

In doing this he reveals his own theory of poetry, and it is one that derives its philosophy from the great historic works of our literature, and is grounded on the practice of the English masters whose fame is secure. Its cardinal principle is that man is the only object of interest to man, all else being subordinate, and valuable only for its relations to this main theme; and more particularly this subject is the spiritual life, not the material manifestations of his energies in deeds apart from their meaning. The Italian masters of Spenser too often lost themselves in incident, in romance, in story for its own sake; they were destitute of that ethical spirit which insists on planting in the deeds their significance, and regarding this as an integral, and indeed the only immortal, part of the action. The laws of life, not the chances of individuals, were Spenser's subject, and in this he differs from Ariosto, and leaves his company. Spenser's genius was thus abstract and contemplative, and Platonic in the sense that he used images always with some reference to the general truths that transcend imagination, and are directly apprehended only intellectually. Allegory was therefore his necessary method. Spenser never succeeded in harmonizing the disparate elements of his material to which he fell heir by literary tradition; and besides the inconsistencies and incoherencies of the Renaissance culture, which never reached any unity in its own time, there were also special disturbances in his intellectual life because of the political and religious conflicts in England itself, from entanglement with which he was not free; and, moreover, he does

not seem to have subdued the philosophical and poetic impulses of his own nature to any true accord. His poem, therefore, did not take on that perfection, that identity of purpose and execution, which would have placed it in the first rank, and he remains below the supreme poets of the world. The study of his work, as an illustration of the conditions and art of poetry, is most instructive. Its defects teach more than its excellence, but they do not disturb the theory which Aubrey de Vere sets forth; and he would be but a blind critic who should easily argue that Spenser succeeded when he obeyed the pure artistic impulse, and failed because of the interference of his graver genius with the poetical mind, his thought with his sensibility.

But let us take the other example of Wordsworth. The great difference between the two is, that Spenser was concerned with the moral virtues and man's acquirement of them, while Wordsworth was more narrowly limited to the influence of nature in forming the soul. Both looked to the same end, — spiritual life; but Wordsworth had a different starting-point. His mind was more individual, and he assumed that his own history was typical; he was less rich in the stores of antiquity, and he had less sensibility to beauty in its ideal forms; but he knew the place that nature held in his own development, and he became specifically the poet of nature, not only as beauty visible to the eye, but also, and mainly, as an invisible influence in the lives of men. Much of his verse was a pastoral form of philosophy; meditation counted for more than beauty in it, but the scene was the English country, and the characters were rustics. There was, too, something of imaginative untruth in it, no doubt, similar to that inherent in all pastoral poetry. These common men, however, were not individuals, but stood for man, and Wordsworth, in delineating their histories, was writing a parable as

well as a story. In other portions of his verse, he used a more abstract method, especially in the Orphic Odes, to which Aubrey de Vere calls special attention for the sake of the thought they contain. It is not necessary to enter on the subject of Wordsworth more particularly. As a moralist he was much given to maxims; and in all that concerns the social and political life of man, as well as his personal relations to virtue, Wordsworth was, as the critic claims with much emphasis, filled with a certain ardor, which may be called passion, if one likes. The lack of passion in the ordinary sense — and it cannot be made out that Wordsworth possessed this quality — only renders more plain the moral endowment of the poet, his absorbing interest in the manly virtues, and the supreme value which he placed on the spiritual life and its ideal relations. He considered these relations most directly as existing toward nature, and having their operation in the emotion which nature excites. He did not altogether escape from the pantheism incident to such a constant pre-occupation of the mind with the works and course of nature, and consequently he is less distinctively Christian than Spenser; but Aubrey de Vere easily makes it out that Wordsworth's philosophy, much as it differed from Spenser's, is concerned with the same topics of moral and spiritual life, and is the substance of his poetry.

It would be an error, however, if the reader should fancy that the critic pleads his cause in the hard and argumentative manner in which it falls to us to state it. His method of treatment, notwithstanding some stiffness and orderliness in the plan, is really discursive, with much examination of passages in detail. The important thing to us is the attitude he takes, which is always idealistic in thought, and exacting of the moral element in spirit. In another essay he divides all poets into the national and the ideal schools. Something might well be

urged against such a line of demarkation, for the two overlap ; but he means to include the realistic poets in the former division, and the poets who were less confined to the objective material of their own age in the latter. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Coleridge he calls mainly national, and Spenser, Milton, Shelley, Keats, and Landor mainly ideal. The principal value of this distinction is, that it groups together those poets of whom he specially treats ; and they, we need not say, are, in this portion of the essays, the ideal ones. He is not just to Milton, but we let that pass. In writing of the others, he has opportunity for still further illustration of the theory of poetry he holds, and he shows that these later poets have their best success the closer they keep to the subject of man, and the more they treat it with a pure, spiritual method ; while, on the other hand, they are defective in proportion as they fail in this. It would be impossible for a critic with such standards as these to pass in review the work of the moderns, and not to notice the general decline in the moral weight and the spirituality of late poetic literature. Materialism, both as respects the objects of man's pursuit and the character of his speculation in philosophy, has been so important and growing a factor of the times that, if there is any validity in this theory of poetry, it must follow that our poetic work has lost elevation, meaning, and utility. Religion itself, so far as the general thought of nineteenth-century civilization is concerned, has suffered a diminution of its authority, and consequently the spiritual life of man has filled a less prominent part in the eyes of these generations. It is significant that these volumes end with one or two religious essays, in which the Christian defends faith itself against

attack, not in a controversial but in a humane spirit, and from the standpoint of the higher life.

These essays, taken together, are thus a protest against the general tendencies of our time, and draw a lesson from our poetical literature to show us the value of great ideas to the poet, and by consequence to all those to whom the poet appeals. The writer speaks as a man rather than a critic, and his interest, as well as that of the poets he specially analyzes for us, is in our life. We think no student of literature can read these volumes without great profit ; for besides the general theory which they unfold, they contain much minute criticism, and many happily turned *dicta* and suggestive observations by the way, and they embody the results of a thorough and sympathetic acquaintance with the poets. There is, with the rest, a long review of the entire body of Sir Henry Taylor's work in detail, which is studded with critical remarks upon the drama as a form of art, and also upon its English history. Altogether, there is a body of criticism here, the ripened result of a full mind, such as comes only from the reflection of a lifetime. It bears unmistakable evidences of great refinement of taste, of much thoughtful care, of wide familiarity with literature ; and there is throughout its pages a rare feeling for what is pure and wise and noble in the imaginative work of the great poets, and what is serviceable for the spiritual life, under whatever creeds or masters it may be led ; and its spirit is as enlightened as it is liberal. This may seem high praise, but nothing less would convey our sense of the real excellence of these essays, and of the importance of the truth about poetry, which is also truth about life, that they try to set forth and to make prevail.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Fault-Finding as a Means of Happiness.

As there are many sorts of men, and as the same man has many different moods, so there are many kinds of happiness. There are elevated pleasures, as everybody has heard ; and there are low pleasures, as almost everybody has found out for himself. In this respect some of us would have constituted the world differently. Had we been consulted, all vulgar pursuits, not to speak of downright immorality, should have been attended with nothing but immediate and continuous discomfort. Nothing should have given pleasure, even to the ignorant and the vicious, except those higher intellectual and spiritual exercises to which we ourselves have always been so earnestly devoted. What an injustice it appears that my neighbor across the way seems to enjoy a negro-minstrel show quite as well as I do a symphony concert ; or that Mary Ann in a smart alpaca gown is every whit as self-complacent as her mistress with a new outfit from Paris ! Surely, the better causes ought in all reason to produce the better results. But we must take things as they are, seeing there is no way of altering them, and recognize the fact, disheartening though it be, that happiness is on the whole pretty evenly distributed.

Some of our most constant pleasures, indeed, are shared not only with the common crowd of average humanity, but with the lower animals as well. It is doubtful whether the most refined among us enjoy eating and drinking better than cows and goats do ; and the same spring weather that kindles the imagination of the poet sets all the birds singing, and brings out every snake and turtle to bask in the sunshine. If the millionaire have the better dishes, his horses, in all likelihood, have the better appetites ; and I have seen a dog so en-

thusiastic over a bone that it was hard to imagine Mr. Joseph Sedley himself feasting with greater gusto.

But though we cannot deny the universality of such "creature comforts," — which are to be lightly esteemed, not so much because we find them valueless as because our inferiors find them valuable, — and if we must even admit that men in general are much more uniformly blessed than seems to us quite equitable, yet nobody can hinder our believing that cultivated people have at least some felicities peculiarly their own.

Compare my case with that of my neighbor before mentioned. As I have said, he appears to be as much taken with a banjo-and-bones entertainment as I am with a symphony concert. But that is only one side of the story ; for I not only revel in the higher sorts of music, but have at the same time no little satisfaction in looking down upon those (my neighbor included) who are captivated by cheaper and more vulgar performances. I enjoy the symphony orchestra, and am proud of the fact ; I despise the street band, and am proud of that fact likewise. Both feelings are creditable to my taste, and are felt to be so. How different is the other man's condition ! If he is not ashamed of his weakness for minstrel troupes and street bands (and he probably is), at all events he must sometimes feel humiliated at his inability to appreciate Brahms's symphonies and the German opera. To put the comparison in another way, my unfortunate neighbor gets nothing but chagrin out of really good music, and enjoyment mixed with mortification out of poor music ; while I, on the other hand, find it difficult to determine which gives me the livelier satisfaction, — my liking for what is truly classical, or my contempt for what is unworthy. And as it

is with music, so it is with all art and literature, and indeed with every department of life. It is much to be able to respect our own opinions and tastes; but I sometimes think it is more to be able to satirize the notions, doings, and preferences of our less favored brethren. In other words, I have before now been ready to believe that, so far as our pleasure in them goes, our own strong points are worth less to us than other men's weaknesses; partly, it must be allowed, because the former are not quite so numerous and immutable as might be desired, while the latter, like the poor, we have always with us.

I had a little experience bearing upon this subject, only the other day. I chanced to be in the study of a scholarly acquaintance, and, looking over his shelves, came unexpectedly upon one of the later works of an author who, as I suppose, would be voted the foremost of living American men of letters, if the suffrage of the intellectual world were taken. This particular book of his is full of wisdom and eloquence, with quotable sentences on every page. As I turned the familiar leaves carelessly, I noticed here and there pencillings upon the margin, and was curious to observe what kind of things they were which had been thus honored. I was not long in finding out that my learned friend had read the book, as he would have said, "critically," — that is, not for its beauties, but for its defects. His marginal hieroglyphics were invariably opposite some more or less incorrect or doubtful form of speech. The felicitous turn of expression, the subtle criticism, the perfect apothegm, the racy epithet, — all these, as far as could be judged, had passed without remark; what the next reader of the volume, whether its owner or a borrower, ought by all means to have his attention directed to were these instances in which the distinguished author, whether inadvertently or from actual ignorance, had stepped aside in

his grammar. A misplaced *only*, a questionable *and which*, an unlucky confusion of the personal pronouns in the course of a long sentence, — these, and things like them, had taken the eye of the user of the pencil. At these points, rather than elsewhere, we may presume, he had realized his own superiority; for, of course, whoever can pick holes in another's work must be, by so much, the more skillful workman.

I was greatly impressed. What an economical and comfortable method! At this rate, one needs only to be (or to fancy himself) well grounded in Lindley Murray, and there is no English book, no matter how uninteresting its subject nor how abstruse its thought, out of which he may not get his money's worth of enjoyment, since, as Hazlitt says, "the only impeccable writers are those that never wrote." And then I smiled as it flashed upon me what a godsend my own books would prove to this same philosophical lover of solecisms; and I thought to myself, If I ever give him one of them, I will surely give him half a dozen pencils to go with it.

I hope I shall not be suspected of laughing at the scholar with whose library I was thus making free. Careless readers (or writers) may call him a pedant. I call him, in all sincerity, a philosopher, and I draw from his example this important practical lesson: All ordinary means of happiness will sometimes fail us; but so long as we can enjoy other men's faults, so long we shall have at least one inexhaustible resource.

— I have often heard the question asked why Commencement Day is so called, both by fellow-students when in college and by intelligent persons outside of college, and hence infer that many of those who take part in the exercises of the day from year to year, and many who are otherwise acquainted with this anniversary, have little idea of the reason for its name. Humorous allusions

Commence-
ment Day:
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tory.

also appear from time to time in print, the point of which is that *Commencement* must be applied to the *ending* of a collegiate course on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. The latest pleasantry of this sort which has met my eye was in The Contributors' Club of the February Atlantic, and ran as follows: "Commencement Day (so called, with old-time perversity, because it is the ending of the collegiate career)." Such widespread mystification on this topic seems to warrant putting on record the history of the word. As is usual when the origin of a term is in question, persons addicted to speculative etymology have made various attempts to evolve the desired information from their inner consciencelessness. Thus it has been poetically suggested that Commencement is so called because it is to the young graduate the commencement of practical life. Again, there is a set of worthy partisans, to whom college means only Harvard, who are satisfied with the theory that the term originated when Commencement at that institution was in the fall, — at the commencement of the academic year. But the origin of this word must be sought farther back than the history of even the oldest American university extends, for it was a part of the endowment of college words and customs which the "school at Cambridge" received from England. We must seek it farther back, even, than the English universities: in those of Continental Europe, from the oldest of which, that of Paris, it is believed the general system of university honors was borrowed. It appears that the degrees of Master and Doctor are much older than that of Bachelor, and were granted in the early universities to those who had satisfactorily completed the trivium and the quadrivium, and who were consequently deemed competent to teach others. Says Professor Laurie, in his *Rise and Early Constitution of Universities*, "Graduation was, in the mediæval uni-

versities, simply the conferring of a qualification and right to teach (or, in the case of medicine, to practice)." The Encyclopædia Britannica, article Universities, has the following: "The bachelor, or imperfect graduate, was bound to read, under a master or doctor of his faculty, a course of lectures; and the master, doctor, or perfect graduate was, in like manner, after his promotion, obliged to commence (*incipere*), and to continue for a certain period, publicly to teach (*regere*) some, at least, of the subjects pertaining to his faculty." Commencement, then, existed at first for those taking what are now called the higher degrees, and was the time when young men ceased to be pupils, and commenced to teach. The bachelor's degree, marking the end of the trivium, or preparatory course, was first given at Paris; and it seems that the bachelors were required to serve an apprenticeship at teaching, as a part of their preparation for the master's degree. The student having performed the requirements of the trivium, "he was," says Professor Laurie, "named a bachelor by the masters of that subject, and had now the right to wear a round cap, and not only the right, but the obligation, to teach freshmen. He was then said *incipere in artibus*." Hence, even when extended to the graduation of bachelors, Commencement still carried the implication of commencing to teach. The requirement that all graduates should serve as teachers was gradually relaxed, till teaching was made entirely optional, and Commencement came to be, as at present, simply the occasion when degrees of all grades were conferred. In The Universal Pronouncing Dictionary, edited by Thomas Wright, Commencement is defined as "The time when students in colleges *commence* bachelors; a day in which degrees are publicly conferred on students who have finished a collegiate education. At Cambridge, the day when masters of art and doctors com-

plete their degrees." The definition given by H. Percy Smith in his *Glossary of Terms and Phrases* is, "At the University of Cambridge, the day from which all degrees conferred for a year preceding date, and on which they are confirmed by recitation before the congregation of the Senate." The foregoing citations seem sufficient to show that Commencement has always been synonymous with graduation day, and the idea, which has occasionally found expression, that it referred to the entrance of the freshmen, occurring at some periods on the same day, is evidently erroneous. This notwithstanding Smart, who defines Commencement as "The first Tuesday in July at Cambridge, on which day degrees being completed, new graduations commence." Obviously it is a preposterous supposition that the day was named with respect to the youngest members of the university, to whom no such deference has ever been paid.

Infant Morality. — Surprising as it seems, I believe it to be true that not a little positively false morality is taught children by respectable and educated persons, — not consciously, of course, but through want of thought as to the impression made upon the child's mind by the words and actions of its elders. It is not only ignorant and irresponsible nurses, but too commonly the child's own mother, who confuses its sense of right and wrong by putting the expedient before it in the place of the right. This happens every time a child is bribed to obey by the promise of some reward. He learns that he is to do right not because he knows it is such, or because simple obedience is imperative, but because the doing the right thing is to bring him some advantage. Conversely, therefore, if to do it brought some disadvantage, or even if it brought nothing with it to gratify the child's wishes, it would no longer be right. Motives to right-doing are too often urged which, if not actually bad, are certainly not the

best : as when children are told that their friends will not love them unless they behave in a certain prescribed manner. The appeal to affection is no doubt legitimate in its place and degree, but the parents' affection ought not to be held up as a prize for right conduct. A father may properly tell his children that he is pleased when they do right and grieved when they do wrong, but a child should never be allowed to believe that, whether pleased or grieved, his father has ceased or could cease to love him.

The root-truth about the matter seems to me to be this : that a child's parents stand to it, while it is young, in the place of God himself. All its conceptions of truth and goodness come to it through this channel, and justice, love, faith, and all the virtues dawn upon the child's soul as they are embodied in its parents' speech and action toward itself and its brothers and sisters. When a father or mother does an injustice to one child in favor of another, it is not the one child alone that is harmed, but both. Justice in the abstract children know little of, and to preach about it to them would be of slight use ; but every little one understands it in the concrete, and many a child's heart has swelled with an indignation against injustice that was not wholly nor mostly selfish, but a righteous instinct asserting itself against a visible wrong.

A truthful child is generally strictly veracious, and does not comprehend any deviation from the letter of truth ; so that it is often necessary, to save it from moral confusion, to explain what may seem to it like untruth. If it become impossible to keep a promise made to a child, the hindering circumstances ought to be mentioned, or at least it should be explained that there are such. Again, the Bible command, *Parents, provoke not your children to wrath*, is often forgotten, while the corresponding one, *Children, obey your parents*, is quoted and enforced. A great deal of

injustice is often done, moreover, in settling disputes among children, by not allowing for provocation received.

A most obvious practical rule in the training of children is, Always take for granted that they mean to be good. If to give a dog, or a child, a bad name is an excellent recipe for making him deserve it, to let it be a matter of course that he is to behave properly is to go a considerable way toward having him behave so. I have seen mothers actually put it into a child's head to be naughty, when it had never occurred to the little one to be so. In this connection I would utter a protest against a kind of infant literature, usually illustrated, in which greedy Tom and slovenly Jane, cruel Peter and vain Polly, are vividly described in the act of making themselves unpleasant.

Manners and morals are closely connected, though parents attentive to their children's training in the one are strangely negligent with regard to the other.

Example goes a mile where precept goes an inch, with children, and I believe that the irreverence towards their elders which is justly blamed in children of the present age (and, perhaps justly also, in especial among Americans) is largely owing to the greater freedom of companionship with their elders nowadays allowed to children. Few people will restrain themselves in speech on account of the presence of the little ones, and these consequently hear an immense deal of personal comment and criticism

which they ought not to hear, if they are to keep that respect for their elders in general which surely it is desirable they should retain so long as it is possible. To the same cause is due the sophistication of children, so noticeable, and to my mind so deplorable. A boy need not be a baby because he does not know at ten what his grandfather did not know till he was twenty. The modest simplicity and the fresh and tender bloom of girlhood, — no, it has not all disappeared yet! I believe that a child who, without being coddled and “babyfied,” yet is kept a child so long as, according to its years, it is called one has a physical advantage over the child too early initiated into the knowledge of manhood or womanhood. Parents do not realize the physical wear and tear that accompany premature development of the brain; and the undue tax upon the nervous and vital forces, when a child engages in the occupations and amusements of a grown person, leaves it, in maturer years, low in physical resources just when it has most call upon them. To follow this vast and important subject leads one easily far afield. There has been a great deal of theorizing upon it, some of it valuable indeed, yet one would think that observation and reflection might tell any reasonably sensible parent all he needs to know. One would think so; yet my fellow-creatures scarcely ever appear to me so fallible as in their parental characters.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Text-Books and Education. The Manual Training School, comprising a full statement of its aims, methods, and results, with figured drawings of shop exercises in woods and metals, by C. M. Woodward. (Heath.) Dr. Woodward is well known as the director and

exponent of the school in St. Louis, and his book is a full and detailed report of the history and practical working of that school. As such it deserves to be studied carefully by all who assume to speak on this topic, the literature of which is rapidly growing

in bulk. — *How to Succeed as a Stenographer or Type-Writer*, by Arthur M. Baker. (Fowler & Wells Co.) A rambling little pamphlet, of no great value, except as the writer incidentally drops hints gathered from his own experience. — *Manual of Sonography*: a new joined-vowel script system of phonetic shorthand, composed of the elements and in imitation of the ordinary longhand writing, wherein the cognates or pairs, the sharp and flat sounds, are described by strokes of the same length and thickness, being distinguished, separate or conjoined, by an entirely new method. By Rev. D. S. Davies. (Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh, London; Dutton, New York.) What more can we want? — *Cicero's Cato Major et Laelius*, with an introduction and commentary by Austin Stickney. (Harpers.) This is one of the volumes in Dr. Drisler's classical series. — *A Popular Mineralogy and Geology*, prepared from the latest and best authorities in Europe and America, by Katherine E. Hogan. (Lovell.) A manual, apparently intended for elementary use, but it could scarcely be of much service except to a teacher who knew a good deal more than this book contains. It is rather a synopsis of the subject than an easy gradus. — *Physical Culture for Home and School, Scientific and Practical*, by D. L. Dowd. (Fowler & Wells Co.) An introduction brings one shortly to the practical exercises, which are based upon the use of dumb-bells and simple apparatus. A sensible book, serving tolerably well as a substitute for a teacher. — *Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time*, selected from the works of Sir Walter Scott. Edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) A little volume which may be serviceable, certainly will be if it displace commonplace reading; but we have not lost faith in a system which shall make masterpieces in their entirety a regular part of a child's education. This book is singularly defective in one particular: it gives the reader no advice as to the novels from which the extracts are taken. — *Half-Hours with the Stars*; a plain and easy guide to the knowledge of the constellations, showing in twelve maps the position for the United States of the principal star-groups night after night throughout the year, with introduction and a separate explanation of each map. True for every Year. Maps and Text specially prepared for American Students. By Richard A. Proctor. (Putnams.) A convenient book of reference for any one who would pick out the position of the constellations. — *Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1885-86*. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) The customary mass of classified and tabulated information. One wonders sometimes if it could not be condensed a little more.

— *Studies in Civil Government*, by William A. Mowry. (Silver, Rogers & Co., Boston.) The book is intended for the highest classes in grammar schools and for high schools. It begins with the germ in the town and proceeds to the nation; but its method is rather to expound existing forms than to trace them to their genesis, or to search for the underlying principles. The book ought to be useful with good teachers. — Two more numbers have appeared in the series *Monographs on Education*. (Heath.) Of these, one is English in the Preparatory Schools, by Ernest W. Huffcut; the other, English in the Schools, by F. C. Woodward. The former is a little more specific in its suggestions; both are brightly written, but do not go very far. — *Phosphorus Hollunder*, a novel by Louise von François, with explanatory notes by Oscar Faulhaber. (Heath.) This little edition is for school use, and is provided with a few grammatical notes. — *First Steps in Electricity*, signed for the entertainment and instruction of young people at home and in school, by Charles Barnard. (Charles E. Merrill & Co. New York.) Simple and inexpensive experiments plainly described. — *Common School Law*: a digest of the provisions of common and statute law as to the relation of the teacher to the pupil, the parent, and the district; with five hundred references to legal decisions in twenty-eight different States. By C. W. Bardeen. (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) The fourteenth edition of a book originally published in 1875. Not strictly a legal book, but containing much sensible talk in connection with the subject, by a person of experience. — *Hand-Book to accompany the Graphic System of Object Drawing*, arranged by Hobart B. Jacobs and Augusta L. Brower. (Lovell.) Useful as containing hints to teachers rather than as a rigid systematic exposition. The graphic system itself is presented by the publisher in four drawing-books. We think the system supposes too much of the child's power of expression through lines, and attempts too much at the outset, but it suggests many interesting points to teachers. — *Annuaire de l'Enseignement Primaire*, publié sous la direction de M. Jost, inspecteur général de l'instruction publique. Quatrième année. 1888. (Armand Colin et Cie., Paris.) Lists of schools and teachers, with a summary of laws and decrees, with statistics, reports, and a number of general observations. — *Practical Lessons in the Use of English*, for primary and grammar schools, by Mary F. Hyde. (Heath.) An easily graded exercise book in writing simple sentences and learning the use of the apparatus of letters.

Sociology and Politics. *Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics*, by Edwin Percy Whip-

ple. (Ticknor.) This collection of Mr. Whipple's essays contains little of direct reference to literature, but a good deal that relates to society in its larger sense, to politics, and to business. Mr. Whipple was a shrewd observer, and had a lively interest in movements about him. He often turned aside from purely literary studies, and published articles which reflected this interest in current affairs. Readers whose memory covers the last quarter of a century will recall several of the bright papers which are here given. — Slav or Saxon, Number XLIII. of Questions of the Day (Putnams), is a study of the growth and tendencies of Russian Civilization, by William D. Foulke. Mr. Foulke sees an inevitable conflict between Russia and England, and his book is written partly in order to put America on its guard against too free a surrender of its sympathy to Russian autocracy on the score of Russia's amity with the United States when England was officially inimical. — History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan, and Grammar of their Language, by A. J. Blackbird. (The Ypsilanti Job Printing House, Ypsilanti, Michigan.) This little book, in which the author's personal history is touchingly mingled with the history of his tribe, is indirectly a plea for justice to the Indian. — Free Rum on the Congo, and What it is Doing There, by William T. Hornaday. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) In this little book, the author rehearses rapidly the story of the Congo Free State, and shows the peril to the natives in the permission given to the traders in ardent spirits. He rightly apprehends that this Free State is purely a commercial invention, and he points out the disposition of such an organization to disregard any other than commercial considerations. — Gunethics, or the Ethical Status of Woman, by Rev. W. K. Brown. (Funk & Wagnalls.) An argument drawn from a study of the Scriptures for an equality of status between women and men. The book is largely a heavy battering away at a man of straw. — Ancestral Tablets, a Collection of Diagrams for Pedigrees, so arranged that eight generations of the ancestors of any person may be recorded in a connected and simple form, by William H. Whitmore. (Cupples & Hurd.) The sixth edition of this ingenious and useful guide to the record of one's ancestry. A boy who mistook it for a postage-stamp album would do well if he secured the benefit of his mistake and fell to looking up the history of his family. — John Bull, Junior, or French as She is Traded, by Max O'Rell, with a preface by George C. Eggleston (Cassell), is more detailed and more satisfactory than some of this writer's recent books. He draws so directly upon

his own daily experience in school-teaching that his natural keenness and vivacity are not expended on loose generalizations. Though there is a good deal more appearance of epigrammatic wit than reality, the book is not wanting in many pungent observations of the English schoolboy and the French *émigré*. — A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from 321 to 1888 A. D., by A. H. Lewis. (Appleton.) Dr. Lewis traces the history of Sunday legislation from Rome through the Middle Ages and English history, and then through American history, with a survey of the present state of the law in all the States. His book shows wide reading. It is dispassionate, and though no practical summing up appears, it is evident that the author regards Sunday legislation as an evil to the church. — Uncle Sam at Home, by Harold Brydges. (Holt.) An amusing comparison of American society and manners with those of England. The writer poses as an English traveler in love with America, but one may guess that he has put the Englishman on; at any rate, the accent is American. — In Questions of the Day (Putnams), the forty-sixth number is Property in Land, an essay on the new crusade, by Henry Winn. Mr. Winn does not think that Henry George has found the cure for poverty in his proposed abolition of taxation, save that upon land values. He takes up the current talk of Father McGlynn and Mr. George, and undertakes to refute their main position. He examines in some detail the action of the Massachusetts legislation of 1881 in shifting the taxes on mortgages. — System of Economical Contradictions, or the Philosophy of Misery, by P. J. Proudhon; translated from the French by B. R. Tucker. (Published by the translator, Boston.) This is the first volume of this section and the fourth of Proudhon's works. It is interesting to observe how inevitable Proudhon finds the idea of God to be, in his speculation upon society.

Philosophy and Ethics. Reincarnation, a Study of Forgotten Truth, by E. D. Walker. (Houghton.) The general appearance of this book indicates very well the position of the author. Opposite the title-page are five quotations, four from poets. Opposite the first page of the preface are two more quotations. Opposite the table of contents are four passages in prose. Opposite the half-title introduction are two quotations. Opposite the first page of the introduction is a quotation, and opposite the first page of the first chapter, What is Reincarnation? there are five more quotations. Thus before the reader has got his definition of the title of the book he has had to pass over the dead bodies of poets and philosophers; and thenceafter, before beginning any chapter of

the book, he is confronted by a page of quotations. The book is, in fact, an anthology of passages in literature bearing upon the mystery of personal identity in various stages of existence, and though the author attempts something like a philosophical survey, it is plain that he relies chiefly upon the accumulative evidence of the intuitional experience of highly sensitive minds. We do not say that for his purpose he has not taken the most satisfactory course, but it is also to be observed that many of these passages are nothing more than the expression of speculative wonder, and that idealistic poetry is fond of thus toying with the mysteries of life. — *Thoughts*, second series, by Ivan Panin. (Cupples & Hurd.) The aphoristic form is so seldom used by itself that there is a novelty in this little book. Most books of aphorisms are culled from fuller writings, the plums of thought being deftly extracted from the pudding, but Mr. Panin has no batter so far as we know. The penetration of life to be discovered in these sayings justifies the form and repays the reader, though to most minds the succession of epigrams produces no total effect, and it becomes necessary to take the book as convalescents take food, a teaspoonful every two hours. — *The Religious Aspect of Evolution*, by James McCosh. (Putnam's.) Two lectures on the Bedell Foundation at Kenyon College. Dr. McCosh endeavors in brief space "to unfold a panorama of our earth's history from its commencement to its close," so far as he can see it by the light of science and of Scripture. — *Condensed Thoughts about Christian Science*, by Dr. William H. Holcombe. (Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago.) A study of this demonstration from the point of view of a Swedenborgian.

Hygiene and Domestic Life. The New Christianity; an appeal to the clergy and to all men in behalf of its life of charity; pertaining to diseases, their origin and cure; the use of intoxicants as beverages and for sacramental purposes; the use of tobacco and opium; the pernicious and destructive habits of women, and the abuse of children; and the prevailing cruel treatment of girls and young women. By John Ellis, M. D. (Published by the author, New York.) This wordy book attacks evils everywhere recognized to be evils as if it had discovered them. It is written, it appears, from the point of view of a disciple of Swedenborg. — *Letters to Elder Daughters, Married and Unmarried*, by Helen Ekin Starrett. (McClurg.) An appeal, in homely, didactic form, to women to make the most of their domestic life. The letters are somewhat general, and not remarkably forcible, but they certainly are well considered, and their advice is unquestionably sound.

Sports and Humor. Whist Universal, an analysis of the game as improved by the introduction of American leads and adapted to all methods of play, by G. W. P. (Ticknor.) Sarah Battle would have approved of this book. It regards the vigor of the game. What the American Constitution is doing to modify English government, that American leads are doing for whist the world over, slowly bringing in the millennium. — *Perhaps Seven Hundred Album Verses*, compiled by J. S. Ogilvie (J. S. Ogilvie & Co. New York), comes under this head. It must be for fun that most write in albums, yet the proportion of humorous to serious in this book is very slight. Here one may find an abundance of copy-book verses, including some pieces of prose which might be invented as often as the occasion required. — *The Tailor-Made Girl, her Friends, her Fashions and her Follies*, by Philip H. Welch, with illustrations by C. Jay Taylor. (Scribners.) A piece of satire consisting in but slightly exaggerated report of men and women when nature has been pumped out and art remains. The general effect of so much vacuity is depressing.

History and Biography. *The Blood of Abel*, by Wilbur F. Bryant. (The Author, Hastings, Nebraska.) An examination of the case of Louis Riel. It is introduced by a graphic survey of the Northwest. The author is a little given to hyperbole, and in his desire to be epigrammatic and vivid sometimes overshoots the mark, but he is an advocate for a man who has been vilified, and his book may serve to restore the balance somewhat. — *The Fighting Veres, Lives of Sir Francis Vere and of Sir Horace Vere*, by Clements R. Markham. (Houghton.) The narrative of the English contingent in the Low Countries during the struggle with Spain, as centring about the two brothers, leaders of the forces. Mr. Markham has taken up a picturesque and dramatic subject, and has treated it with studied directness and plainness of style. The book has an incidental value as describing the training-field of some of the early American settlers both in New England and in Virginia. It is well provided with maps and plans, and has a very full index. — In the series *The Story of the Nations*, the latest issue is *The Story of the Goths*, from the earliest times to the end of the Gothic dominion in Spain, by Henry Bradley. (Putnam's.) It is a cautious and interesting narrative by a candid writer, whose frankness in dealing with the reader is not misplaced. It is a pleasure to find an author who makes so clear a statement of his own qualifications for his task; we think he has made a better book than he would have made if he had assumed superior power. — *History of Prussia under*

Frederic the Great, 1740-1745 and 1745-1756, two volumes, by Herbert Tuttle. (Houghton.) These two volumes carry forward Mr. Tuttle's History, the first volume of which was published two or three years ago. They show the same impartial, clear-headed statement of the development of Prussia, and present Frederic as a figure in a group, but a very distinct figure. Mr. Tuttle has the coolness of a philosopher, the patience of a scholar, and the directness of speech of a trained writer. His book will not startle, but it will instruct. — *Histoire de la Civilization Contemporaine en France*, par Alfred Rambaud. (Armand Colin et Cie., Paris.) A completion of a work, the two previous volumes of which considered the subject down to the period of the Revolution. The subject is taken up topically and with many subdivisions. — *Society in Rome under the Cæsars*, by William Ralph Inge. (Scribners.) An attempt to seize upon the characteristic points in Roman civilization when at its height, as illustrated by the abundant details classified by scholars under such heads as Religion, Literature and Art, Daily Life, Amusements, Education, Luxury. The writer is industrious, comprehensive, and minute, but can hardly be called brilliant; let us therefore say that he is safe. — *Life of Amos A. Lawrence*, with extracts from his diary and correspondence, by his son, William Lawrence. (Houghton.) A little volume which, without making any pretense of being a piece of literature, is admirable for its clear presentation of a most attractive figure. The honorable career of a Boston merchant, who was also a public man in the republican sense of the word, is well worth a history, and Mr. Lawrence has shown a delicate sense of good taste in the selection which he has made from his father's diary and correspondence. The ethical value of the book is great, for the life is a noble sermon, and so interesting that every one who begins to listen will stay to the close, and then make the application for himself. — The sixth volume of Kinglake's *The Invasion of the Crimea* (Harpers) follows hard upon the fifth, and completes the work. It is provided with several maps and plans, and with a full analytical index to the entire series of volumes. — *Les Trois Rois*, by Robert P. Nevin. (Jos. Eichbaum & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.) The first of the three papers which make up this book and give it its fanciful name is an interesting and well-written sketch of certain forceful persons who have done much to make Pittsburg what it is. The other two papers are on the *Whiskey Insurrection* and on *Stephen C. Foster*. The book is too good to be buried in obscure publication. — *Reminiscences and Documents relating to the Civil War during the Year 1865*,

by John A. Campbell. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) Mr. Campbell was one of a commission of three appointed by Jeff Davis early in 1865, charged with the duty of conferring with President Lincoln on the subject of peace. This pamphlet contains the history of the transactions and some documents substantiating the narrative. The whole is an additional commentary on the characters of Lincoln and Seward.

Poetry. *Blooms of the Berry*, by Madison J. Cawein. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) It is not unlikely that this author, having printed his verses, will come to look at them dispassionately, and see that he has been somewhat riotous in his language, has been too fond of poetic-sounding words, and a little too ready to cram his lines with lush — we think lush is correct? — epithets. But it would be a great pity if in pruning his language he should lose the warmth, the passion, and the enthusiasm of his verses. There is stuff in the poems; there are many agreeable surprises and noteworthy turns. The faults are chiefly those of immaturity, and an increase of self-control, a more rigorous self-criticism, may well result in poetry which will thrust its excellence forward and set its faults in the background. — *Poems*, by Lorenzo Sosso. (The West End Printing and Publishing House, San Francisco.) This poet, an Italian by birth, does not lack patriotic enthusiasm for his adopted country; what he wants is poetic thought and poetic expression. If he would write one line for ten, and then keep his one line a year before printing it, this self-repression might make his verses more acceptable. — *Songs from the Seasons, and other Verses*, by Dexter Carleton Washburn. (Charles T. Walker, St. Johnsbury, Vt.) Lively verses of an amateurish kind, not without an ease of movement, but rather the pastime of a student who has not yet found any very serious task set him. — *The Cabin in the Clearing, and other Poems*, by Benjamin S. Parker. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) This collection of verses is saved from the fate which befalls no better books by a touch of homeliness in the sketches of rustic life on the frontier. If one misses poetry, he finds suggestive scenes in such subjects as *The Spelling Match*. — *A Book of Poems*, by Moses Gage Shirley, of Goffstown, N. H. Strictly local poems, for the most part. Mr. Shirley is to be praised for his industry in turning everything in the neighborhood of Goffstown into verse. Is he wise, however, to go as far as *Marblehead* for a subject? He ought not to make us shudder over seaside tragedies, as in the poem *An Ocean Legend*: —

"They murdered her without a thought,
And hid her in her gore."